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Our Waste of Water-Power

NINE-TENTHS OF THE AVAILABLE POWER OF OUR RIVERS IS NOW UNUSED—THE
URGENT NEED OF A WISE POLICY OF DEVELOPMENT

By John K. Shields, United States Senator from Tennessee

THERE are in the United States of America some fifty thousand miles of rivers classed as navigable, but about one-half of these streams are unavailable for commerce without the removal of obstructions and the building of dams and locks for the purpose of passing vessels over falls and rapids. There is no other country in the world that has so extensive a system of natural waterways.

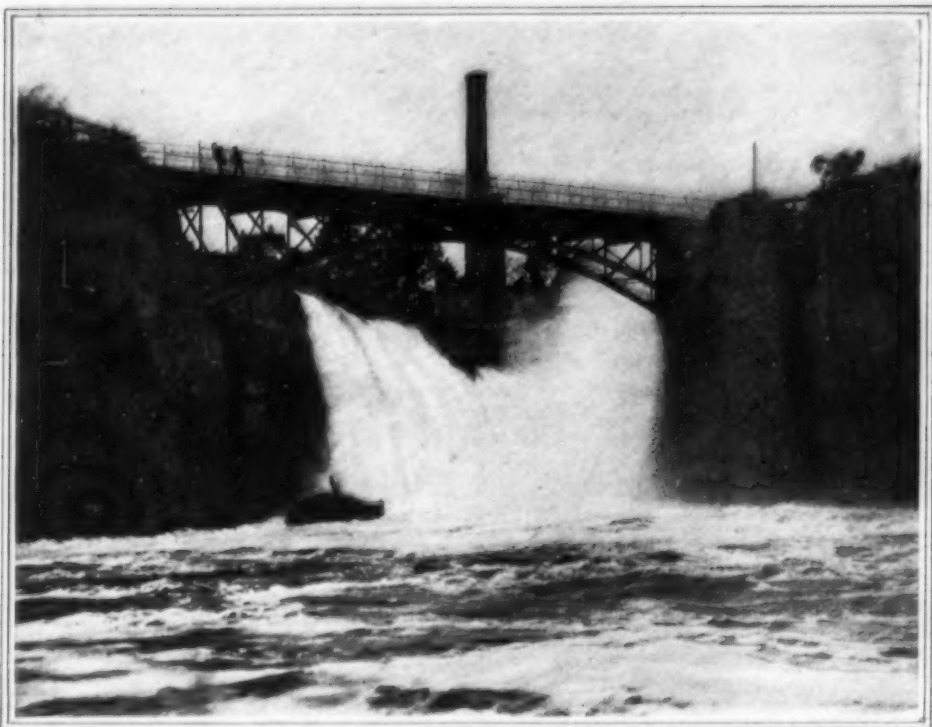
With proper improvement our rivers can be made to contribute as much to our commercial and industrial wealth, during the war and after the war, as any of our great natural resources. This has been recognized for many years, and some of the ablest men of the country have devoted much time and study to the task of providing for our people cheap and efficient water transporta-

tion and water-power—the latter being of equal importance with navigation, although it is in a sense incidental to it.

It is estimated that the navigable rivers of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, and also of what may be developed by feasible storage projects, can furnish water-power to the amount of more than sixty-one million horse-power, not more than one-tenth of which is now improved and utilized. In most other civilized countries the available energy of rivers and streams has already been developed practically to its fullest extent, and by furnishing cheap power it is contributing greatly to their wealth and to the convenience and happiness of their people.

Astounding as the statement may seem, and unfavorably as it may seem to reflect

EDITORIAL NOTE—Senator Shields has long given special attention to water-power legislation, and the bill which he is now sponsoring has the approval of the President and the Department of the Interior. After passing the Senate, it was under debate in the House of Representatives at the time when this magazine went to press.



A HISTORIC AMERICAN WATER-POWER, THE FALLS OF THE PASSAIC AT PATERSON, NEW JERSEY, WHERE ALEXANDER HAMILTON FOUNDED AN INDUSTRIAL SETTLEMENT IN 1791

upon the intelligence, enterprise, and progress of the American people, it is nevertheless a fact that not more than five million horse-power of the natural energy of our rivers has been harnessed and made to contribute to our wealth. This is not the fault of our great civil, hydraulic, and electrical engineers, nor of those who have ever been willing to invest capital in the development of the resources of their country when a reasonable return upon the investment and protection of their property is afforded. It is chiefly due to a mistaken policy of conservation, which for a while exerted much influence in the Congress, and which succeeded in placing upon our statute-books certain impracticable, restrictive, and confiscatory laws. These measures have practically throttled and prohibited water-power development in the United States, notwithstanding the beneficial results that are known to have followed the utilization of that power by other countries, and conspicuously so during the present war.

The industrial progress of a country is largely measured by the power or energy

which its people create by proper use of its natural resources and apply to manufacture, transportation, and other useful purposes. The statistics of the Bureau of the Census show that the primary power equipment in the United States in commercial and municipal central stations, electric-railway stations, and manufacturing-plants, in the year 1912, reached a total of 30,448,246 horse-power, of which eighty per cent was steam-power, and that more than one-half of this was to be found in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, California, and Michigan.

OUR COAL WILL NOT LAST FOREVER

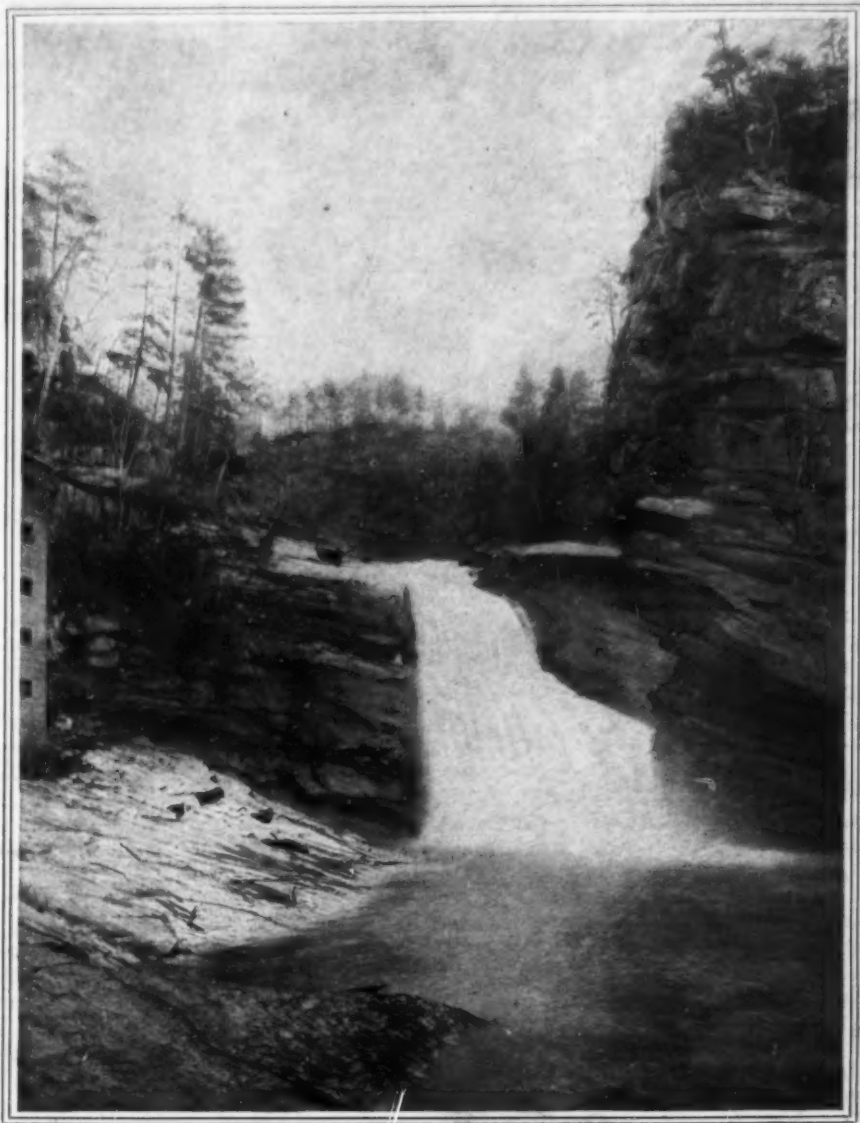
I have no estimate of the power used in transportation by railroads and steamships, but the value of the fuel—chiefly coal—consumed annually by railroad locomotives, as shown by statistics compiled by the Interstate Commerce Commission, is about two hundred and fifty million dollars, based upon values effective prior to 1917. The annual consumption of coal in the United States for all purposes is estimated at about

five hundred million tons, whose value to-day would be at least two billion dollars. While the coal-fields of the United States will unquestionably supply the needs of the country for a century or more, they are not unlimited or inexhaustible, and the coal most accessible and most cheaply mined is being consumed first, while the price is steadily increasing. The only known fuels which can be economically used for the same purpose as coal are oil and gas; and,

according to the belief of geologists, these will be practically exhausted within a comparatively few decades.

I do not wish to be understood as asserting that the water-power of our streams, if fully developed and utilized, will cover all the field now occupied by steam-power and answer all its purposes, for such is not a fact.

Generally speaking, water-power is only available in the mountainous sections of the



TALLULAH FALLS, IN GEORGIA, WITH AN ABANDONED MILL (ON THE LEFT)—THIS IS A COMPARATIVELY SMALL WATERFALL, BUT WORTH HARNESSING FOR THE TRANSMISSION OF POWER



RAPIDS AND FALLS OF THE MISSOURI RIVER, NEAR THE CITY OF GREAT FALLS, MONTANA—IN A DISTANCE OF SEVEN MILES THE MISSOURI FALLS MORE THAN FIVE HUNDRED FEET, AND AN IMPORTANT WATER-POWER IS DEVELOPED HERE

country, and in a number of States the quantity is negligible, while steam-power plants can be located anywhere, and the power can be produced in small or large quantities according to the demand and the use required. Water-power can never compete with coal in sections where the black fuel is found in great quantities and can be mined cheaply. Nor can it be used in generating steam for the operation of railroads, steamboats, or ships upon the high seas; nor will it come into competition with steam-power in the great manufacturing centers remote from the rivers.

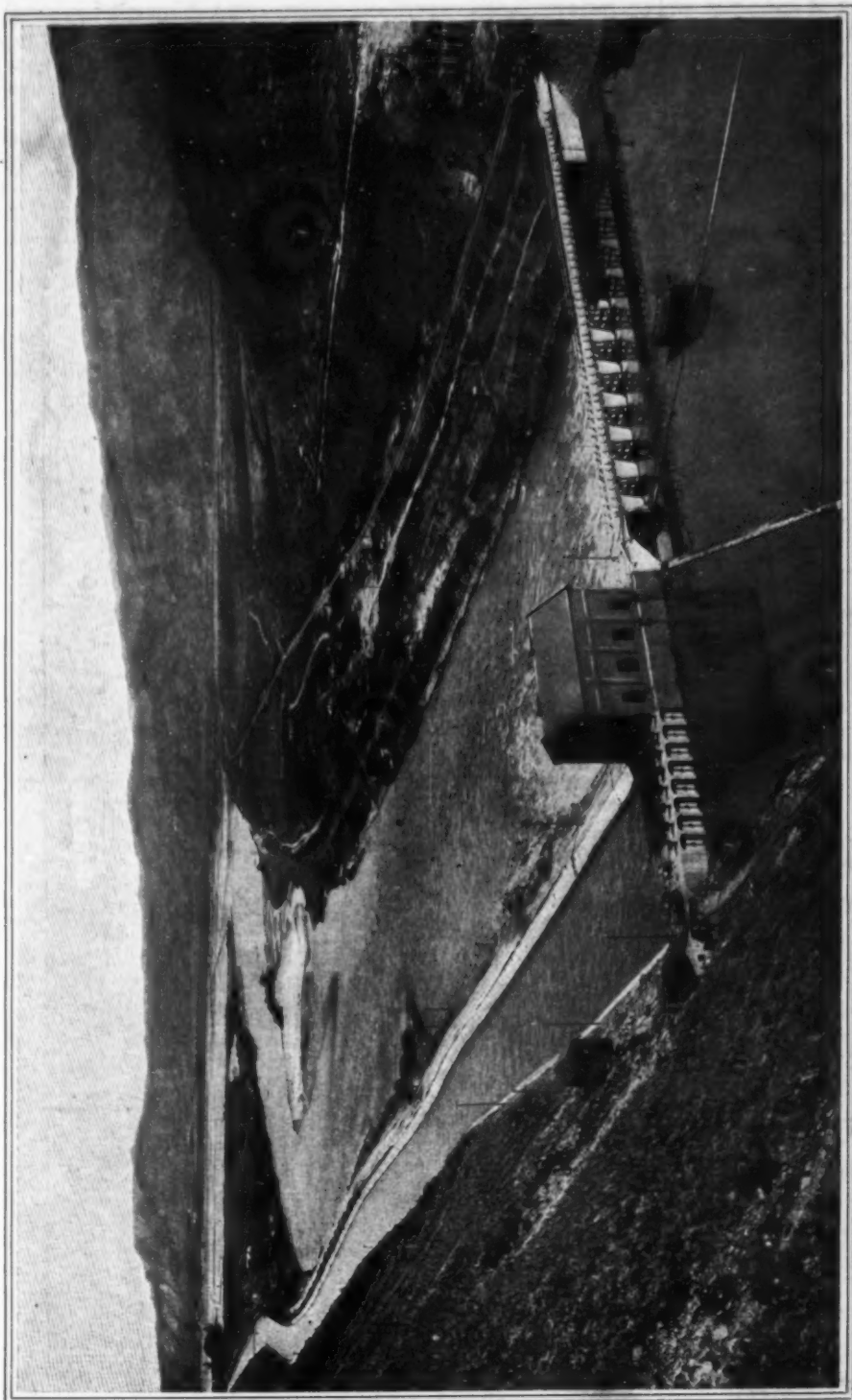
Both of these two great sources of mechanical energy are necessary for industrial purposes, each in its particular field and for the particular uses for which it is best adapted and can be most profitably used. There is no conflict between them, when the interests and necessities of the entire country and the people of all sections are

considered. The great growth of our population and our unparalleled industrial progress are constantly requiring more mechanical energy, and for some purposes cheaper energy in large quantities, which can only be obtained from falling waters.

A VAST SOURCE OF CHEAP POWER

The conversion of water-power into hydroelectric energy is one of the greatest of the many wonderful achievements accomplished by the genius of our hydraulic and electrical engineers. The energy of falling waters in the form of electricity may be transmitted from one to two hundred miles without appreciable loss, and may thus be distributed over thousands of square miles of territory to be applied and used for all industrial purposes.

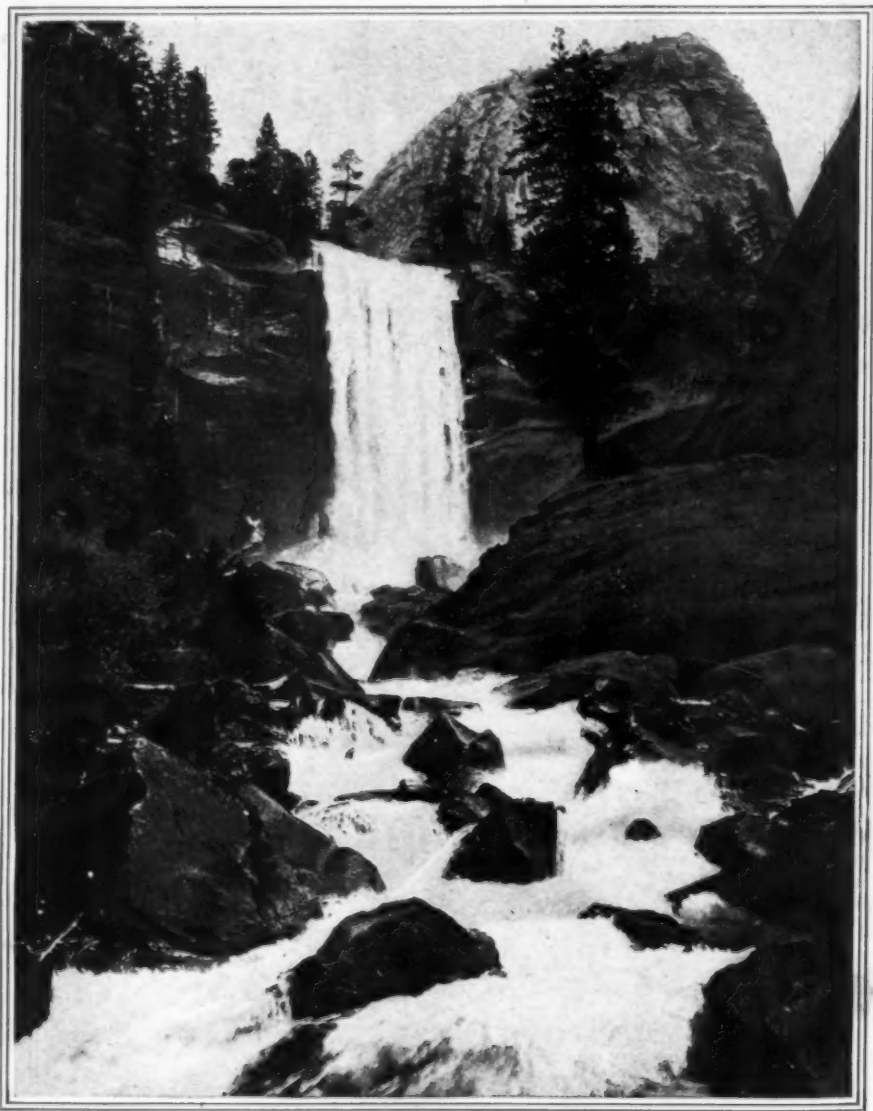
The cheapness of its production makes it available for all the varied uses and activities of this day. It illuminates and heats



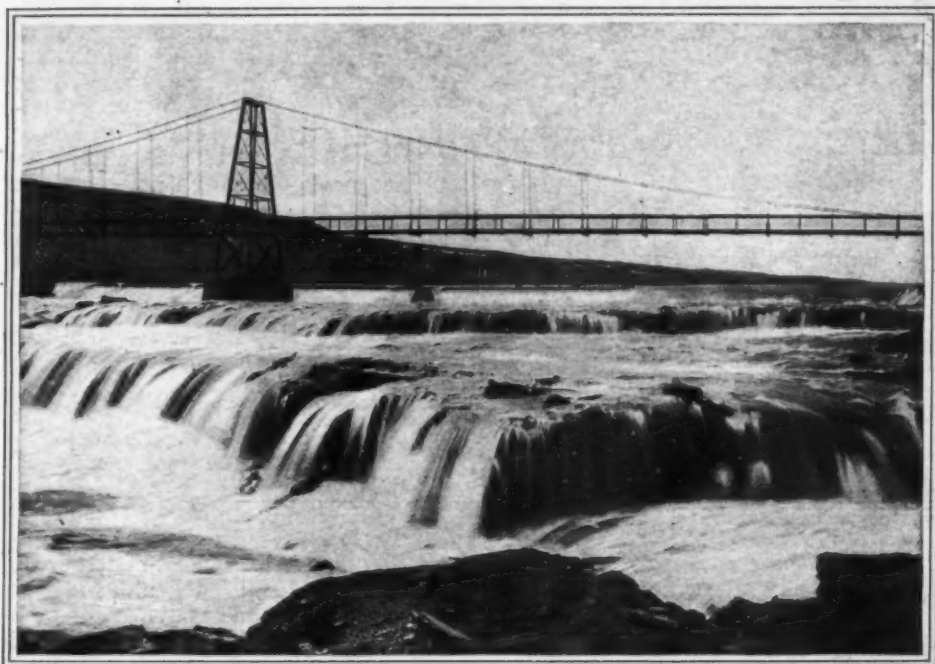
IRRIGATION CANAL AND POWER-PLANT ON THE BOISE RIVER, BY WHICH POWER IS FURNISHED FOR MANUFACTURING INDUSTRIES IN BOISE,
THE CAPITAL OF IDAHO

our towns and cities, and operates manufacturing-plants of every kind. It pumps water to irrigate hundreds of thousands of acres of arid but fertile lands which before were waste places and deserts, making them produce fabulous crops. It serves almost every imaginable domestic convenience and necessity requiring mechanical power. It furnishes motive power for street-railways and interurban lines, and is used to a limited extent to operate standard railroads.

The economic and industrial advantages that will result from the development on a greater scale of hydroelectric energy produced by utilization of water-power are difficult to overestimate. Many and important are the things which it can do, but which it is not practicable to accomplish by steam-power produced by the consumption of fuel. The value of cheap power for manufacturing, lighting, and transportation purposes is universally recognized. Per-



THE VERNAL FALL, IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY—THIS HAS A VERTICAL DROP OF THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET, AND COULD YIELD ABOUT TEN THOUSAND HORSE-POWER IF HARNESSSED



THE BLACK EAGLE FALLS, IN THE MISSOURI RIVER NEAR GREAT FALLS, MONTANA—THE DROP HERE IS ONLY ABOUT FIFTY FEET, BUT OWING TO THE VOLUME OF WATER IT IS CAPABLE OF YIELDING ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND HORSE-POWER

haps the greatest demand for it at this time is in the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen for the manufacture of fertilizers and explosives—interests that are of too common knowledge to need elaboration.

Congress has had nearly all of our navigable rivers surveyed and plans and specifications made for their improvement, with estimates of the cost, by competent engineers, and in the last fifty years it has appropriated and expended for such improvements more than eight hundred million dollars. The work has hardly begun, and it will take many years and many hundreds of millions of dollars to complete it. I have no doubt that some day all these rivers will be improved and open to navigation, or used for power purposes.

It cannot be denied, however, that there is now in this country a strong influence opposing their further improvement. It is here, and for years it has succeeded in defeating the necessary legislation. The bill now pending, which has passed the Senate, should be speedily and favorably disposed of. There should be no further delay about so important a matter.

It is with this opposition, and with the

great need for adequate and immediate legislation, that I am concerned. I know that the readers of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* will agree that any plan whereby private interests can engage in the improvement of American rivers—in projects for which no public appropriation can now be made—should have the support of every citizen interested in furnishing or using cheap and convenient transportation for the products of agriculture, manufactories, mines, and the forests, and for the general welfare of the people.

Manufacture comes before commerce and transportation, and must be promoted and successfully prosecuted to make them possible. Power is indispensable to all manufacturing industries. Whatever creates mechanical energy which can be applied to industrial operations is necessarily of great value, and contributes directly to the wealth of the country. It has been well said that our greatest asset in our future industrial rivalry with other nations will be our great store of coal and our unsurpassed reserve of water-power.

We are already using our coal in generating steam in quantities that are staggering

to the minds of those unfamiliar with such matters, but with results that are marvelous in their success. I am informed that there is now an urgent demand for about five million horse-power of hydroelectric energy for manufacturing purposes requiring cheaper power than that generated by steam. I understand that adequate capital is ready to be invested for its production when our prohibitory laws are so amended or repealed as to allow it to be done by the improvement of private property in and on navigable rivers, as proposed by the provisions of the new bill.

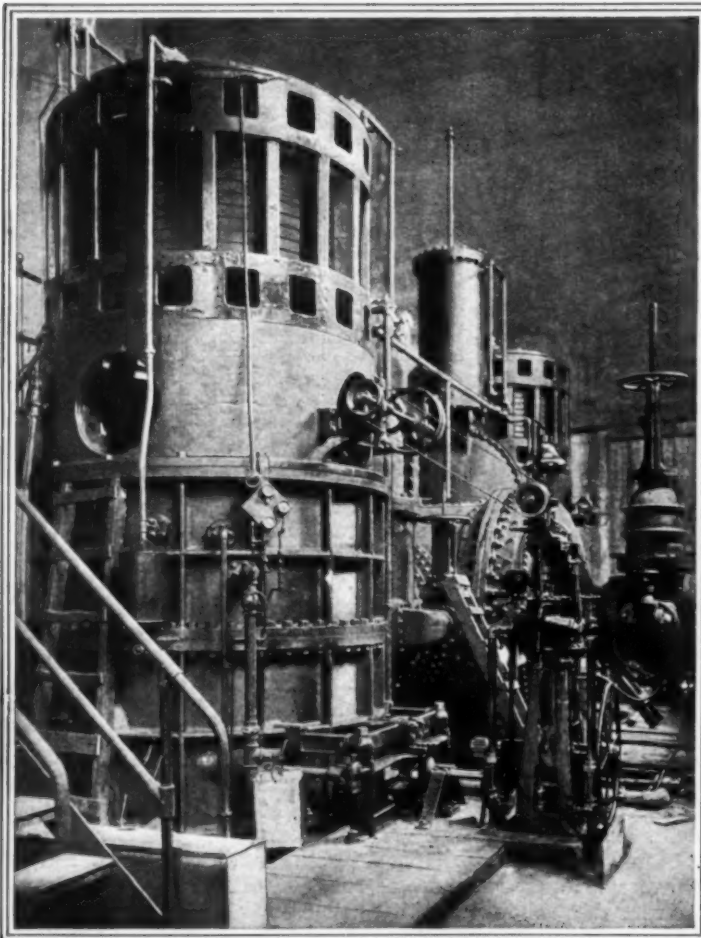
The greatest hydroelectric development in the United States has been made in the mountainous States of the West, and especially in California and Montana. There

is one company in Montana, with a capital of eighty-five million dollars, which furnishes hydroelectric power so cheaply that the cost of operating street-railways, illuminating towns, and running the machinery of the great mines of that State has been reduced to about one-half of the amount formerly paid for steam-power. The current is also used for all domestic purposes, and there are many houses in Montana in which fires have never been built.

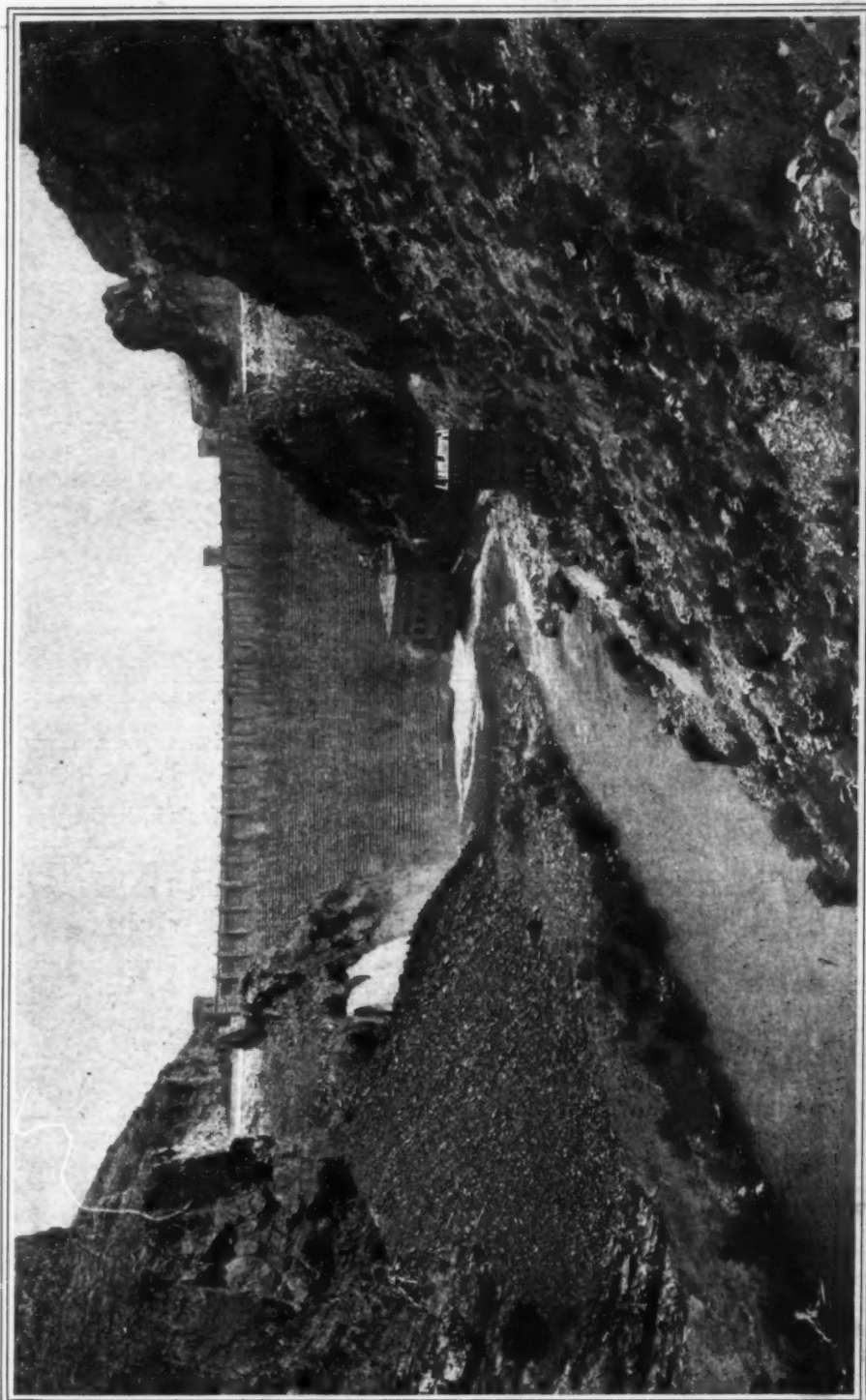
The greatest and most important of all uses of hydroelectricity is in heating and operating powerful electrical furnaces for manufacturing purposes of many kinds, some of which cannot be successfully carried on by any other means. I refer especially to the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen.

Nitrogen, or ammonia, is the chief constituent element of fertilizers, and nitric acid is necessary in the production of smokeless powder and other high explosives. What we now use for these purposes is obtained chiefly from Chile, in the form of nitrate of soda, and it is believed that this source of supply will be exhausted in a few years; but nitrogen can be manufactured from the air in quantities to answer all our purposes. Four-fifths of the atmosphere that surrounds us is composed of this colorless, odorless, non-metallic, gaseous element. The supply is practically inexhaustible.

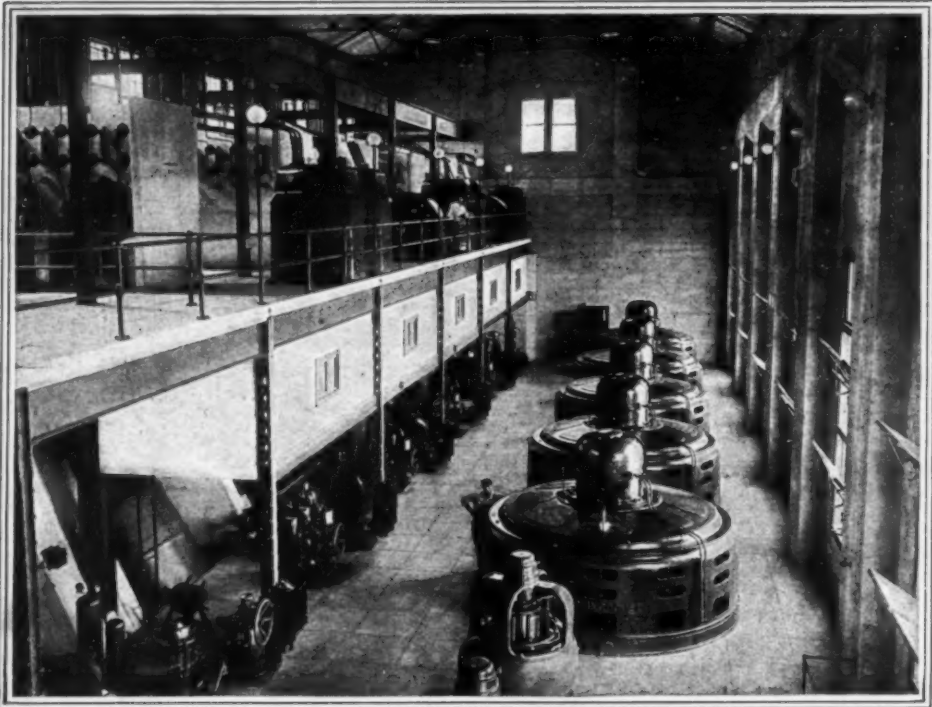
Modern science, after years of research and experiment, has made atmospheric



THE MACHINERY IN THE POWER-HOUSE AT THE ROOSEVELT DAM, ON SALT RIVER, IN ARIZONA



THE ROOSEVELT DAM, FROM BELOW, SHOWING THE POWER-HOUSE AND TRANSFORMER-HOUSE—THIS DAM, TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FOUR FEET HIGH, WAS BUILT IN 1905-1911, AND STORES FOUR HUNDRED BILLION GALLONS OF WATER



INTERIOR OF THE POWER-HOUSE AT THE MINIDOKA DAM, ON THE SNAKE RIVER, IN SOUTHERN IDAHO

nitrogen available for all the uses of Chilean saltpeter. The electrical furnace is also necessary for the purpose of manufacturing aluminum, anilin dyes, electric steel, and many other valuable products.

A MISTAKEN POLICY IN LEGISLATION

In the light of these incontrovertible facts, it seems almost incredible that there should be any objection to legislation which will encourage and permit the improvement of our great rivers for navigation and the concurrent development of water-power for manufacturing purposes, without any expense to the Federal treasury. The present stagnation is not due to any lack of enterprise in the American people, or to a failure to appreciate the importance of the subject. The fault lies at the door of Congress, and is chargeable to the restrictive and impractical laws it has enacted affecting the development of the water-power resources of navigable rivers and of all streams upon the public domain.

This legislation has practically strangled all water-power development in navigable rivers since its enactment, the aggregate amount secured being less than one hundred

and forty thousand horse-power, against an available total of twenty-seven million horse-power.

The great dam at Keokuk, in the upper Mississippi, was constructed under a special act granting a permit in perpetuity, and that at Hales Bar, in the Tennessee, under a special act granting a permit for ninety-nine years, whereas existing law limits a permit to fifty years, without any provision for renewal or for the protection of the property of the company or of those who rely upon it for power.

These restrictions render the right to maintain a dam so uncertain and defeasible that no business man will invest his money in such an enterprise. It is also practically impossible to market the power generated, because no one will build mills or factories to be operated by power furnished by a company whose plant is subject to arbitrary forfeiture.

THE BOGY OF A WATER-POWER TRUST

The statement has been made, and has had wide circulation, that there is an effort by some unknown interest, vaguely spoken of as a water-power trust, without the

slightest evidence of the existence of such a thing, to appropriate the great natural resources of our navigable streams. There is undoubtedly an effort to appropriate these resources, but not by private interests. It is to be found in unconstitutional and confiscatory proposals which the new bill seeks to replace.

Against these proposals I am protesting, for I regard them as nothing less than a bold and unwarranted effort to wrest from the States valuable property which they hold in trust for the exclusive benefit of their citizens, and to appropriate that property to the use of the entire nation. The proposition is to take from the States and their people the natural resources found within their borders, and to turn them over to the United States to be distributed among the people of all the States. It would be a manifest usurpation by the Federal government of powers and rights that belong to the States.

The same persons who are said to have inspired this proposed legislation are now actively and officiously endeavoring to prevent the enactment of laws which will unshackle this valuable natural resource and permit its utilization by the present generation—for fear, as they say, lest it should fall into the hands of a trust, evidently upon the assumption that Congress has not the intelligence properly and honestly to discharge its duties in the premises. They seem to think that conservation means tying up and preventing the use of natural resources, instead of opening them up for beneficent commercial and manufacturing purposes. They forget that the development of water-power and the business of manufacturing and distributing hydroelectricity are no more subject to monopolization than any other property or business, and are as fully protected by our stringent and efficient laws for the suppression of monopolies and the punishment of any restraint of trade.

Underlying this whole subject are certain fundamental principles of sovereignty and jurisdiction over the navigable rivers of the United States, and of property interests in their banks, beds, and waters, which are now attracting public interest, and concerning which much misinformation has been spread abroad. There has been an effort to mislead the public, and some impression may have been made upon the minds of those who have not examined the

questions involved with the care demanded by their magnitude and importance.

AN IMPORTANT CONSTITUTIONAL POINT

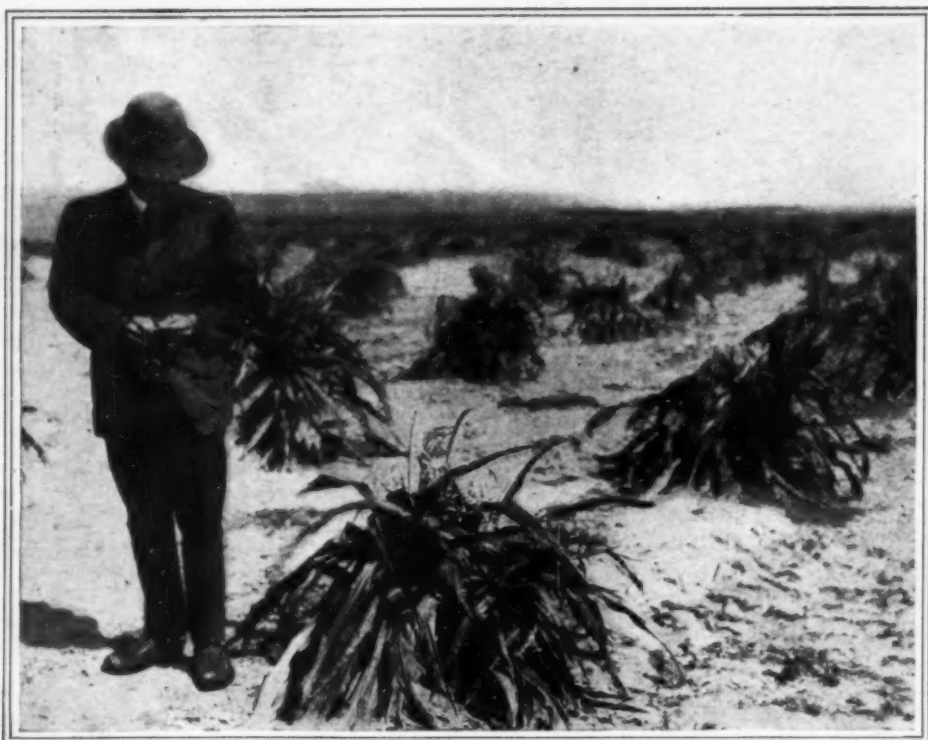
To begin with, the United States has no general sovereignty over or property interest in navigable waters, and Congress no power to legislate concerning them further than to regulate interstate and foreign commerce on them. The several sovereign States have the exclusive and absolute sovereignty, jurisdiction, and control of such waters within their respective boundaries, and hold them, their banks, beds, and waters, in trust for their citizens and those to whom they have granted them in whole or in part, subject only to the paramount power of Congress to regulate commerce.

It must be remembered that commerce—transportation—is not the only or the highest use of navigable streams. Their waters are absolutely necessary for domestic, agricultural, and manufacturing purposes. Without them animal life could not be sustained and the earth would not produce food. These purposes and uses are all more important for the support of life and the welfare of the people of the States where the waters flow than foreign and interstate commerce.

The easement or right of navigation which the public has in navigable rivers is the same that it has in ordinary highways, and the police power which Congress, and the States within their respective jurisdictions, have to regulate it, must always be exercised in a reasonable manner consistent with the rights of abutting and riparian proprietors.

Conceding the proposition that Congress can exercise general sovereignty over navigable streams and their waters, arbitrary laws could absolutely prohibit the States and their cities from the use of their waters and their water-power for any and all public purposes. The people could be prohibited from using them for domestic, agricultural, or manufacturing purposes, regardless of the fact that in each case the use would not interfere with navigation. If one of these things can be done, all can be done.

I do not agree with the assumption of those who favor Federal control, that Congress and the officials of the Federal government are more honest and more competent to manage the affairs of the States than the people of the States.



A FIELD OF HOPI CORN, A SHORT, DEEP-GROWING VARIETY DEVELOPED BY THE INDIANS IN THE DRY REGIONS OF THE SOUTHWEST

The Indian's Best Gift to Civilization

CORN, THE GREAT AMERICAN GRAIN, AND ITS IMPORTANT PART IN SOLVING THE WAR-TIME FOOD PROBLEM

By Robert H. Moulton

IT takes a war to show us how illogical are so many of our ideas about food-stuffs. Consider corn. We speak of casting pearls before swine, yet that is exactly what we do when we feed corn to pigs.

Corn is distinctly American, but the Old World tradition is so strong that most of us prefer wheat. There is no reason why this should be so. Back in the old days there was no greater delicacy than corn muffins, corn fritters, or johnny-cake; and the war is making us appreciate the fact

that they are just as palatable as ever. The nutritive value of corn is almost equivalent to that of wheat; corn-fed products have a well-deserved reputation.

Corn has a historical record as a builder of brave and sturdy men. The favorite ration of Davy Crockett was parched and ground corn, which he carried with him into the depths of the forest. It was a saying of his that if a man had a gun and ten pounds of parched corn he could live well for a year.

His diet was a trick learned from the Indians, who were able to withstand the fatigues of war-path and hunting-trail because of this simple and quickly assimilated food. The corn, rich in starch and protein, parched until it was made quickly digestible, was mixed with water. A cupful of this most simple of all elixirs had the effect of almost instantly strengthening the tired body.

The government of the United States has been urging upon the people of this country that at least one-fourth part of corn-meal should be added to wheaten flour in the making of bread. Corn, in the form of fine flour, has been used for centuries by various tribes of Indians, and when sufficiently well ground it is as palatable as the wheaten product.

The coarse corn-meal bears little re-

semblance to the impalpable powder of corn which the primitive races of this continent made by grinding between stones, by hand. The outer covering of the kernels is scraped off after soaking them in hot water to which a little lye has been added. The flour made in this way is sometimes mixed with water, and the white liquid resulting is quaffed with much relish. It is an emergency ration of the highest food value.

Whittier has sung the praises of the dish of samp and milk by homespun beauty poured. In the time of Daniel Boone, the hominy block was an adjunct of the cabin of every settler. It stood at the edge of clearings as a mark of the diet to which those steel-thewed pioneers looked for strength.

The johnny-cake and the corn pone of



A TYPICAL FIELD OF TALL CORN IN THE CENTRAL "CORN BELT" OF THE UNITED STATES—STALKS TWENTY FEET HIGH ARE NOT INFREQUENT IN OUR RICH RIVER VALLEYS

the hardy mountaineers of the South bear abundant testimony to the body-building qualities of the staple from which they are derived.

Corn enters into the composition of patent breakfast foods, but long before the days of cartons and bright labels the Indians were preparing corn dishes which for delicacy of flavor and dietetic value put the products of this modern day to shame. They could make flapjacks which literally melted in the mouth.

THE INDIANS' SKILL IN AGRICULTURE

Of the gifts that the Indians bestowed upon the world the most valuable was this grain of gold. There are many who hail the red man as the greatest of agriculturists, for his work in developing and cultivating food-plants has been nothing short of

colossal. Not only staple products, but also numerous varieties of edible grains, vegetables, and fruit, owe their present useful forms to his skill.

It is a popular fallacy that the Indian was merely a hunter, that he lived a haphazard and hand-to-mouth existence by fishing and the chase, and that his tilling of the soil was only an incident of his communal life. It is a late day to give the guerdon of recompense to a race which so many times kept our forefathers from starvation, and which furnished the corn-stalk bridge on which civilization came to these shores; and yet even now credit should be given where it is due.

Most of the articles of diet of which the discoverers and explorers of the early day found the Indian in possession were not indigenous. Many of them came from tropical countries thousands of miles distant. The Indian tribes made frequent war excursions to the lower latitudes, and they brought back grains and vegetables of all kinds, which they used as seed.

Maize or Indian corn, in its present form, represents one of the great achievements of the primitive planters. It came originally, as is now generally accepted, from southern Mexico. At first it was nothing more than a coarse grass, on which were tiny ears resembling the top of the wheat-stalk. Each grain had its own envelope of husk. Even now grains of corn



CORN IN SHOCKS—THE UNITED STATES PRODUCES ABOUT THREE-QUARTERS OF THE WORLD'S CORN-CROP



A FIELD OF CORN AND COW-PEAS, THE LATTER BEING PLANTED TO INCREASE THE AMOUNT OF NITROGEN IN THE SOIL

are sometimes found which have their individual husk, showing how the improved plant of our day occasionally reverts to type. The plant was essentially tropical, and even now, after centuries of culture in the temperate zone, it is sensitive to frost.

The Indian tribes of what is now the United States saw the possibilities of the grain, and hastened its evolution. There has been cross-breeding since by white farmers, yet, as a matter of fact, the corn culture of the present day is practically as

it came from the hand of the Indian. He adapted the plant to various sections of the country by a process of careful selection.

All the kinds of corn which exist to-day are described in the accounts of the early white settlers. Black and red corn, the white corn, the golden yellow corn, are all mentioned, not forgetting the soft, sweet variety, the so-called gummy corn of the Indians.

The culture of corn was more than farming—it was a religion. The selection of the



THE EARS ON A PLANT OF DEEP-GROWING HOPI CORN

seed for the next planting was done with such care, the various colorings were so studied and modified, that there grew up a veritable maize tradition.

The Indian methods of raising corn were taken over directly by the early settlers; and although there have since come into being mechanical appliances for plowing, planting, and harvesting, there has been no essential change in procedure. The aboriginal corn-planters loosened the ground with hoes made of wood, or of bone, antler, or flint with wooden handles. The carefully chosen grains were put in holes made with planting-sticks.

If the planting season had been delayed by frost, the Indians soaked the grains in water, so that lost time might be made up in germination. Frequently a little hellebore or some other powerful drug was added to the water. This did not injure

the grain and either stupefied or killed any crows that might dig up the seed. Often snares were laid for the feet of the birds, and later fantastic human figures were placed in the corn clearings, the precursors of the modern scarecrows.

The weeds were hoed away from the young plants, and as the season advanced the young corn was hilled. The main work of cultivating corn was done by women among the Eastern tribes, while in the West and the Southwest the crop was looked after by the men.

The planting of the corn was in reality a festival, as was the harvesting. The success which attended the development of the scraggly little tropical plant to a splendid stalk as much as eighteen feet tall, and with ears a foot and a half long, as specimens raised by the Iroquois are described, was due to the zeal and scrupulous care of the planters, inspired by romance.

Corn, in the Indian tradition, became the food which came direct from the

breast of Mother Earth. The keeping of the proper seed was a matter of sentiment and of faith. Mighty Mondamin, committed to the grave, was to rise again, and it was the duty of the tillers of the soil to see that his stalk should be perfect, that his ears should escape the insect and the blight.

Our methods of harvesting the corn, and of curing and storing* it, are practically the same as those of the red men. The corn-crib that every farmer uses is an Indian invention.

THE HOPI CORN OF THE SOUTHWEST

So much for the Indian corn as seen in the so-called corn belt of the United States. Here, before the arrival of the white man, the aborigines had developed it into a lordly plant; but the ingenuity of the Indian farmer came into fullest play in the

Southwest, where he raised excellent corn in what seemed a sandy desert.

To insure a supply of moisture for the plant, the Indian buried the seed a foot or more underground, at the bottom of a hole bored out by his planting-stick. The deep-growing corn is one of the wonders of Hopi husbandry. When thus deeply interred, Mondamin comes to life, and sends out some slender roots, but the main roots are not put forth until the stalks are within an inch or so of the surface. The Hopis build wind-screens for the further protection of the plant.

When the corn at last matures, the part above ground looks like a low bush, and yet it bears fine, well-formed ears. The United States government used to try to teach the Indians of the Southwest how to farm, but it has found it profitable to go to school to them.

MANDAN CORN IN THE NORTHWEST

It had been accepted for many years that in the Dakotas and much of the Northwest it was impossible for the white farmers to grow corn, because all the varieties tried were killed by frost. Recently it occurred to some scientists that despite the drawback of a severe climate the Mandan Indians, within a hundred miles of the Canadian border, were raising corn successfully. An expedition under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History made a study of the agricultural methods of the Mandans.

It developed that for centuries the farmers of the tribe had been developing a hardy corn. The seed had been selected from year to year from stalks which showed the least susceptibility to frost. The stalks of this variety are so stunted that they are more like shrubs than the plant common to other latitudes. Seed-corn raised by the Mandans is to be sown all through that region, which, according to the official maps, has not been regarded as at all fitted for raising corn; and thus the food-supply of the nation may eventually be increased by many millions of bushels of wholesome grain every year.

The secrets of the cultivation of this strangely acclimated tropical plant were found by an archeologist, not an agriculturist, and were handed down by Buffalo Bird Woman and others of her tribe in the belief that they might help the white neighbors. This, by the way, is returning good for evil, for in the early years of the white race on this continent there is no doubt that the Indian was ill requited for all that he did for the settlers.

During the last year enormous quantities of corn have been ground up into flour for mixing with wheat flour. Almost all of the twelve great corn States instructed their farmers to raise as much white corn as possible, for the purpose of supplying white corn flour and meal. Thus corn is playing its part, and a part of no small importance, in helping us to win the war for liberty and democracy.

THE CROSS OF MERCY

THE sign of love—this cross of red that gleams
'Gainst purest white—the symbol of high dreams,
Of fullest giving and of self-denial;
Compassion gentle, patience under trial;
Of lives surrendered to a cause sublime,
Regardless of reward or stress of time.
We glance and pass, nor ever pause to think
That it means life and succor, food and drink.

This sign of faith—the cross of red that glows
Against the white of courage—sorrow knows,
Exhaustion, pain, and weariness untold;
A ministry beyond the touch of gold.
How far its solace reaches and how deep,
Ah, we may never know—we who but sleep
The long nights through, who pass it day by day
Without a thought and go our heedless way!

Grace G. Bostwick

Germany's Vast Ambitions in the East

THE FAR-REACHING SCHEMES OF EMPIRE IN ASIA FRAMED BY THE WAR-LORDS OF
BERLIN, AND WHAT THEIR SUCCESS WOULD MEAN TO THE REST OF THE WORLD

By Frederic Austin Ogg

Professor of Political Science in the University of Wisconsin

IN a recent *Punch* cartoon the Kaiser, in turban and sandals, and bearing aloft a banner inscribed "Hamburg to Herat," stands pointing hopefully toward the rising sun and remarking with emphasis to his manifestly dejected scion:

"Our future, my dear boy, lies in the East."

"Well, father," the prince replies, "from what I've seen of the West, I think you may be right!"

A few months ago the Germans confidently expected a military victory in the West, and counted on its giving them once more the whip-hand in continental politics. It is improbable, however, that those who originally led the empire into war looked for territorial aggrandizement in that quarter, beyond possibly such a rectification of the French frontier as would extend German sovereignty over the long-coveted western portion of the mineral district of Briey. They may have thought that there was a chance to gain fresh possessions in Africa and Oceanica, although for that it would be necessary to bring England to her knees. But unquestionably the direction in which the Kaiser, the Pan-Germans, and the Junkers chiefly looked for expansion was eastward.

Before the contest had been in progress a year, the Berlin government was ready for almost any kind of a peace that would give it a free hand in the East. With the East organized on German lines and made tributary, the empire could some day return with full assurance to the undertaking in which it had been balked by French and British arms.

After the collapse of Russia, peace proposals with an eastward slant poured from the Wilhelmstrasse in an ever-widening stream. In the past twelve months the long arm of Hohenzollern imperialism has been stretched out across unhappy Russia to Teheran and Herat, to Irkutsk, and even to Aigun and Vladivostok, creating for the United States and her cobelligerents the problem not alone of saving European Russia from Teutonic subjugation, but of preventing Siberia, Turkestan, Manchuria, Persia, Afghanistan, not to say China proper, from falling under the control, economically and politically, of Berlin.

This mighty eastward thrust springs from no lightly conceived or hastily devised policy. On the contrary, the *drang nach Osten* is a *motif* that runs through all German history.

It began in the efforts of the Saxon and Franconian princes, more than a thousand years ago, to win back from the Slavs, by war, colonization, missionary enterprise, and commercial expansion, the vast stretches eastward from the Elbe vacated by the Goths, Lombards, Vandals, and their numerous unnamed kinsfolk during the era of the Germanic invasions of the Roman Empire. The original kingdom of Prussia itself arose on soil that was thus recovered, becoming in turn, as it grew powerful under the early Hohenzollerns, the base from which proceeded new and more ambitious plans and undertakings.

GERMAN DOMINATION IN RUSSIA

In our own day German influence has been carried eastward on three main lines

—first, through Russia; second, through the Balkan states and Turkey; and third, across the high seas which afford approaches to the Orient.

The world is only beginning to comprehend the power wielded by Germany in Russian affairs prior to the present war. It is true that Berlin was not able to enforce its will upon Petrograd in 1914, as it had done in 1908, and upon other notable occasions. It is true, too, that temperamentally the dour, disciplined Prussian and the easy-going, undisciplined Russian are mutually repellent. None the less, as a well-known Russian journalist has lately observed, the history of his country since the time of Peter the Great represents, "in its international and domestic aspects, a continuous struggle between the native population and German domination"—a struggle, it might have been added, in which the German influences have been remarkably successful.

RUSSIA'S GERMAN SOVEREIGNS

Until Peter the Great, the Romanoffs remained a national dynasty, for the very good reason that European courts did not relish intermarriages with Tatars and barbarians. In 1725, however, Peter's daughter, Anne, married a German prince; and from that day the close dynastic alliance of Russia and Prussia continued without a break to the deposition of Nicholas II, in 1917. For more than a century and a half, not one Russian Czar failed to marry a German princess—with the consequence that the last ill-fated Nicholas was precisely one-sixty-fourth Russian and sixty-three-sixty-fourths German. During all that time the sympathies of the autocratic monarch and of the imperial household were generally German; Peterhof was the Russian Potsdam.

In Peter's time began, also, the Germanization of the Russian government service. For two centuries German office-seekers, "advisers," and other political adventurers have moved toward Petrograd in a never-ending stream. The world-famed Russian bureaucracy is of their creation. For many decades before the present war they filled most of the higher ministerial positions, and practically monopolized the diplomatic service, the state police, and the local gendarmerie.

German influence has been no less dominant in the Russian academies, universi-

ties, and scientific institutions. For instance, the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg was modeled on the Berlin Academy; it long published its proceedings exclusively in German, and was in every essential respect a German organization.

Entrenched in the court, the army, the bureaucracy, the diplomatic service, and the learned societies, the Germans secured no less control of Russian industry, banking, and commerce. The electrical, cotton, and metal industries are largely German; a commercial treaty of 1905, forced upon Russia when she was prostrate, contained such tariff and traffic stipulations that within a few years more than sixty per cent of all the empire's foreign trade had to pass through German hands, and to be carried by either German ships or German railroads.

Finally, the war revealed the full significance of a colonization movement which had borne many hundreds of thousands of German people into the border provinces of Russia, and even into the interior. Some of these settlers became Russian citizens of the "hyphenated" type, but most of them remained German subjects. They owned thirty million acres of the choicest agricultural land; and it was noteworthy that every fortress in Poland, and as far east as the river Dwina, was surrounded by German farms, whose owners were governed by the political and economic interests of their fatherland, and had nothing but contempt for the country in which they dwelt.

One conquest the Teutons never effected, if indeed they ever cared to attempt it. The common people were never impressed by German methods or tainted by the German spirit. To the muzhik, with his simple ways, his childlike faith, and his idealism, the German always remained an arrogant, calculating, aggressive, alien enemy, whose presence was to be as far as possible ignored.

THE RESULT OF RUSSIA'S COLLAPSE

The Russian collapse in 1917 seemed a complete triumph for Germany's eastward-pushing diplomacy. Such national authorities as kept the field were ready for peace on German terms. A long chain of partially assimilated provinces around the western and southern periphery—Finland, Courland, Livonia, Esthonia, Poland, Ukraina, Caucasia—resumed their autonomy, and

either quietly accepted German domination or were marked off for early German conquest.

Later events have shown that, quite apart from the check which Allied successes in the West will impose on the Teutonic operations in Russia, German dominance between Poland and the Urals is likely to meet with steadily increasing difficulties. But the hold that has been obtained will be hard to break; and in the mean time the enemy is reaping advantages that reach far beyond European Russia.

The chief of these advantages is a series of new lines of penetration leading straight from German soil into western and central Asia. One of them runs through the subjugated Ukraine, past Kiev and Odessa, crosses the Black Sea, and then by Trebizond and Tabriz enters northern Persia. Another, through the now independent Cossack lands of southern Russia, reaches Kazan and the Turco-Tatar country, and so passes to the Khanates of Asiatic Russia. This second route traverses territories inhabited by peoples who are both Turks and Moslems; and, as a recent writer has pointed out, in case of the continued impotence of Russia, and through a judicious combination of economic and military organization under Teutonic leadership with Turkish radicalism and the Moslem sense of solidarity, it might become Germany's straight road of conquest into the Middle East.

Already foodstuffs and other supplies are passing from Asiatic lands into Germany over these highroads of empire. The movement is slow and restricted, because Russia's transportation is disorganized and that of Asia is unorganized. But sheep can walk; and German agents in Turkestan and Bokhara are reported to be buying millions of these animals, useful alike for their wool and for food, and sending them westward in herds to the Caspian port of Krasnovodsk, whence they are transported to points where there are railroad connections for central Europe.

A main task of the Allies is to cut these lines of supply before they have been developed by German efficiency. If this is not done, it is not merely Russian products that will enable Germany to prolong the war, but wool, grain, mutton, and cattle from the central Asian plains, rice from China, and sulfur and salt from the eastern Caspian shores.

The ways to the East through southern Russia are valued at their full worth in Berlin. After all, however, the chosen course of the imperial eagles lies farther south, through Constantinople.

THE CHIEF GATEWAY OF THE NEAR EAST

In the grand plan of empire which was to have given Germany unbroken control from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf, there were three essential steps. The first was to organize a German Mittel-Europa, based on an intimate union with Austria-Hungary and sufficient control over the Balkan states to insure unobstructed through communication. The second was to make German influence preponderant at Constantinople. The third was to extend German economic and political control southeastward, along the line of the Bagdad railway, through Asia Minor and Mesopotamia to the Persian Gulf.

The reasons for turning in this direction were many. One was the economic richness of the lands to be traversed or tapped. Another was the opportunity to bring Pan-Islamism to the aid of Pan-Germanism. A third was the ripeness of Turkey for an economic and political alliance that would bolster up a weak-kneed and impoverished government. A fourth was the opening given to Germany at Constantinople by Great Britain's abandonment, in the closing decade of the last century, of her traditional support of the Porte against other powers, especially Russia.

A fifth consideration was strategic. The dominion at which Germany aimed would give her a central position in relation to the other European world-powers, corresponding to the central position which she already held among the European states. Control of Asia Minor would menace the British interests in Egypt and the Suez Canal. Control of Mesopotamia would endanger the British sphere about the Persian Gulf, and even India. Russia could be struck at throughout the whole length of her western and southwestern frontier. The growth of French interests in Syria could be hindered, if not stopped.

It was a bold and masterful scheme, and for more than a decade before the war it was diligently and successfully pursued. Austria-Hungary was easily influenced, for with every passing year it became plainer that the ascendancy of her ruling races, if not the very existence of the polyglot em-

pire, was practically conditioned upon German support.

GERMANY'S HAND IN THE BALKANS

The Balkan states were more difficult to handle; yet, as was made apparent upon the outbreak of war in 1914, dynastic connections were utilized with much effect. Thus the Hohenzollern ruler of Rumania was led to sign a treaty of alliance with Germany without consulting his ministers or parliament. The Coburger sovereign of Bulgaria was induced to draw his subjects into an alliance with their hereditary foes, the Turks, against their traditional friends, the Russians. The King of Greece was persuaded to betray and humiliate the country over which he ruled in order to serve the purposes of his imperial brother-in-law.

Control at Constantinople was easily gained. In the second year of his reign William II paid a visit to the "Red" Sultan, Abdul Hamid II, which planted German influence at the Bosphorus. A decade later, during a theatric tour of the Holy Land, he openly took under his patronage and protection the three hundred million Moslems of Asia and Africa—most of them subjects, it will be observed, of one or another of Germany's leading rivals, Great Britain, France, and Russia. Early in the present century clever diplomats of the type of the Baron Wangenheim, whose machinations immediately before the war are described in Mr. Morgenthau's recently published memoirs, removed all remaining obstructions to German ascendancy.

The Turkish army was reorganized by German officers, and practically brought under German command. The Turkish fleet was strengthened by the nominal purchase of antiquated German men-of-war. The German hand was seen at every turn in Turkish administration and finance. Trade and business concessions went to German interests almost exclusively. Several of the railways were acquired and managed by German companies.

Most important of all, the Bagdad railway—originating in a concession to the German-controlled Anatolian Railroad Company in 1888, and definitely projected a decade later as a great German trunk-line from the Bosphorus to the Persian Gulf—was carried forward with such speed through the Taurus ranges and across the Mesopotamian sands that it is now in read-

iness for use as far as Bagdad, save for two comparatively short stretches westward and southward from Mosul.

For a score of years the Hamburg-Persian Gulf project has formed the heart and center of the German designs. To-day, more than ever, it is the dearest of German hopes. Not until her arms meet utter defeat will the empire abandon the great plan, for upon it hangs the whole future of her world-policy.

"What will happen," asks the imperialist Paul Rohrbach in his book entitled "The War and German Politics," published four years ago, "should the British and Russians drive in a wedge between us and our plans in the Orient? The independence of Turkey would be gone, the countries between the straits and the gulf, between Port Said and Ararat, would be partitioned among our enemies. What would happen to us, should we never again be able to exercise influence there? It is clear that this would be the end of our *weltpolitik*. It would mean our withdrawal from the company of world-nations."

Among the secret documents drawn forth from the Russian archives and published by the Bolsheviks about a year ago is one which purports to be an agreement of Great Britain, France, and Russia in 1916 upon the disposal of Turkey's Asiatic territories. Russia was to take most of Asia Minor and Armenia, France an enlarged Syria, Great Britain Mesopotamia; and provision was made for an independent Arabia, or a confederation of Arabian governments. Already, according to another of these documents, Great Britain and France had assented to the occupation of Constantinople by Russia—an arrangement which must have caused the Pitts and Palmerston and Beaconsfield to turn in their graves.

These agreements, if actually made, will probably never be carried out; but somehow or other the German hold upon the Turkish lands—not to mention Austria-Hungary and the Balkans—must be forever broken. Otherwise, the Teuton dream of world-dominion will not have been dispelled, and the Allied nations will have waged the war in vain.

PERSIA AS A FIELD FOR INTRIGUE

Another Asiatic theater of German imperialistic enterprise is Persia.

Since the middle of the nineteenth century, this old Mohammedan country has

been a hotbed of diplomatic controversy and intrigue. In 1907 Great Britain and Russia brought to a close their deep-seated rivalry here by a convention marking off a Russian sphere in the north and a British sphere in the south, and opening an intervening zone to the activities of both countries. These agreements, together with others entered into at the same time concerning Afghanistan and Tibet, established an Anglo-Russian *rapprochement* and made the Triple Entente a reality. Hence they were of prime importance in international politics.

They were, however, objectionable to the Persian people, who, although unsuccessful in their recent attempt to set up a constitutional government, were not bereft of national pride. Despite assurances to the contrary, Persian independence was obviously a thing of the past. Mass-meetings were held in Teheran, Tabriz, and even Constantinople, and telegrams of protest were sent to the Kaiser as Islam's special friend and protector.

Needless to say, these appeals met with a ready reception. For years German merchants had looked upon Persia as a coming field of exploitation; and political advantages had been by no means entirely out of mind. The Anglo-Russian convention, like the Anglo-French agreement on Morocco in 1904, came as a rude shock, and the Berlin imperialists set feverishly to work to undo the damage.

First they prompted Turkey, as a state contiguous with Persia, to demand participation in the *pourparlers* which were deciding the fate of the country. Then they sent agents among the Young Persians, who had been responsible for the revolution, to incite them against the Anglo-Russian arrangements.

Finally, in 1910, they got their foot in the door before it was irrevocably slammed in their faces by an agreement with Russia reciprocally recognizing the spheres that had been carved out in the neighboring Mohammedan empires, stipulating a mutual open-door policy, and, what was most important, arranging for an extension of the Bagdad railroad into Persia—by way of the Russian zone, it is true, but on the very southernmost edge, significantly adjacent to the neutral zone.

For four years prior to the war—years in which confusion in Persia became doubly confounded, despite the efforts of Mr. Mor-

gan Shuster and others to bring order out of chaos—Germany steadily kept an eye upon the situation; and when the war came on, no time was lost in seizing every possible advantage. Turkey was forced to range herself with the Central Powers, not for herself alone, but with a view to the arousing of the two other surviving Mohammedan nations, Persia and Afghanistan, the termination of Russian dominion over Mohammedans in the Caucasus and Turkestan, and the ultimate overthrow of British power in India.

PERSIA'S NEUTRALITY VIOLATED

Persia, although nominally neutral, became virtually a battle-field. The English and Russians closed their toll-roads to Germans and Austrians, and the Russians strengthened their garrisons in the north. And when, despite the natural inclination of the Persians toward the Kaiser, the Turkish trumpet-call to Mohammedans to join in a holy war against the Allies fell flat, evidences of German machinations against the country's neutrality rapidly multiplied.

Turkish marauders violated Persian territory. German and Turkish agents went from village to village, stirring up the people by promising them deliverance from the yoke of the foreigner. German and Austrian prisoners, escaping from the Russian detention-camps east of the Caspian, were set to work as propagandists. In all the principal cities mollahs were hired to preach the holy war, many of the German agents professing Mohammedanism and dutifully attending services in the mosques. German "consuls" appeared in scores of towns where no such official had ever set foot, and gathered thousands of recruits for the "all-conquering" armies of "Hadji Wilhelm, Emperor of Germany."

These intrigues were extended to Afghanistan as well. One mission set up a wireless receiving-station at Kabul, which plied the Ameer with stories of German successes. Another worked from Herat; until by drawing a cordon of Russian and Indian troops along the frontiers, the Allied authorities cut off the propagandists from their bases of supplies, and waning resources led to a decline of their prestige.

In Persia, however, the Allies did not become aroused to their danger until German influence had become preponderant in numerous provinces, and the whole coun-

try seemed on the point of taking up arms on the side of the Central Powers. Even then, Great Britain's operations in Mesopotamia permitted no interruption for the sake of a demonstration in Persia; and it fell to Russia, late in 1915, and in the very nick of time, to send a force across the Caspian from Baku, and thus save the situation.

Even so, it was only at an eleventh-hour conference, after orders had been given for war, that the youthful Shah was persuaded by the British and Russian ministers to maintain the policy of neutrality. For his part in this diplomatic victory, which saved Transcaspia for Russia and Afghanistan for England, the English minister, Mr. Charles Marling, was forthwith knighted.

Eventually the Russian forces, with a limited amount of English aid, not only cleared the country of Germans and their dupes, but drove back a Turkish army which, under instigation from Berlin, undertook in 1916 to accomplish what diplomacy and religious appeal had failed to achieve.

German expansionists still look covetously upon Persia. The country is capable of yielding enormous quantities of raw materials—wool, cotton, drugs—as well as foodstuffs and mineral products, especially oil. Furthermore, it is potentially a rich market for German-made clothing, agricultural machinery, chemicals, optical goods, sugar, and wares of many other kinds. German writers on economic topics have of late repeatedly urged the merchants of the empire to lose no time in starting for Persia to capture the trade of the country while, as is alleged, their English and Russian competitors are out of favor with the inhabitants.

THE WEALTH OF ASIATIC RUSSIA

Northeastward from Persia lies another broad territory upon which the German gaze is fixed—namely, Turkestan. Here the end immediately sought is an independent supply of raw cotton. One of the principal economic prizes which Germany seeks from her eastward expansion is the capture and operation for her own benefit of Russia's vast cotton textile industry. Already she has laid hold on five-sixths of the cotton-mills of the country. Of no less importance are the cotton-fields of Turkestan, which in 1910 produced forty-five million pounds, and in later years furnished

fully three-fourths of the raw fiber used in the Russian mills.

Hitherto, Germany's fast-growing and highly profitable cotton industry has been almost wholly dependent on raw material purchased in the United States. If after the war she should retain control of the Russian mills, and at the same time be independent of foreign markets for her supply of raw cotton, the cotton business in the United States would be profoundly affected in all its branches.

Then there is Siberia. Many people think of Siberia only as a frozen and desolate land of exile and suffering, and as having no real value for a European possessor, save such as may arise from transportation routes across its dreary wastes. In point of fact, southern Siberia, embracing areas larger than the State of Texas, is one of the world's great undeveloped farms, a region unsurpassed in its capacity for the production of grain, cattle, butter, and minerals, all of which will prove invaluable to Europe in the next few years. There is a considerable Siberiak population, drawn from all parts of European Russia, and possessing pronounced traits of industry, thrift, and political capability.

The Russian collapse of 1917 threatened Siberia with sheer anarchy. The only alternative seemed to be the organization of the country by the enemy for its own advantage; and German influences were promptly set to work, both directly through Petrograd, Moscow, and Kiev, and indirectly via Persia and Turkestan. For the Allies this created a problem somewhat like that which arose in Greece, only on a much larger scale. Their interests do not lie in Siberia itself; but by non-action there they would give Germany just the sort of opportunity for fishing in troubled waters that Berlin enjoys.

Fortunately, the Siberiak population chose to set up a government of its own and to follow an independent and self-respecting course, rather than to give ready acceptance to German control; and the action now jointly taken by the United States and Japan seems calculated to frustrate the German designs of conquest and exploitation in that part of the world.

GERMANY'S LOST FORTRESS IN CHINA

One of the first fields in which the new German imperialism of William II asserted itself was the Far East; and all the world

knows that while the German operations in that quarter have been less extensive, and at times less directly menacing, than those of Russia, Germany has there stood for interference, dictation, territorial control, and, in general, a pound-of-flesh policy.

To go no farther back, at the close of the Chino-Japanese War, in 1895, Germany sought to divert the energies of the recently formed Dual Alliance from Europe by egging on the new partners, Russia and France, to force Japan to accept less favorable terms of peace than she had intended to impose upon her late foe. Following the murder of two German Catholic missionaries by a mob in Shantung, in 1897, the Kaiser's government sent war-ships to the spacious harbor of Kiaochow, ejected the Chinese troops from the fortifications there, and replaced them with German marines. This was followed by a demand for an apology, for an indemnity, and for a lease of the harbor and an adjoining strip of territory, with the privilege of building railways and exploiting mines throughout the province of Shantung.

The example thus set was speedily followed by other nations, in order to maintain the balance of power in that important region. Within a few months Russia secured a lease of Port Arthur and Talienswan, and Great Britain similarly took possession of the harbor of Wei-hai-wei.

Two years later came the Boxer Rebellion, which not only called out from the Kaiser the famous "Hun" speech, but gave him an opportunity to impress the Orient afresh with his power. After the uprising had been put down, China's leading statesman, Li Hung Chang, stated that its main impetus was to be found in the high-handed course of Germany during the previous three years.

German aggressiveness in the East, furthermore, supplied a leading motive for the

Anglo-Japanese alliance of 1902; and German encouragement of Russia's eastern ventures—with a view, no doubt, to turning her attention from European politics—did much to involve her in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-1905.

During the decade immediately preceding the present war, German imperial effort was directed rather toward the Near East than the Far East. None the less, she rarely missed an opportunity to make her voice heard when Oriental questions were under discussion.

Kiaochow had become a chief jewel in her imperial diadem; but along with her African "protectorates" and her oceanic colonies, this fortress was lost in the early stages of the contest, being attacked and captured by the Japanese. Germany controls not a foot of ground in the Orient; both Japan and China are in arms against her; and the Allied nations are likely to be chary about taking her into association with themselves, as heretofore, in their Far Eastern enterprises and agreements.

The danger of a Germanized Asia looms less ominously in the Orient than in Turkey, Mesopotamia, Arabia, Persia, Turkestan, or Siberia; but so long as the menace appears anywhere, the nations that are fighting for the future peace of the world must be on their guard. If the Berlin government can make substantial headway toward commercial and political empire in the East, on the lines that have been mapped out, it will be able to keep before the German people an enticing program at a time when the power of the American army shall have finally forced the Kaiser's generals to abandon the initiative in the West, and with it all hope of a victory by arms.

If, on the other hand, the Eastern projects collapse, peace of the sort that the Allied peoples hope for will not be far off.

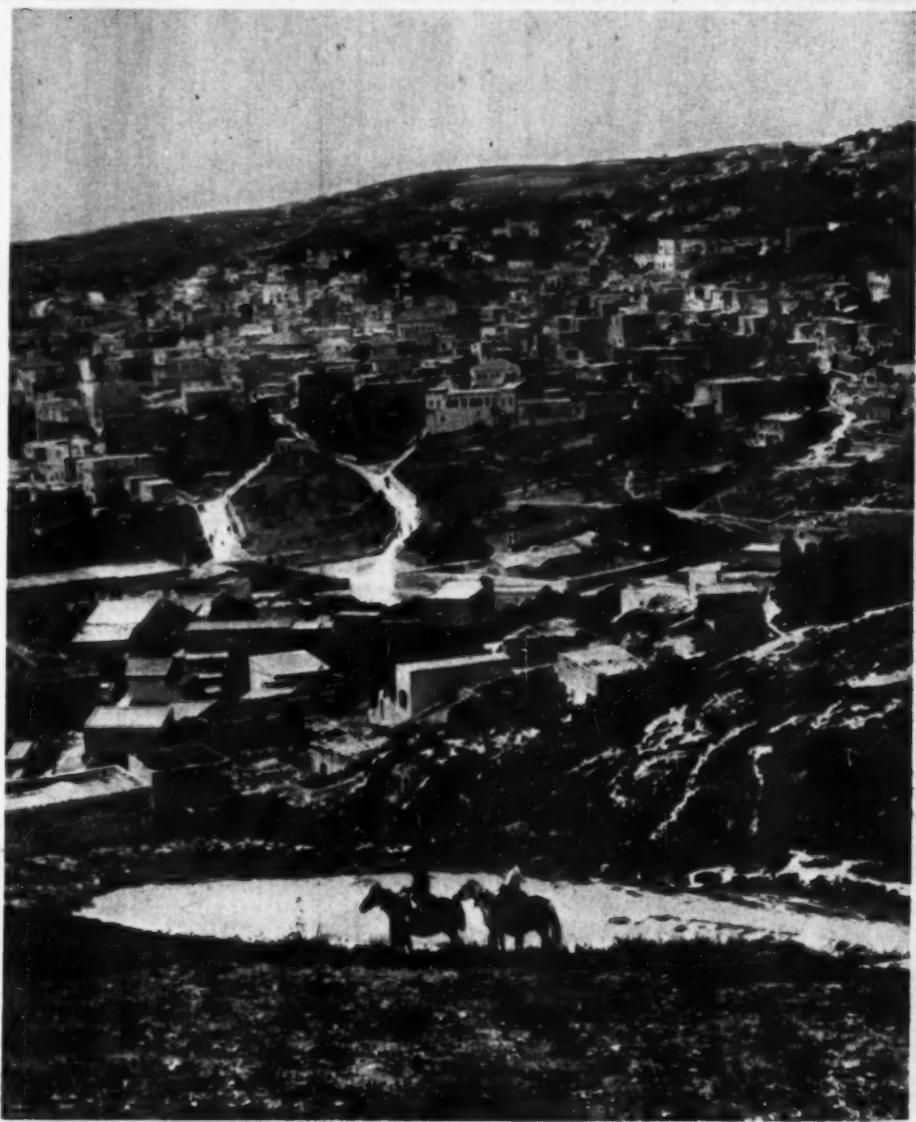
THE END OF DISCORD

THESE days of discord will not cease,
And change to crystal-hearted peace,
Till Liberty's untarnished shield
Holds Might at bay and makes him yield.

Then will the world receive new birth
In dark, waste places of the earth,
And wounded nations, healed and free,
Dwell in unbroken unity.

William H. Hayne

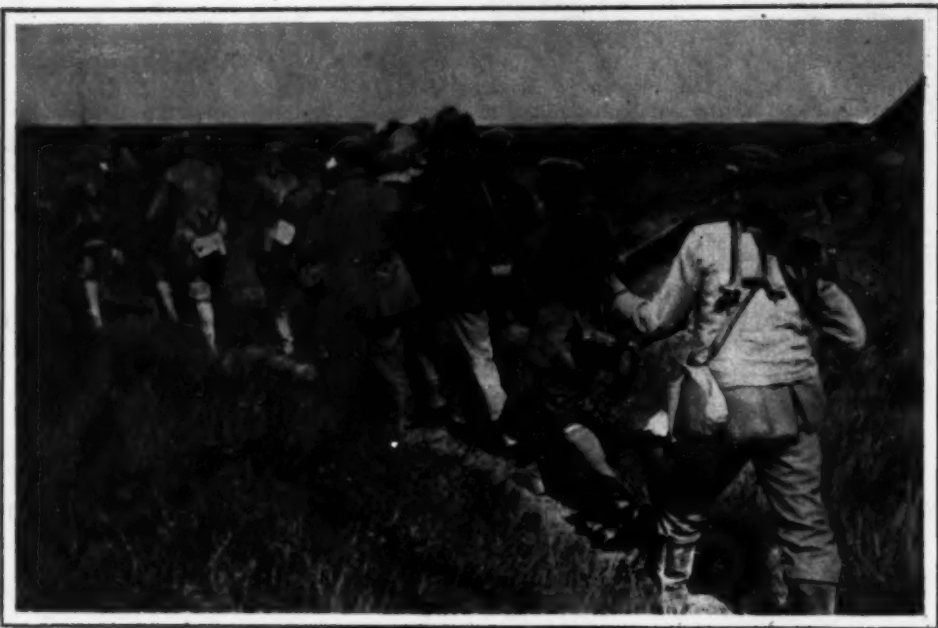
Told by the Camera



NAZARETH, THE HOME OF CHRIST, ONCE MORE IN CHRISTIAN HANDS

This ancient hill town in Galilee, the scene of the childhood and youth of Jesus, was captured by General Allenby on September 20 from the Turkish army commanded by the German General Liman von Sanders

From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

**GERMAN PRISONERS BRINGING IN BRITISH WOUNDED**

An episode of the British offensive south of Arras—The captured Teuton on the right is carrying a German machine gun, a trophy of the British victory

From a British official photograph

**FRENCH ARTILLERISTS BRINGING A HEAVY GUN INTO ACTION**

The gunners are doing quick work in setting up a one-hundred-and-fifty-five-millimeter (six-inch) piece, which they have nicknamed "Marcelle," in position for firing upon the enemy

From a French official photograph



GERMAN PRISONERS IN BRITISH HANDS

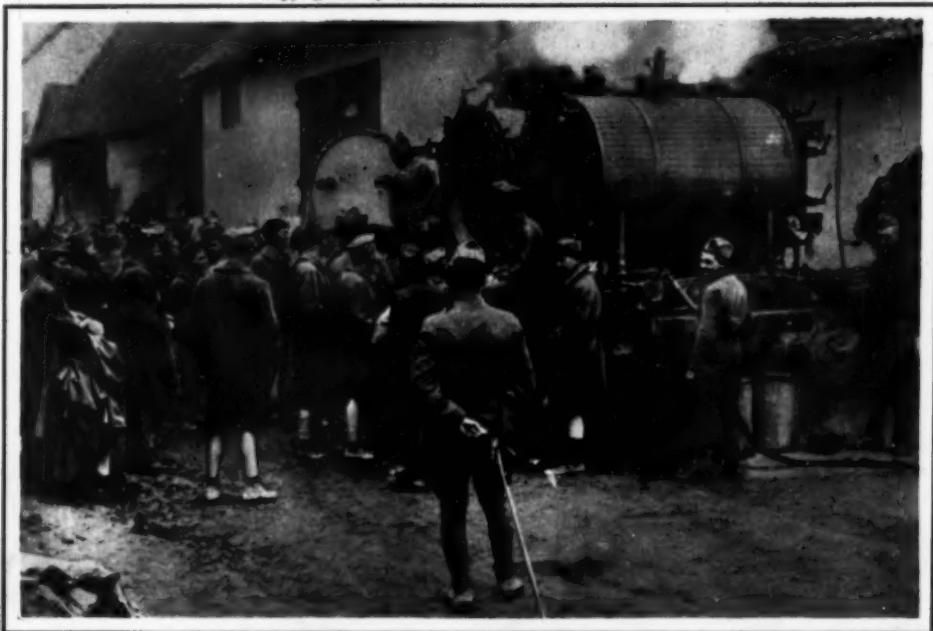
Such scenes have become increasingly common behind the Allied lines in France, for during the first two months of Foch's great offensive nearly two hundred thousand Germans were captured



A Y. M. C. A. SHELTER CLOSE BEHIND THE FIRING-LINE

A picture which shows how the Y. M. C. A. has gone to the fighting-front with the American soldier and the American flag

Copyrighted by the Committee on Public Information



BOILERS FOR STERILIZING SOLDIERS' CLOTHES

Those who have read of the little enemies that infest the trenches will understand that this process is important to the health and comfort of our men

Copyrighted by the Committee on Public Information



OUR SOLDIERS GOING "OVER THE TOP"

An actual photograph of American infantrymen leaving their trenches to attack the German lines—
This took place at Cantigny, where we won our first victory in France

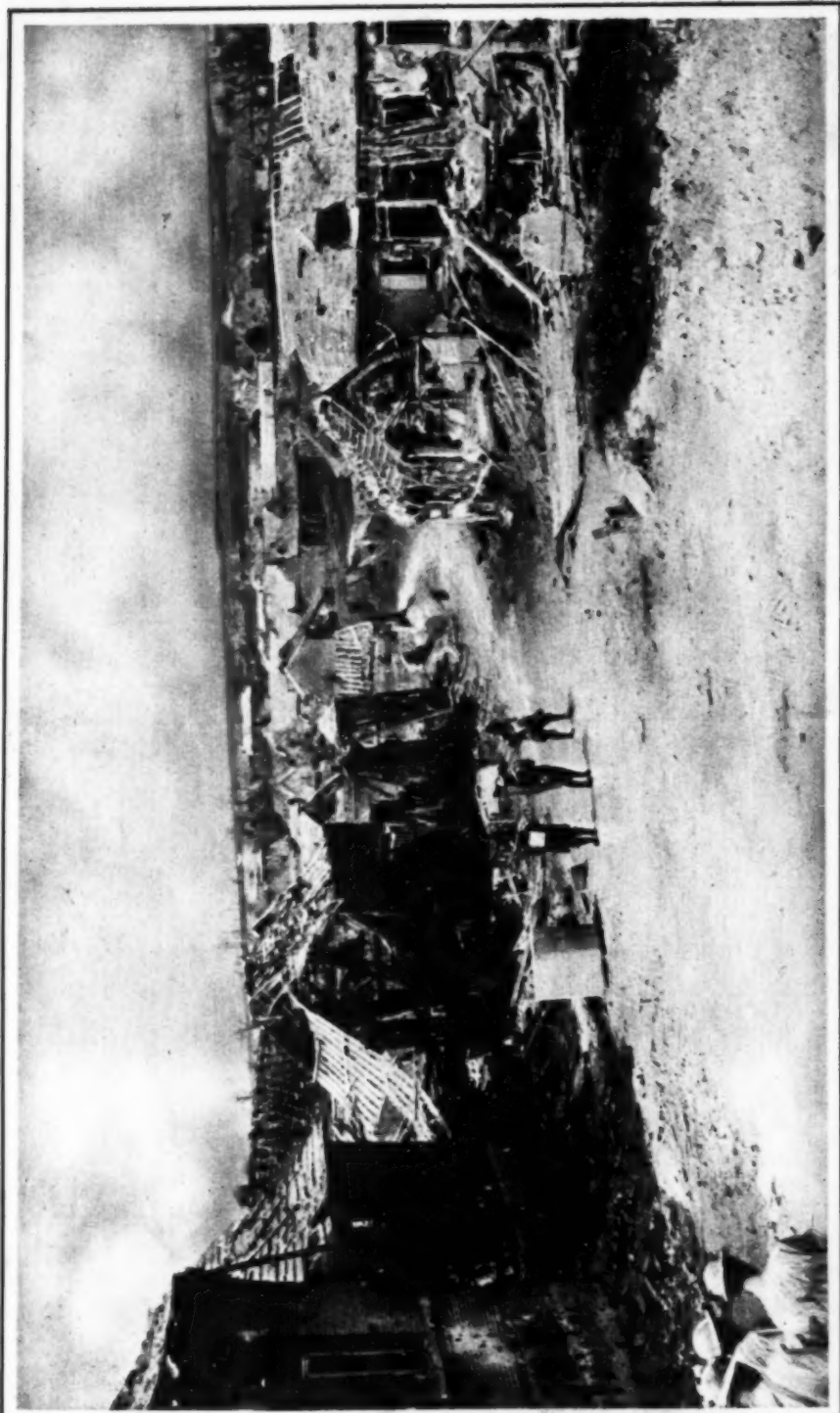
Photo from the International Film Service, New York



AFTER THE CAPTURE OF CHATEAU-THIERRY

An American soldier beside a pile of boxes used as a machine-gun post by the Germans and
abandoned when they retreated from the town on July 21

From a copyrighted photograph by the Western Newspaper Union, New York



A SHELL-SHATTERED VILLAGE AFTER THE GERMAN RETREAT IN NORTHERN FRANCE
British soldiers are seen entering the village, which is a typical instance of the havoc wrought by the shell-fire of the contending armies
From a British official photograph



CARRYING THE STARS AND STRIPES INTO GERMANY

The arrival of an American regiment, with the flag of freedom at its head, at an Alsatian village held by the Allies
From a photograph by Beaufreze, Paris



CANADIAN TROOPS IN THE GREAT ALLIED OFFENSIVE

A Canadian tank marked with a maple-leaf and "Toronto," passing a field dressing-station which had been German territory that morning

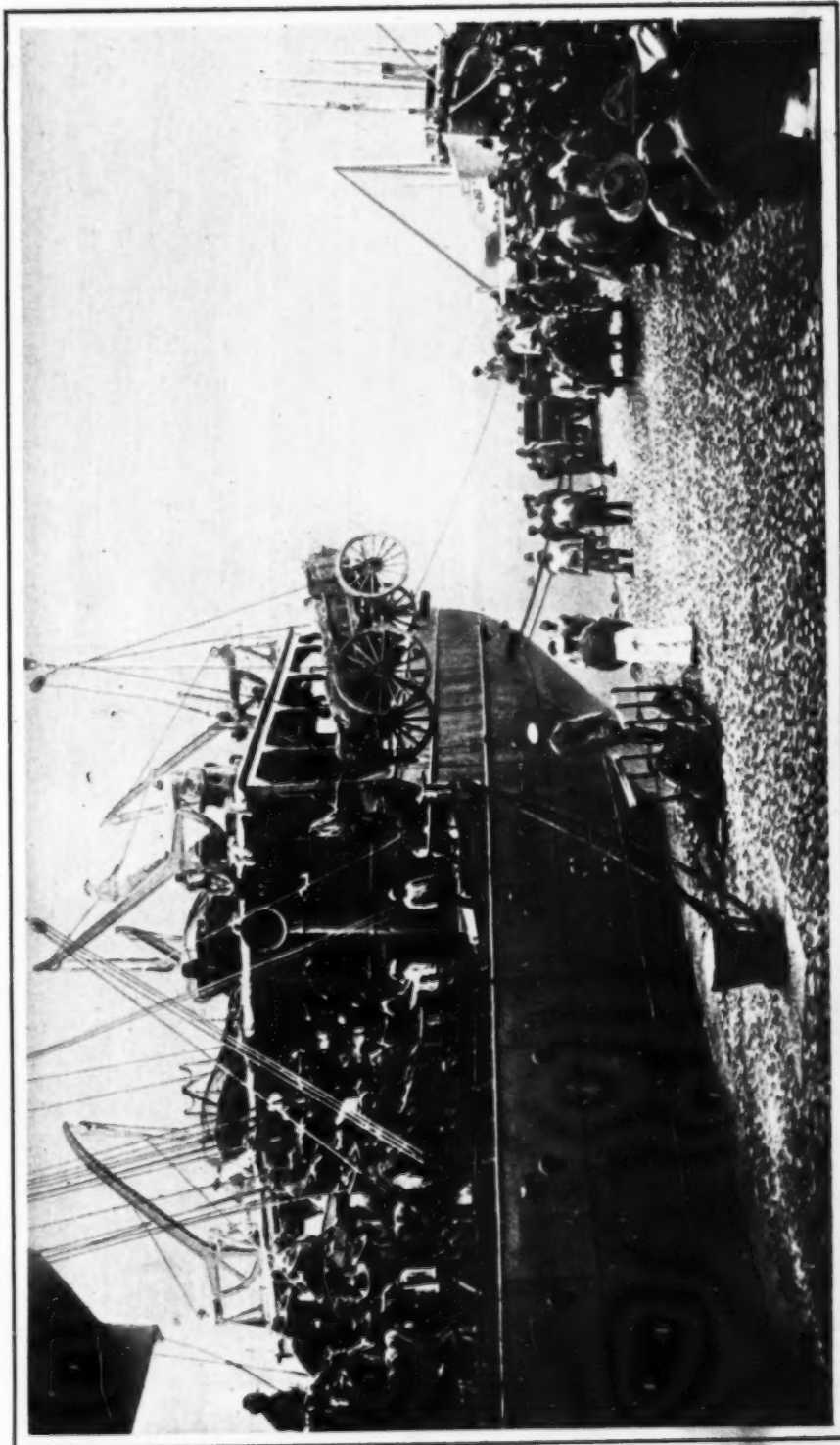
From a Canadian official photograph—Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York



CANADIAN SOLDIERS COOKING IN CLAY OVENS

The engraving shows Sir Edward Kemp, the Canadian Minister of Oversea Forces, watching soldiers from Nova Scotia building and using clay ovens behind the front in France

From a Canadian official photograph—Copyrighted by the Western Newspaper Union, New York



OUR FAR-FLUNG BATTLE-LINE—AMERICAN TROOPS LANDING AT VLADIVOSTOK

This was the first photograph to reach the United States showing the arrival of American soldiers at Russia's Pacific port, to serve under General Graves as part of the Allied expedition to Siberia—The vessel is the American transport Warren

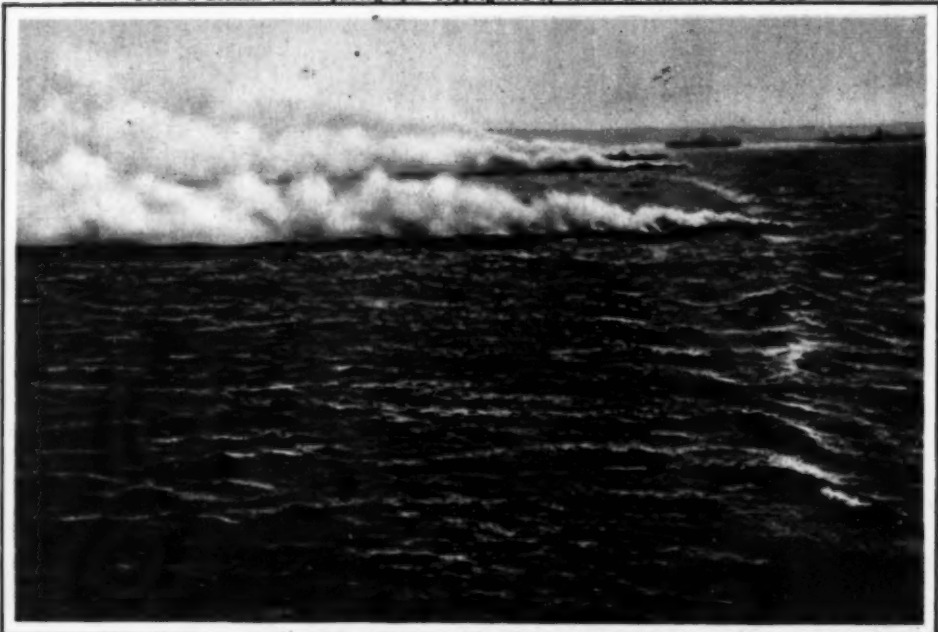
From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



A TYPICAL MACHINE-GUN NEST

A British post somewhere in France, concealed in a clump of gorse and other bushes, an ideal spot for the use of the deadly machine gun

From a British official photograph—Copyrighted by Kadel & Herbert, New York



SMOKE SCREENS TO BAFFLE THE U-BOATS

This shows an effective method of protecting a convoy from torpedo attack by forming lines of smudges between which the vessels can sail unseen



AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE

This shows Americans, convalescent from wounds or on leave from the front, walking along the lake in the famous Paris park
From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service, New York



THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC ON PARADE

Even in the crisis of a greater struggle, the country has not forgotten the veterans of the Civil War, six thousand of whom paraded at Portland, Oregon, on August 20



SEVEN PAST COMMANDERS OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

A group at the Portland encampment—From left to right, the seven are Leo Rassieur (Missouri), James Tanner (New York), Charles G. Burton (Missouri), Samuel R. Van Sant (Minnesota), Elias R. Monfort (Ohio), William J. Patterson (Pennsylvania), and Orlando A. Somers (Indiana)

The Lady with the Brooch

BY OWEN OLIVER

Illustrated by George Brehm

STARFIELD walked into my office one morning and sat down in my "client's chair," making it creak with his weight. Six feet and solid without being fat; dark, regular, still features; forty-two, and a tinge of gray in his hair; very clever, very straight, and very clearly a gentleman—that was Starfield.

I am Martin Hallows, the private detective. As I am turned sixty, and past much vanity, I can venture to claim a high standing in my profession. I had conducted many inquiries for Starfield, and we held each other in esteem.

"You'll think my brain is softening, Hallows," he began, in his quiet, unemotional way. "I am asking you to undertake an unusual task. It is to trace a lady—"

"Not such a very unusual task for a detective!" I suggested.

"The curious features," he said, "are that I have only the smallest clue, and that I am trying to trace her for a very surprising reason."

"The reason?" I inquired.

"A fractional possibility that I might marry her," he stated impassively.

"Umph!" I twiddled my paper-knife. "I hadn't looked upon you as a marrying man. I don't know that I ought to help you—having your interests at heart!"

We both laughed a little.

"It's like this, Hallows," he explained. "You'll have seen in the papers that my father left me his money. There was a sort of condition. That wasn't in the papers, only in a private letter to me."

That illustrated the Starfields, father and son. Either could be trusted with a round million upon an honorable understanding. You'll see why I respected the fellow.

"The old man never liked the idea of the family dying out," he continued. "Once a year regularly—after our Christmas dinner, half-way through the second cigar—

he always asked me if I couldn't take sufficient liking to some woman to marry her. He never advocated marriage without the liking. Last year he was quite insistent. 'You're not a fish, Jack,' he said. 'There's Adam's blood in your body, confound you! Don't tell me you've never seen a woman that you fancied you might fancy—not even in the spring. Come, boy!'"

"You mean one I might fancy marrying, governor," I suggested.

"Hang the other sort," he growled. "Do you mean to say you haven't seen a woman you could tolerate as a wife?"

"Well, governor," I told him, "I had an attack of spring fever in May last year. I saw a woman that I thought I could fancy."

"Then why the devil didn't you try?" he wanted to know.

"I merely passed her in the street," I explained; and the matter dropped—or so I thought. I had a letter after his death.

"Dear Jack," it said, "I'm not going to make a fool of you in the papers; but I've left you my little lot on the honorable understanding that you'll have a shot at finding that girl and testing your fancy. I don't expect you to take on a wife you don't like; but you should give nature a chance and run into temptation, not away from it. The Starfield breed is a good one, and you've no business to let it die out. So I've got to have the shot, Hallows!"

"And they call these the days of common sense!" I remarked. "Well, well, we'll have the shot. Set up the disappearing target. I gather it's badly marked out, and the range is a few thousand yards."

"That's right," he agreed. "I'd lay long odds against even you scoring, my prince of detectives; but I'll mark out the target and the range to the best of my powers. I saw her at eleven twenty-five on the morning of the 2nd of May, the year before last. She was looking in the

window of Mornington's, in Regent Street. I was in my motor—the green one—going slowly. It may have been the spring, or it may have been that I'd killed five minutes after breakfast by reading a love-story in a magazine. The heroine of the story

judge. About five feet seven—thin—trim figure—fairish—bluish eyes—pinkish complexion—a trifle too much color, some people would say, but I liked it. Small nose—small mouth—rather pert expression; 'tantalizing' would be a better word for it. That was the lure, I expect; or else it was just spring in the blood. 'A young man's fancy,' eh? It was a lovely day, and warm. I've never been affected that way before or since. Funny business, wasn't it?"

He leaned back in the chair and laughed at himself; and I leaned back in mine and laughed at him.



I WASN'T UP IN TIME TO HEAR THE ADDRESS

seemed to be rather a fetching girl, and I was wondering whether any of the shop-gazing women were like her. I saw this one, and took a fancy to her; so I got out a little way down the street, walked back, and passed her several times."

"A lady?" I inquired quickly.

"Oh, yes! I wouldn't have gritted shoe-leather for any other kind. She hailed a taxi when my back was turned for a moment, and I wasn't up in time to hear the address. That was the end of it."

"Description?" I inquired, pen in hand.

"About seven or eight and twenty, I should say, but she might be a few years older or younger. I don't suppose I'm a

"The heel of Achilles!" I said. "We've all a soft spot. Lucky if we've only one! Did she notice you—sufficiently to be likely to remember you?"

"I've no doubt she noticed me; but I doubt if she would remember. She would be used to an occasional stare. She was a pretty thing!"

"Possibly married," I suggested.

"Possibly. Very probably, if asking would get her. She was the sort that does get married."

"Her dress?" I asked.

"A pale-gray costume."

"Material?"

"Lord knows! I don't. Some sort of cloth—not silk. Hat and shoes gray, too."

"Ornaments?"

"One quite distinctive. That's the nearest thing to a clue. It was a big silver

brooch in the shape of an elephant's tusk, about four inches long. That's the lot. What can we do with it?"

"The only thing is to advertise," I pronounced. "You realize the difficulties, of course. She wouldn't be likely to remember the exact day and hour when a particular gentleman gave her the second look which a pretty woman takes as toll. She may be married, or may never see the advertisement, or may not deign to answer it. The chance of finding her is small—fractional. There'll be shoals of answers of a sort. Do you propose to see them all?"

"No," he declined. "I want you to weed them out and make inquiries as to education, character, and so on. I don't want a woman who's only a face. I'll only see those that there's a prospect of fancying rationally, and all the year round."

"Was the brooch entirely silver? No pearl or anything?"

"Entirely silver," he said. "I'm sure of that."

"We might leave the brooch out of the advertisement, perhaps, and use it as a test for the weeding out. Have you a distinct recollection of her face?"

"A very distinct recollection," he declared. "If I were an artist, I could draw it. I suppose no one could do it from a description?"

"No; but it might be managed. Suppose you pick out from the illustrated papers, or from photographs, a face as near to hers as possible. If you could explain where it differed from your spring lady, an artist might get near her after a few shots."

"The touch of detective genius!" he cried. "If I'd thought of that, I expect I wouldn't have troubled you!"

"You can pay me for the consultation, if you like, and do the rest yourself," I suggested. "It's rather a hopeless task, and I don't hanker after it."

"No," he refused. "You will supply other little artistic touches as we go on. Besides, I don't want to appear unnecessarily. I retain your services. We'll settle terms presently. First, we must consider what inducement we can offer to the lady to come forward."

"May hear of something to her advantage," I said. "I wouldn't say more at present. You've got to be very discreet to avoid people having the laugh on you."

"Quite so. I was thinking more of the proceedings after she appeared."

"I think," I proposed, "that upon the appearance of a lady whom I cannot weed out, and whom I find upon inquiry to be satisfactory, I should tell her that my client is a well-to-do gentleman—a Mr. Brown—who saw her once and formed a strong wish to make her acquaintance and see if a mutual attachment sprang up. If she is free, she may consent to let me introduce you."

"She may want some further inducement," he said. "I suggest that, as an earnest of good intention, you might offer to deposit ten thousand pounds with her bankers, to be forfeited to her if a proposal of matrimony is not made to her by me within three months."

"Very good!" I said. "Let me know when you have found the approximate photograph, and I will arrange with an artist."

II

MR. STARFIELD did not waste time. He was back next day with three photographs. Miss Louise Riske, the comedy artiste, as represented in the *Sketch*, was the nearest approach that he could find to the face as a whole; but the piquant features of his unknown lady had a repose and dignity which gave her more the expression of Lady Diana Highbourne, as represented in court dress; and her hair was drawn back from her ears, making her appearance in profile more like that of his cousin, whose photograph he brought, though they had no likeness in feature.

"What can you make of it?" I asked of Venning, the red-faced, bibulous old illustrator whom I had retained.

Venning, sober, might have been president of the Royal Academy or a cabinet minister. Venning, with a taste for drink, was an illustrator of picture-magazines, alternately taken on for his brilliance and turned off for his unreliability. I had caught him in a sober interval.

"Well," he said, "I can dress her hair; but to get a saint's expression into that saucy phiz—why, it would take a parson as well as an artist. The nose is the trouble. It says, 'Perk, perk, perk.' Did the sides rise and show the partition so much, Mr. Starfield?"

"I don't suppose they did," Starfield owned. "No. That is the difference—or part of it."

"Was there any turn-up?" the old man inquired. "Any at all? Lou's little cen-



ILL. SKETCH SOME NOSES

terpiece hasn't much, but there's just a flavor of the onion. It's a vulgar thing, an onion, even if it's a little spring one! Did the tip of the nose rise up the least bit itself? Or was the diagonal dead straight, with the tip a wee bit higher than the base? That's the nose of Venus; and Venus *can* be dignified—till she meets Adonis!"

The old reprobate chuckled.

"Look here! I'll sketch some noses. This? That's Lou. Or this? That's Venus. Or this? Or this? Or this?"

"That's it!" cried Starfield.

They went over other features in the same way, and then the old man made a sketch. It was much more like the unknown, Starfield said, but still it lacked the full "ladylikeness" of the original. Venning touched up and redrew and touched up and redrew again. The fifth attempt passed. Starfield was a little doubtful about the hat and costume, but he could not picture the lady unless she had a hat on, as he had seen her; so we had to include an approximate hat and a vague neck.

"But you can put in the real brooch," Starfield said; "an elephant's tusk, all silver—plain silver—about four inches long."

"No, no!" I cried. "That is to be the test to detect impostors. It mustn't be in

the picture. We will say 'a very distinctive brooch,' but we'll have none in the illustration, Venning."

"All right," the old man agreed, stopping at the outline of an elephant's tusk; "but, if I were you, I'd put this." Instead of a brooch, he drew a circle with a big query-mark inside. "It would stimulate imagination," he declared; "make people talk about it; make the lady more inclined to answer. 'The Lady with the Brooch'—big letters at the top. The work's all done by the picture and big letters. If the headlines don't attract, nobody reads the article."

"He's right," I told Mr. Starfield. "Mr. Venning might have been a great detective, if he'd taken a serious turn."

"He might even have been a great artist," said Venning, "if he hadn't been a great fool! And a great fool is always a bit of a rogue! Well, well! If I can help you when you get the proof of the thing, let me know. I'd like a copy, anyhow."

III

THE advertisement was rather striking, and I was quite proud of it. The portrait—really a pretty combination of dignity and impudence in our face—with its query-

mark brooch, went on top. The letterpress followed:

THE LADY WITH THE BROOCH

A LADY resembling the above sketch, if unmarried, may hear of something to her advantage by inquiring personally of Mr. Martin Hallowes, 3 Marlowe Lane, London, E. C.

Age—In the neighborhood of thirty.

Height—About five feet seven inches.

Complexion, et cetera—Fair, pinkish. Blue eyes. Light-brown hair.

Features—Small mouth and nose.

At 11.25 A.M., May 2, 1913, she was looking in the window of Mornington's, in Regent Street, and may have noticed that she attracted a tall gentleman. Drove off (11.30) in a taxi.

Dress—Light-gray costume, hat, shoes, and bag. No parasol.

Brooch—Very distinctive, and expected to identify.

All inquiries treated with confidence and courtesy.

We circulated the advertisement well in the illustrated papers, and even by posters. *Punch* had a caricature of it, and that helped us, no doubt. I had fourteen hundred and twenty-seven replies, and saw eight hundred and fifty-five applicants in a fortnight. The business occupied most of my time. About seven hundred of the ladies were winnowed out by my preliminary questions; the remainder failed at the brooch. There was not a single one to pass on to Starfield, till, on the fifteenth day, I saw No. 856, Miss Lucy Jennings.

She had a fairly close general resemblance to the picture; rather less piquancy and rather more softness; a pinker color than stands for perfect beauty; and she lacked half an inch of the height—not a serious discrepancy. Her answers were satisfactory enough, and not too satisfactory.

"I can't be certain about the exact date of time," she owned; "but I came up to London at the end of April and stayed till the 5th of May. My mother's birthday is the 6th, and I went home for it. A few mornings before that I went out shopping, and I was in Regent Street some time before noon. A big, handsome man stared at me, and that made me rather hurry off. I went in a taxi. I was dressed all in gray, but there was a pearl buckle in my hat."

I noted that.

"Could you describe the gentleman further?" I inquired.

"Why, I didn't like to look at him, you see. I was afraid he might speak to me. He was older than I—I was twenty-nine

then. I should think he was about ten years older; and—not stout, but stoutish; hardly stoutish, perhaps, but certainly not thin; a big-made man, and well-dressed."

"Walking?" I inquired.

"Walking, of course," she said.

I thought there was a second's hesitation in answering; but her mind might have been wandering a little. I nodded.

"And your brooch?" I asked.

"Really," she said, "I don't remember which I wore. I have several. I've brought them to show you."

She produced eight. One was a silver elephant's tusk, three and a half inches long. I used my forefinger as a measure.

"If it was I," she said smilingly, "I suppose it was the tusk. It's the only one I should call distinctive. It was my favorite, and I wore it two mornings out of three; but really I don't know. I don't keep a diary of my brooches. I suppose a detective would?"

A little too clever, I thought; but still I saw no reason to suspect her. I had looked at the silversmith's markings on the brooch. It had been made several years ago, and did not look like a recent acquisition for the purpose of imposture. I hadn't any suspicion of the lady, except that it was my business to be suspicious.

"Can you tell me when and how you acquired it?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" she answered promptly. "I bought it at Mogador when I was on a trip a few years ago—April, 1911; but it was made in England, they tell me."

"Made in England," I agreed. "Well, Miss Jennings, you almost seem to be the lady. I will write to you after I have consulted my client further."

"May I ask what the 'advantage' is?" she asked. "I supposed it was a legacy, but if your client is alive—I am not seeking matrimony by advertisement, you know!"

"I am sure," I said, "it isn't necessary. Still, if you are not engaged or attached—"

"That's rather *my* business, Mr. Hallowes," she objected. "Still, I'm not, in fact—strange as it may seem!"

She shrugged her shoulders and smiled. The piquancy was there all right, I decided.

"It does seem strange," I agreed. "You must be hard to please."

"I am," she stated; "so hard that I see no use wasting my time on a gentleman—rather old for my ideas—who happened to notice me in the street."

"He has very good means," I remarked, "if money attracts you."

"It would," she said, "if a man didn't go with it."

"Then," I said, "if my client believes you to be the lady—as to which I'll write to you—I shall be able to make an offer which may attract you. If you will give him the pleasure of your acquaintance for three months, and he does not make you an offer of marriage within that period, he will agree to forfeit to you the sum of ten thousand pounds."

She clasped her hands.

"It's a lot of money!" she said. "But—you see, he could get out by proposing, however disagreeable I was. That won't do at all. If I've wasted my time on him, when I don't like him and won't have him, I ought to have something."

"Well," I promised, "I'll consider that, and let you know. I am afraid you are rather mercenary, young lady."

"Of course!" she cried. "'Something to my advantage'—that was why I came. What on earth else should I come for, or be bothered with the man for?"

"Sport," I suggested, "or Mother Eve's legacy."

"Curiosity?" she laughed. "Of course! But business is business. Five thousand if he proposes and I refuse—then I'll come."

"I'll see," I undertook. "You shall hear from me in a day or so."

We shook hands, and she left. I made inquiries about her. The results were satisfactory. She was the daughter of a gentleman farmer, and the family was respectable. The father and mother were recently deceased. The girl had an income of about a hundred pounds a year, and made another fifty, perhaps, by designing fashions for ladies' papers. She lived with her aunt at Streatham, was well educated, and conducted herself as a lady.

I reported the results to Starfield, who agreed carelessly to the five thousand if he proposed and was rejected, and arranged an appointment in my office.

IV

THE girl arrived first. She was distinctly nervous. The pink of her cheeks was very pink, the white was very white, and she flustered and talked of going away before Starfield came.

"He's been thinking about me," she protested, "and giving me all sorts of attrac-

tions which I haven't; and besides, I've gone off. It's horrid of you to have enticed me into this position, and I have a good mind to go before he comes!"

However, I induced her to stay.

Starfield looked as impassive as usual, but his speech was not ready, and they stared at each other without a word.

"I'm sure," I told them, "you both feel very uncomfortable. Talk about the weather and abuse my bad fire—or me—till you're sufficiently your natural selves to judge if you know each other."

"I can hardly expect Miss Jennings to know me," Starfield said. "She is very like my recollection. I expect I have decorated it a little. I don't know if you remember me?"

"Perhaps, if you put on your hat and stared as if you weren't staring—"

She certainly was piquant!

I left them trying to reproduce Regent Street and Mornington's with a side of my room and the mirror over the mantel-shelf. When I came back, twenty minutes later, they had concluded that they remembered each other; and Starfield had told her frankly who he was. When I reproved him, he frowned.

"I'd rather lose a straight game than win a crooked one," he declared.

They passed more or less out of my ken for the next two months; but I met them three or four times at places of entertainment. They seemed to be distinctly interested in each other, and I expected to hear of their engagement. On the whole I wasn't sorry. I thought that Starfield was clever enough to tell whether the girl liked him, or only his money, and man enough to manage a piquant little wife; and marriage is a discipline ordained by nature.

In the tenth week he came to me.

"You can send Miss Jennings a check for five thousand," he said curtly. "I proposed last night, and she refused me."

I whistled.

"Well, well!" I said. "It was a wild venture, anyway. That she refused you makes it rather a pity that she refused. It shows that she wasn't after your money."

"She was at first," he stated in his quietly certain way. "Naturally! Afterward I certainly thought she liked me. Send the money to-night. Good evening!"

I sent the check. The next day she returned twenty-five hundred pounds. She had received so much pleasure from Mr.



"I HAVE A GOOD MIND TO GO
BEFORE HE COMES!"

Starfield's society, she wrote, that she considered half of the money enough. She desired me to assure him of her sincere esteem.

Starfield went straight off to her and proposed again; and again she refused. He was the finest man she had ever known, she said, but she couldn't marry him.

"I accept that as final," he told me. "I suppose she wants some one nearer her own age."

V

A MONTH had elapsed, and the Lady with the Brooch had passed out of my mind; and then Venning called to see me. He was remarkably sober, but very shaky. He was evidently shaking off the effects of a drunken bout.

"Look here, Hallowes!" he began. "I've come to tell you something. Do you know what your last job was worth to me?"

"The Lady with the Brooch?" I said. "Why, I paid you forty pounds. Starfield doubled your terms."

"Bah!" he said. "A detective, and taken in! I warned you I was a rogue as well as a fool—a fool to myself, and a rogue to other people! That job was worth two thousand five hundred and forty—less five pounds ten for 'a distinctive brooch.' Now do you understand?"

"So you and the girl were in league!" I cried. "I see! I thought you were a gentleman, Venning!"

"Was!" he cried. "Time past! The girl's a lady—time past and present. That's the point!"

"I suppose it was her half that came back?" I suggested. He nodded. "Poor little devil!"

"Poor little devil!" he agreed. "That's why I've come. I've spent more than half of it, paying off my son's debts and my own; but I'll stump up a thousand. You won't jug a broken old man. *I'm* all right. The girl's my difficulty!"

"She has paid up," I said. "Starfield won't prosecute her, whatever he may do to you." Venning laughed. "No, he won't prosecute you, either—though you deserve it!"

Venning nodded.

"Well, you can be easy about Miss Jennings. He's not a revengeful man, and—you've done him a bad turn, you infernal old scoundrel! He cared a good bit about her."

"And she's breaking her little fool's heart for him," said Venning, seeming to choke.

"She's a friend of yours? Relative?"

"No." He shook his head. "I just

came across her through her potty little drawings—frocks, and that sort of thing—for the *Mother's Millennium*, or some such rubbish. Stop-gap editor. She was deucedly like my drawing—partly because I put her in it from memory, unconsciously at first, afterward deliberately. I coaxed her into the fake and coached her up. I was to have something substantial, if he married her; half the money, if he compounded. I've had my half—insisted on it—threatened to give her away if she refused. Now I wish I hadn't. I didn't think she'd take it so hard. About a thousand is all I've left. If she hadn't been a little fool, with a little fool's conscience, she'd have married Starfield and lived happily ever after; but she told me that when she came to know him she found she couldn't do it. I'm sending her away to the seaside; nervous prostration—pale as a ghost. Look here, Hallows! Tell him to jug me. I don't care a curse. I'm past reform—no earthly use. I suppose he wouldn't, though. It isn't worth his while to become a laughing-stock for a thousand or two. Still, he's a big man. Can't you make him see that I'm a deucedly clever old devil, who would find a way to persuade a little Eve to try apples? And don't blame Eve too much. Adam stuck to her, you know, in spite of indigestion and the flaming sword!"

"There wasn't any choice on that occasion," I remarked. "Now there are plenty of Eves about, and our Adam doesn't need one who robs orchards. I'm sorry for the girl, but that's off. You'll have to return the thousand, Venning, or I'll do my utmost to get him to go after you!"

"He wouldn't, you know," Venning asserted; "but I'll return the money. I can't get the girl's face out of my mind. I'm always trying to draw a martyr at the stake. Couldn't he—"

I shook my head.

"Anyhow, he could send her a line forgiving her. That would be worth fifty pounds of doctor's stuff."

"No," I said, "I sha'n't do anything to put him into communication with her. She's impossible. He's my client, and I owe something to him. You owe him fifteen hundred pounds. If you go to him, or write to him, about that girl, you never were a gentleman, Venning!"

He groaned and rose to go.

"I was," he said. "You're right, of course, but—why the deuce are women en-

dowed with about sixty sets of feelings and nerves? If she pegs out, or goes to the devil some other way, why, of course, I've done it!"

He went out. The next day he returned one thousand one hundred and seventy pounds. I remitted the money to Starfield with the briefest explanatory note.

"Of course," I concluded, "you will take no further action."

VI

A FEW hours later he was at my office. He had gone to the girl's aunt's to forgive her; but she had gone away, and the aunt with her, leaving no address.

"You must trace her again," he ordered, "and quickly. She's ill!"

"Starfield," I said, "will you excuse my speaking plainly to my most influential client? You're an infernal fool!"

"Yes," he said; "and now you can find the fool's mate."

Just then my secretary brought in her card. They say that a coincidence spoils a story, but this one was natural enough. Venning had told her by letter of his confession; and she had come to implore me to restore the money without divulging her offense; or even not to restore it, rather than do so. The money would do Starfield less good than such faith as he had in her, she thought. I honestly believe that this was her real motive, not any desire to spare herself.

"In a minute," I told the clerk.

Then I argued with Starfield against pursuing Miss Jennings. I needn't repeat my arguments. They were absolutely incontrovertible, wise, and sensible; and time has utterly disproved every one of them! Time has a way of knocking wisdom flat.

My arguments did not make the slightest impression on Starfield. Eve fell to the devil's wiles, he held, but she made a good mother to the race of men. Lucy Jennings was his Eve, and he would have her. He would guard her against Satan, and the flaming sword, and "sneering detectives," and any other evil thing!

So I rang my bell, and Miss Jennings came in, and I went out. I suppose she fainted, for I found my water-bottle half emptied, and wet spots on the floor. He took a very pale, subdued little Eve away in his motor; but nowadays she is pink and piquant again. Nobody approves of her more than I do—except Starfield!

In the Public Eye



GENERAL SIR EDMUND H. H. ALLENBY

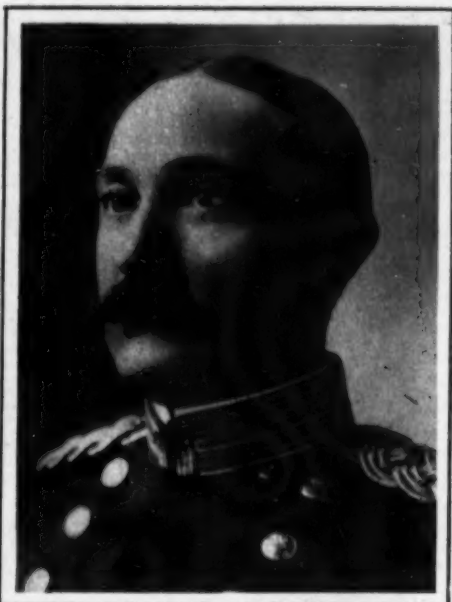
The British commander whose forces have conquered Palestine from the Turks



MAJOR-GENERAL FRANK W. COE

Recently appointed chief of coast artillery

From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington



MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM C. LANGFITT

Chief engineer of the American Expeditionary Force

From a copyrighted photograph by Glinedinst, Washington



SAMUEL M. FELTON

President of the Chicago Great Western Railroad, and now holding the important post of director of military railways in France

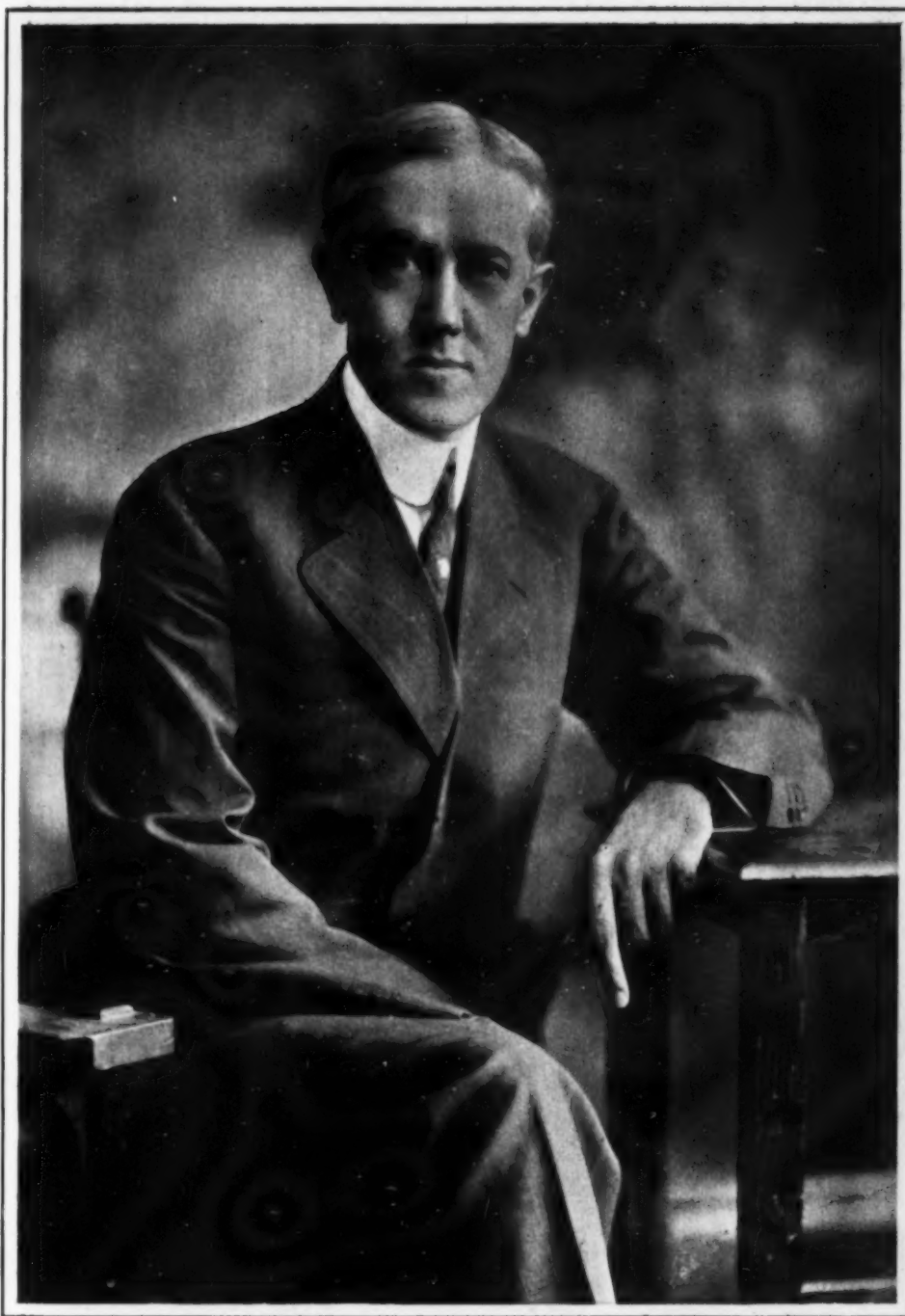
From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington



BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANK T. HINES

A captain when war was declared, General Hines has done remarkably efficient work as director of embarkation

From a photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington



JOHN W. DAVIS, AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN

Mr. Davis, who recently succeeded to the position held for five years by Walter H. Page, is a West Virginian who previously served in Congress and as Solicitor-General

From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington



A FIGHTING FAMILY—ADMIRAL MAYO AND HIS SONS

Admiral Henry T. Mayo, commander of the Atlantic fleet, stands in the center, with Lieutenant-Commander Chester G. Mayo on the left of the engraving and Major George Mayo on the right.

From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst, Washington



FOUR OF KING GEORGE'S CHILDREN

From left to right—Prince Albert, the king's second son, now twenty-two years old; Princess Mary, twenty-one; Prince George, fifteen; and Prince Henry, eighteen. The Prince of Wales and Prince John are not in the group

From a photograph by Downey, London—Copyrighted by the Press Illustrating Service, New York



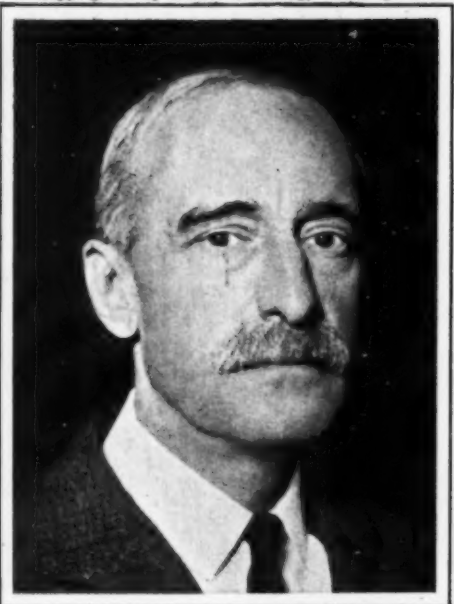
PROFESSOR ALBERT A. MICHELSON

The famous American scientist who won the Nobel prize for physics in 1907, now serving as a consulting expert in the Ordnance Department
Copyrighted by Harris & Ewing, Washington



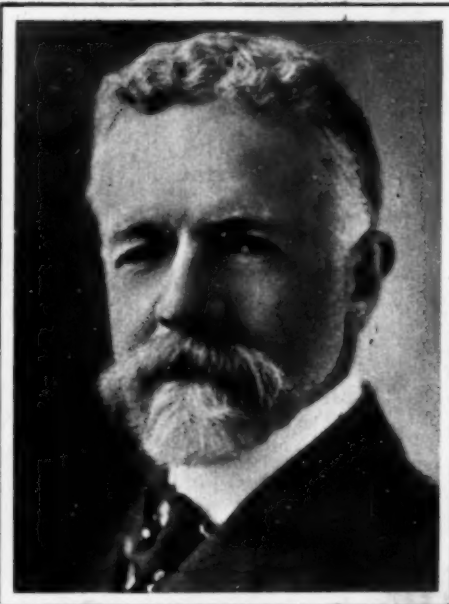
D. W. COOKE

Formerly head of the traffic department of the Erie Railroad, now serving as United States fuel administrator for the State of New York
From a photograph by Moffett, Chicago



ALBERT STRAUSS

A member of the banking firm of J. & W. Seligman & Co., appointed to succeed Paul M. Warburg on the Federal Reserve Board
Copyrighted by Paul Thompson, New York



SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE

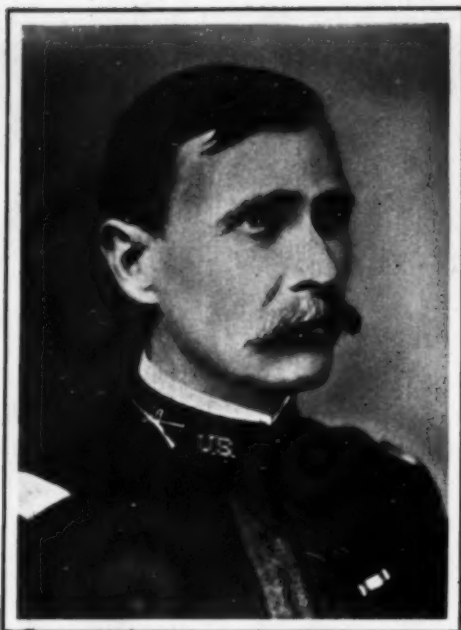
United States Senator from Massachusetts, who has succeeded the late Senator Gallinger as Republican leader in the Senate
Copyrighted by Clineinst, Washington



MRS. J. BORDEN HARRIMAN

Mrs. Harriman, who has been active in several branches of war work, has gone to France in charge of a company of women who have volunteered to serve as ambulance-drivers

From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington



BRIGADIER-GENERAL BEAUMONT B. BUCK

The first American general to receive the Distinguished Service Cross for personal gallantry in action



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALBERTUS W. CATLIN

Promoted to his present rank after being wounded in action, as a colonel of marines, in the fighting on the Marne



ESSAD TOPTANI PASHA, THE ALBANIAN CHIEFTAIN

Although he is a Mohammedan, and was formerly a general in the Turkish army, Essad joined the cause of the Allies in the present war and is fighting with them against the Austrians in Albania

EDITORIAL

A War-Chest Wide Open in November

THAT most generous giver, the American public, which has been putting its hand in its pocket whenever anybody said "Please!" since the beginning of the war, is about to have the benefit of a plan devised to give it surcease—not from giving, but from being troubled so often. The seven organizations which, outside of the American Red Cross, have made the heaviest and most worthy demands upon the purses of the liberal have united, at President Wilson's request, into one group for asking purposes. Instead of seven drives to obtain funds for the comfort of soldiers and soldiers' relatives, there will be only one.

The "war-chest" idea, so successful in several cities, becomes nationwide. The first combination campaign is to take place in the week beginning with November 11. The names of the seven great organizations, with the share that each is to draw from the war-chest—assuming that the public pours into it the \$170,500,000 that is needed—are as follows:

The Young Men's Christian Association, \$100,000,000.

The Young Women's Christian Association, \$15,000,000.

The National Catholic War Council, \$30,000,000.

The Jewish Welfare Board, \$3,500,000.

The American Library Association, \$3,500,000.

The War Camp Community Service, \$15,000,000.

The Salvation Army, \$3,500,000.

The benevolent activities of these organizations are familiar to almost all Americans by now. The Y. W. C. A., while not so well known as the Y. M. C. A., has been doing excellent work for the moral, social, and physical welfare of girls and young women, not only in America, near the camps, but in Europe, where it has hostess-houses for women engaged in war work.

The object of the war-chest is not only to save the giver's patience by making it possible to do all his giving in one week and, if he wishes, in one donation, but also to prevent the bitterness which sometimes rises out of rivalry between different philanthropic organizations, even when their aims do not run counter.

The Sea as an Ally in Winning the War

IN the intensity of our interest in the spectacular clash of millions of men on the different battle-fronts, reported in each day's news with manifold dramatic incidents, we have been apt to overlook the superb but almost unchronicled war that has been waged for the control of the sea. Yet it is due to this war on the sea that the German armies have been held in check or repulsed on land, and that civilization's magnificent defense of France has been made possible.

It is because communication has been maintained between England and the Continent, because the lanes of the ocean have been kept open for ships from the United States, Canada, Egypt, India, and other parts of the Orient, and from South America, Australia, and New Zealand, that the Allies have

been able to send men, munitions, and supplies to the European battle-fields. It is because of this control of the sea that the Allies hold their position in Macedonia, that they could furnish Italy with men and supplies at a critical hour of the war, and that they could undertake the expeditions to the Dardanelles, to Archangel, and to Vladivostok.

There have been notable engagements in the North Sea between the British and German war-ships, sea-fights in the Baltic between German and Russian craft, and daring and successful attacks upon Austrian vessels by Italians. With the exception of the battle of Jutland, however, there has been no great sea-fight, no engagement that has called into action any considerable portion of the naval resources of the opposing forces. Even that naval engagement, fruitful of results as it was, did not reach a magnitude corresponding to the battles of the same belligerent nations on land.

The Allies have won their control of the sea in ways almost unknown to the world. The movements of their fleets have been shrouded in mystery, and, even after four years, no one but the heads of the governments which they represent and protect knows more than approximately the size of the different navies, the strength of their armaments, or the naval secrets of guns, armor, and maneuver that the urgencies of the present war have given birth to or developed.

A year before the war Prince Bernhard von Bülow told Germany that the British navy would wipe out the German fleet if it ever offered battle, and that it certainly would clear the seas of German commerce. The prince spoke from his knowledge of the naval establishments of Germany and Great Britain. He had not to wait longer than a year of war to see his predictions come true.

The German merchant-marine was quickly captured or interned in neutral ports. Many of the largest vessels are now in the war service of the Allied nations. Germany's raiders were run down and destroyed. The last remnant of her foreign squadron was sunk off the South American coast. After the experience off Jutland, the German fighting fleet has never dared to venture upon the high seas. The millions spent on battle-ships were as well as wasted; the fleet has proved practically as useless as if it had never existed.

Her sea-arm powerless against the war vessels of her enemies, Germany turned to the destruction of merchantmen and the murder of non-combatants, of women and children, to the sinking of trawlers, fishing-craft, and hospital ships. Her attempt at sea control through frightfulness has brought upon her the contempt of the civilized world. Her submarines have raised up enemies against her, and have transferred to the Allies the support of which she is so much in need. These piratical craft have estranged from her the countries of the Orient and practically the whole of Latin America. The sinking of the *Lusitania* was an act of barbarity that lost her the sympathy of the United States. Her insistence on the right ruthlessly to destroy, and her demand for the control of the sea for her piracy, finally forced a declaration of hostilities from the most powerful of neutral nations.

Despite Germany's submarines, transports loaded with troops ply the ocean with almost the safety of an inland ferry. And with marvelous rapidity new vessels slide down American ways to increase the transoceanic merchant fleet. The barbarous means upon which Germany had staked her sea life become as inefficient as her captive fleet is useless.

In contrast with the meanness of these accomplishments have been the masterful achievements of the Allied navies. Italian seamen have distinguished themselves by daring raids on the Austrian naval bases at Trieste

and Pola, and by audacious attacks at sea have sunk the two largest Austrian dreadnoughts and many smaller war-vessels. The Italian fleet has so efficiently patrolled the Adriatic that it has not only protected the whole Italian coast, but also defeated the naval plans of Austria as completely as the British fleet has frustrated those of Germany.

All of her cobelligerents have willingly and unstintedly acknowledged their debt to the navy of Great Britain. Her fleet, which at the beginning of the war represented a tonnage of two and one-half millions, has grown until now, according to a recent statement of Mr. Lloyd George, it has a tonnage of eight millions. It was the British fleet that early in the war cleared the seas of German vessels, and that thus makes our own coast to-day practically free from audacious sea-raiders. British vessels have aided in our transport service. British blockade has held the German fleet in its harbors. In the mists of the North Sea it still stands "the unseen and silent conqueror" of Germany on the sea.

The British fleet has grown in strength by the power that the American navy has thrown into the balance against Germany. This combined force, the strongest armada the world has ever known, stands ready on guard, night and day, patrolling the sea, destroying submarines, protecting commerce, convoying transports, and ever eager to grapple with the enemy fleet.

Until the Allied navies are defeated and the control of the seas which they now hold is wrested from them, Germany's successes on land cannot win the war. As an Italian military writer recently said: "The land front is only a fraction of the Allied battle-line; this is a sea war rather than a land war." Even were Germany as irresistible on land as she has boasted, her strength would not avail to bring her victory. Four years ago, when the Germans first threatened Paris, the Allied leaders in council held that the war could not be lost so long as the Allied navies had the sweep of the seas. Time is proving the correctness of this decision.

The sea is a mighty ally. It locks its enemy in hopeless captivity. It opens the pathway through its waves for his conquerors.

Legal Guesswork Concerning Death

THE United States steam collier Cyclops, a large, fine fuel-ship of the United States navy, has not been heard from by the Navy Department, nor, so far as is known, by anybody else, since she left Barbados in March last, bound for an Atlantic port in this country with a cargo of manganese from Brazil.

In August the Secretary of the Navy issued an order striking the name of the Cyclops off the navy list.

The theory of the Navy Department is said to be that the vessel was capsized in a West India hurricane and went down with all on board. There is no record of any such storm having occurred in the West Indies, however, at the time when it must have occurred, to fit the theory and overwhelm the Cyclops without leaving a trace behind. On the other hand, German submarines are known to have been in Atlantic waters near America.

The order striking the name of the Cyclops off the navy list has been commended as a determination by Secretary Daniels that the officers and crew are dead, and hence as an aid to their relatives in bringing about a speedy settlement and distribution of the estates of such of them as left property to be administered.

This is a mistaken view. The order of the Secretary of the Navy is merely equivalent to an official declaration that he believes the Cyclops to be irrecoverably lost. Even if it went further and expressly asserted that each and every officer and member of the crew was dead, the Secretary's determination to that effect would not and could not be accepted by any court as evidence of the fact. The court which shall be asked to decree administration of the estates of the men on board, or to admit their wills to probate, will be obliged to ascertain and adjudge the fact and time of death for itself, acting on such competent proof as is obtainable.

When a number of persons are found to have perished in a common casualty, it often becomes important to ascertain who died first—as, for example, where a whole family are lost in the same shipwreck and the devolution of the property of the various members depends upon who survived the longest. In such cases, where there is no available evidence pointing one way or the other, the law of New York assumes that they all died at one and the same time. "This is done, not because the fact is proved, or that there is any presumption to that effect, but because there is no evidence and no presumption to the contrary."

In France, however, and those countries of continental Europe which derive their jurisprudence from the Roman or civil law, there are hard-and-fast rules of survivorship applicable to cases where there is no actual knowledge, which seem very much like legal guesswork to lawyers trained under the common law of England. Thus, under the Code Napoléon, where all who perish in a common casualty are under fifteen years of age, the oldest is presumed to have survived; if all are over sixty, the youngest; if some are under fifteen and some over sixty, those under fifteen are held to have lived the longest. In other classes, there is usually a presumption that males will survive females. Where persons were lost by being cast into the sea, however, there was formerly a presumption in favor of females over males of about the same age, on account of the superior buoyancy of their dress; but this would hardly hold good nowadays, when women's costumes are fast approximating man's attire. Louisiana is the only State of the Union in which the Continental presumptions of survivorship prevail.

"We may guess, or imagine, or fancy," said the lord chancellor, in a leading English case on the question of survivorship, "but the law of England requires evidence"; and such is the doctrine which has been generally followed in this country.

The Airplane and the Tropics

PEOPLE interested in the tropics are beginning to speculate as to the bearing which the development of the airplane will have on the future of that great portion of the earth's surface. The naturalist, solicitous of preserving the wild creatures of the jungle, looks with apprehension upon the possibility of their easy molestation. The social and industrial student, concerned with the ever-increasing problem of feeding and clothing mankind—for the human species, even in spite of the terrific waste of life now going on, is multiplying with astonishing rapidity—welcomes the perfected airplane as an agent to assist in staving off for a few centuries more the catastrophe of overpopulation.

A recent issue of *The Americas* deals with this question of the gasoline engine, in its various guises of motor-car, tractor, and airplane, in tropical

exploration and cultivation. The tropic zone includes land area equal to both the temperate zones. Yet, although in the past few years there has been a large increase in the export of tropical and semitropical products—the United States alone importing a billion and a half dollars' worth in 1917, this article tells us—the resources of the lands of the Southern Cross have scarcely been tapped. The crop-production of the tropics is double or triple that of the temperate zone. Only those who have grappled with the difficulties of clearing a jungle for cultivation realize the astonishing rate of growth there. It is this rankness of vegetation, plus the climatic conditions that produce it, which has held back the building of railroads in the tropics. In our American tropics it has taken the genius of a Meiggs or a Keith to conquer and subdue nature in her lustiest humor.

The airplane, flying thousands of feet in the air, is independent of these difficulties. That it can ever become a freight-carrier to any great extent does not seem likely, but as an engine of exploration and as a civilizing agent its value will be inestimable.

Not the least obstacle that pioneers in tropical development have encountered is the apathy of the natives—an apathy bred of the isolation of impassable, fever-haunted jungles, vast deserts, or remote, mountain-rimmed valleys. Three years ago a Colombian was experimenting on the Magdalena River with a regular service by passenger hydroplane, which should make in three days the trip from the Caribbean port to Bogota, a matter of two weeks' discomfort by boat and rail, thus bringing the "cloistered city," one of the most remote capitals in existence, into easy contact with the great world. We have no knowledge as to the result of that particular effort, but any experienced flier from the fields of France could undoubtedly make the trip which the Colombian gentleman had in mind to achieve.

The possibilities thus opened up stagger and fascinate the imagination. What will it not mean, both to us and to them, if in the future our aerial adventurers become a constant link between the busy modern world and the farthest dwellers in the Nedjed, the mysterious lands of inner Asia, the loftiest plateau of the Andes, and the most distant oases of the Sahara?

The Bohemian Knights Errant

EVEN among the thousand and one romantic aspects of the present war the reader at home is stirred by the spectacle of the Czecho-Slovak army. Dotted over the vast plains of Siberia, fighting in a strange land, and under adverse conditions, it reminds one of the hero of a nursery-tale who, going forth to slay giants and rescue maidens, returned to claim a kingdom and live happily ever after.

Like the Polish legion an army without a country, these soldiers differ from the latter in that they have less of a heritage of unified national life to build on. The Poland of the future may be erected on the traditions of the kingdom's ancient glories. The coming republic of the Czecho-Slovaks can be but little shaped by the ancient Bohemian kingdom of John Huss and *Consuelo's* melancholy prince, the most homogeneous historical unit which the new state would include. The inspiration of the Czecho-Slovaks lies in the ties of race, crystallized by the processes of constructive imagination.

Men have fought for an ideal commonwealth before, but with their feet upon the ground which they hoped to inherit. It takes genius and courage to keep up a morale in Irkutsk or Tomsk, spurred on only by the visualization

of a country which is yet to be. The Czecho-Slovaks deserve the recognition which they have recently achieved.

The Coming Radium Famine

IT would be amusing if it were not so serious a matter to read of the anxiety of chemists throughout the world lest there may soon be a famine of radium—that wonderful element whose very existence was unknown to chemists themselves, or anybody else, twenty years ago. The metal is obtained in this country chiefly from an ore known as carnotite, which occurs in Colorado and Utah; and these States have supplied more than half the radium now in the possession of mankind.

This source of supply will not last more than six or seven years, at the present rate of the consumption of radium in medicine and the mechanic arts. At the autumn meeting of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, which was held this year at Cripple Creek, Colorado, Dr. Richard B. Moore, of the United States Bureau of Mines, deprecated the use of radium for purposes that could just as well be fulfilled by substitutes much more easily obtainable. The radium in existence at the present time he estimated at "somewhere around three ounces"; and the Colorado and Utah mineral fields cannot be relied upon to produce more than an equal quantity.

Radium is largely used, but "in ridiculously small proportions," to illuminate the figures on watches and clocks. During the present war it has been applied, in the form of radium paint, to the nine kinds of dials attached to airplanes, and also to light up compasses and gun-sights. Dr. Moore says that these luminous sights have greatly increased the efficiency of artillery and machine guns in night firing, and that there are other important applications of radium to purposes of warfare which cannot prudently be disclosed to the public at this time. More important than all other uses, however, is the employment of radium in the treatment of cancer and other forms of malignant disease. While its therapeutic value is declared to be still experimental, every year of experience in its use tends to increase the confidence of the medical profession in its curative properties.

Radium was discovered in 1898 by Mme. Marie Sklodowska Curie, a Frenchwoman born in Warsaw. She was assisted by her husband, Pierre Curie, a French physicist, who was a professor at the Sorbonne, and who was killed in a street accident in 1906. In their search for the new element they melted up a ton of pitchblende presented to them for experimental research by the Austrian government. In 1903, the Nobel prize in science was awarded to them and to the eminent French chemist, Henri Becquerel, whose earlier work pointed toward the existence of such a metal as radium and inspired the indefatigable labors of Mme. Curie and her husband.

Through the disintegration of its atomic structure, radium gives out a far greater proportionate quantity of heat than any other known substance. It has been found dangerous to carry a tube of radium bromid in the pocket, as painful burns upon the body are apt to be the result. Mr. Elwood Hendrick, in "Everyman's Chemistry," a treatise on the most recent developments of his science, says that if radium could be got to act "artificially with other elements, say with carbon, a bucketful of coal would propel a ship across the sea—if the ship were not too big and the sea were not too wide."

The prospective radium famine will have to be met, according to Dr. Moore and other metallurgical chemists, by the use of mesothorium as a

substitute. Thorium is a metal of the rare earths employed in the manufacture of incandescent mantles for lighting. The thorium minerals are sufficiently abundant to afford an adequate supply for a long time to come. The disadvantage of mesothorium is its comparatively short radioactive life. It is not effective for more than four or five years. Radium seems unquestionably superior to it for medical purposes, but four or five years is a sufficiently long life for the luminous paint used in aerial and machine-gun warfare, and also on military wrist watches.

A Plea for City Trees

THE city streets of Greater New York are by no means abundantly adorned with trees. One does not need a long memory to recall the time when our streets in the residential portions of the city were much better shaded by trees along the sidewalks than they are now. The severe cold of the winter of 1917-1918 was specially destructive of shade-trees in the Borough of Brooklyn. The unprecedented zero weather was too much for many young trees which public-spirited citizens had recently planted in the older parts of the borough to replace their predecessors, many of which dated back to the days when Brooklyn was a village. Too often, old trees which are dying, and therefore apt to become dangerous, have been removed without planting any young ones on or near the same spot; and it is obvious that if this process goes on long enough, New York will be as devoid of trees as is the Desert of Sahara.

Now, this is a subject that the people ought to make up their minds about and act accordingly. Do they want a treeless city? We can hardly believe so, when we recall the campaign for window-gardening that was started in New York some years ago and developed such extensive proportions until almost every available nook and cranny, front and rear, on Murray Hill houses no less than in the tenements of the East Side, was occupied by a box or contrivance of some kind containing geraniums and other brilliant flowers. A community which answered such an appeal in such a way would not be indifferent to the capacity of shade-trees to make their city a City Beautiful, if they could only be brought to realize the difference in attractiveness between a tree-loving and a treeless city.

To begin with, let every citizen of New York or any other American city, who sees an old tree being cut down, whether because of nature's decree or that of a subway contractor, take some steps to have it replaced by a young one. If it costs money to do this, and he hasn't the money in these war times, let him bring the matter to the attention of some more fortunate friend who has, or invoke the aid of one of the tree-planting associations which exist in many cities. This will cost him nothing but a little trouble; and if he once gets a new tree put in there, it will be growing all the time, night and day, and some day will give shade and solace to posterity while he is enjoying, let us hope, the pleasant shade of the Elysian Fields.

Then, if our citizen is a householder, let him look out for the tree in front of his own house. If there does not happen to be one there now, let him plant one. The park authorities will gladly aid him with advice, based on their own experience, as to what sort of tree will be most likely to thrive in that locality—oak, or maple, or buckeye, or even horse-chestnut—and will probably furnish it at cost. Such officials are usually willing enough; but their efforts avail little without the earnest cooperation of the citizen.

Let every one of us do what he can to prevent his beloved town, wherever it may stand on the map of the United States, from becoming that saddest of things, a treeless city.

Metaphors—War-Made and Home-Made

THE fact that the word camouflage, when it is boiled down, is nothing but actors' war-paint, and a poilu is merely an unbarbered soldier, is the most modern evidence of that love of metaphor which makes the whole world kin. From our earliest childhood down to the present war our path has been beset with conscious or unconscious metaphor. The potent witchery of words is due entirely to our feeling that we can compare the like with the unlike and thus illumine two ideas. The first Roman to use the word "degraded" must have chuckled over the idea of a man who had fallen off the steps. We exalt him more highly now, and proceed to knock him off his perch.

Havelock Ellis remarks that a keen sense of metaphor has ever been a leading characteristic of great minds. If that be so, we all started on our illustrious path early in life, for every family has its own little stock of gradually accumulated metaphors, which are not used much in public, but which in the Freemasonry of family life are frankly if not brutally apt. We always used to refer to a certain set of children as "the Leghorns," for their father, a prosperous poultry-dealer, driving by one day with a buggy full of projecting children's legs, called out to us:

"These are the best of my Leghorns!"

During the summer we often used to make the remark, "Put the milk in Mrs. Gove," and used to hear the question, "Is Aunt Maria full of huckleberries?" Mrs. Gove and Aunt Maria were two pitchers whose complacent curves and perky noses seemed to us to have some resemblance to the human form divine of the two ladies mentioned. Going to "Quincy Point," with us, was not a trip to the Fore River yards of the Bethlehem ship-building plant, but only an expedition to the part of the cellar where preserves were kept. When the chilliest, most remote northeastern corner of the cellar was partitioned off in honor of preserves, some one referred to the place as being as far away as Quincy Point, and the name stuck in our childish vocabulary. "They are building a Quincy Point," when it was said of thrifty, food-conserving neighbors, had but one meaning for us.

Then there were "circumstances." An exuberant and enthusiastic aunt, returning from a summer on Cape Ann, had told us that the wild roses at home were not circumstances beside those that the cape produced. We never in her hearing referred to wild roses as circumstances; she wouldn't have known what we meant, but the epithet lived on in childish circles.

"Pincher" and "pinchee" were two other home-coined words. Two kind ladies of the town, who occasionally spent the afternoon with the children while mother shopped, or guarded the house and sleeping offspring while father and mother went to the theater, were once referred to as the "help-in-a-pinch sisters." This was shortened down to the "pincher" sisters, and those to whom they ministered were "pinchees."

At the high school, one spring, we studied Macaulay's essay on Lord Clive. The sonorous name of Surajah Dowlah was a succulent morsel for our lips. Fixed in our minds, it had to be fastened onto something in our entourage. Heaven sent us that spring a meek little gray and white kitten, and he

received the name before his eyes were open. Clive, India, Surajah Dowlah, tiger, cat, is not a bad chain of reasoning, though it wasn't ours at the moment. The kitten had hardly learned to answer to his jungle name when the news was brought in at breakfast one morning that a dog had "chewed Surajah Dowlah all to nothing" in the night.

This family treasure-trove of metaphors forms practically our first foreign language, and starts us on the joyous use of words. And many an American doughboy has welcomed the French slang of the trenches more quickly than the literary language because of remote home influences in the use of catch-words. He is not surprised to find the French soldiers referring to his bayonet as his sweetheart Rosalie or as his fork. He sees the aptness of calling a shell bursting in the air a kettle boiling over. A tall man is a sky-scraper and a drunken man is one well peppered. The ambulance is the packet-boat, and the observation-balloon is a sausage. All eminently fit. And Paris is not the Elysian Fields of the blessed, as one would suppose, but Panama—possibly Panama because it is where infinite possibilities lead you to spend infinite sums.

The love of metaphor is a basic human element and may be as strong a bond between allied nations as the love of justice and democracy.

Blackfish and Dolphins and Others

THE recent stranding of fifty-nine blackfish on the shores of the island of Nantucket has called attention to a curiosity of natural history concerning which there is an abundant supply of misinformation.

There is a blackfish which is a fish, and there is a blackfish which isn't a fish.

In fishing for striped bass from the stands which were formerly so numerous along the New England coast, the angler, after a whole day spent in patient casting, was sometimes compelled to solace himself with the capture of a single blackfish. This was a real fish, however, weighing from two to twenty pounds, and commonly denominated the tautog—an Indian name first recorded by Roger Williams. The blackfish lately stranded on Nantucket were very different creatures, not being fishes at all, but being mammals belonging to the dolphin family of small whales. They are called black because they are in fact very black indeed; and they commonly range in length from sixteen to twenty-four feet. They yield a valuable oil, so that a considerable sum of money was realized by the captors of the fifty-nine specimens taken at Nantucket. Their meat was declared to be palatable; and the local newspaper intimates that one hundred thousand pounds of food was allowed to go to waste because of the neglect of the islanders to appreciate the manna which the sea had cast into their laps.

Although these Nantucket blackfish are true dolphins, scientifically speaking, the name dolphin is commonly applied not to a mammal of the order of whales but to a veritable fish—which, however, is not a blackfish. It is a mid-ocean fish, belonging to the spiny-finned order (*acanthopteri*), which also comprises such familiar forms as the sea-bass and bluefish. An ordinary specimen is five or six feet long, and gleams with wonderful iridescent colors. This is the creature that travelers have in mind when they write or talk about the dolphin.

All of which goes to show that the dolphin of common speech is not a dolphin, and the biggest of blackfish is a whale.

Passed Over

BY R. N. WALL

Author of "Americans Both," "The Idler," etc.

CROCKETT, the big sales-manager, locked his hands behind his head, and, slowly swinging in his chair, faced first one and then the other of his assistants, George Allen and Jimmy Dunn.

"Boys," he said, "I'm going to quit!"

Allen leaned forward with a jerk, as if to hear better. Dunn remained as still as if he had been struck by lightning.

"What will Rutgers & Webb do without you?" Jimmy gasped at length.

He fumbled for his worn brier and began to pack his pipe, spilling the tobacco over his rather shabby serge suit. His honest blue eyes were worried. His pipe alight, he rubbed his head, which was covered with a light fuzz as silky as a baby's hair. At thirty-five Jimmy Dunn was getting bald.

Allen pulled out a cigarette and lighted it with a hand that shook a trifle. His full, high-colored face, with its prominent nose and self-indulgent lips, expressed a different sort of concern than that which showed on Jimmy Dunn's homely features.

"When, Mr. Crockett?" he asked.

"As soon as possible," Crockett answered. "An automobile company in Detroit has made me an offer that I have no right to refuse. Mr. Rutgers was kind enough to put up a pretty good proposition when I told him, but it came too late."

"It won't be the same place without you," said Dunn.

"Of course, the furniture business can't pay automobile salaries," asserted Allen almost too eagerly. "I don't blame you." He hesitated. "Who is to succeed you?"

He leaned forward, intent and patently anxious, while Dunn nursed his pipe.

"It lies between you two boys," said Crockett gravely.

"What does?"

Agnes Lane, the head of the advertising department, spoke from the open door. She was as fresh as a flower, but a business woman to her finger-tips, in crisp and simple

white from her high-laced canvas shoes to her linen collar, which seemed to accentuate her dark hair and vivid coloring.

"Come in," Crockett invited.

"I just ran down to ask what you wanted to feature this month," she explained. "You all look awfully serious. What's up?"

"Mr. Crockett is going to leave," Allen hastened to inform her. "He says that the choice of a sales-manager lies between Jimmy and me."

"To leave?"

The girl's bright face sobered as she turned toward Crockett. They all liked the big man. Miss Lane regarded the others curiously—Allen, flushed, excited, unable to keep his hands still; Dunn, stolid, silent, the brows of his calm, clean-shaven face drawn together.

"It's hard to decide which of you should have it," Crockett said. "I've played absolutely fair between you."

"Did the firm ask you for suggestions?" Allen inquired, tapping a restless foot.

"Yes," Crockett replied; "but I wouldn't make any. I told them either one of you could fill my shoes."

"I doubt it," Dunn submitted, and fell back upon his cold pipe.

Miss Lane flashed him a swift glance.

"You don't, do you, George?" she rallied Allen.

"Why, I—we'd either one of us try," Allen returned hastily. "It's a big job to take Mr. Crockett's place, but if he is going some one must make a stab at it."

"I wish they'd ask me for advice," said Agnes Lane, with a nod of her pretty head toward Mr. Rutgers's office. "I wouldn't be so coldly judicial!"

Like an answer to her quip, the telephone on Crockett's desk rang. The sales-manager bent over it.

"Yes, Mr. Rutgers," they heard him say. "Yes, she's here. All right!"

"The boss wants to see you, Miss Lane," he reported. "He phoned to your room, and they told him you were here. Go ahead; it's your chance to pull the wires!"

His keen eyes twinkled. The girl gave him an almost frightened glance. She looked appealingly from Crockett to Dunn and from Dunn to Allen. Crockett merely grinned, Dunn continued to squint down his nose into his pipe-bowl, but Allen gazed at the girl as if he were trying to project the strength of his desire into her mind.

Her own eyes wavered before his stare; she rose from the seat that she had taken and went to the senior partner's office.

"I wonder if she meant what she said!" puzzled Allen. "They'd hardly discuss the matter with her, would they?"

"Why not?" retorted Crockett. "Mr. Rutgers values her opinion as much as mine, and he's right, for she has as good judgment as any man in this building."

"She has that," put in Dunn, coming suddenly to life. He gave his fuzzy head an extra savage rub. "If they asked me, I'd tell 'em to make her sales-manager and leave George and me where we are!"

"Rats!" snorted Allen.

Dunn glared at him.

"Let's get down to cases," Crockett hastily broke in. "Boys, I hate to leave, after all. This old shop has been mighty homelike." He pulled a mass of papers to him. "There are a lot of matters open. I think I'd better go over separately with each one of you the things you have been handling, and later we'll have a final talk together with the firm. I think they'll make up their minds to-day who is to take my place, because I want to get away as soon as I can. You first, George, I guess."

Dunn rose to his feet.

"All right!" he said, and plodded out.

His placid exterior did not show how deeply he was moved. His first feeling at Crockett's resignation had been a sense of personal loss so great that it deadened any thought of rivalry between himself and Allen. Yet he would have been less than normal had he not craved the position. He wanted it. With all his slow, stubborn, steady soul he wanted it—hard!

II

JIMMY DUNN had started at fourteen to work for Rutgers & Webb as an office-boy. He was on the job early and late, and was polite, obliging, and reliable, so that from

waste-baskets and messages he soon graduated to invoice-checking—a dull, dry task over which an average man will fall asleep and a high-strung chap go crazy. Jimmy had no nerves, and was never sleepy in office hours; no mistakes got by him.

Dunn was too accurate a man to waste on invoices. There are more important things in a big furniture-factory, and Jimmy sopped them up at odd minutes like a sponge. He was drafted for work in this department and that until he became assistant to the sales-manager.

George Allen had been hired by Crockett from a rival company, for whom he had made a fine record on the road. Allen made good in the territory allotted to him for Rutgers & Webb—so good, in fact, that Crockett had called him in and split Dunn's work with him.

Jimmy sat a long time at his desk, puffing away at his pipe, which kept going out, and every now and then rubbing his fuzzy head with his hands. He was short, solidly built, and not very tidy. His clothes were clean, but he did not keep them pressed; bits of tobacco clung in the creases. He was one of those clumsy persons who get ink on their fingers and transfer it to their hair and shirt-fronts—who never forget a task and never remember to keep their shoes shined.

He wofully needed a woman's hand, and Jimmy knew it. Through all his meditations the thought of Agnes Lane ran like a golden thread. His heart beat more quickly as he recalled the glory of her bright face, her quickly coloring cheeks, her dark hair with the high lights in its glossy places. He had little ease with women, but with all his strong, steady heart he loved Agnes Lane. More than for any other reason, he craved the sales-manager-ship on her account. It would be a sort of proof that he was worthy.

Dunn knew that Allen would turn heaven and earth, so far as it was in his power, to obtain the position, and he had no idea of meekly standing aside. He wondered if it would be better to go to Mr. Rutgers and state his claims, or to have a talk with Webb, the junior partner, who was usually immersed in mechanical details, but who had more than once proved himself Jimmy's friend.

These things Jimmy pondered at his desk in the cubby-hole adjoining Crockett's office. Allen had a similar compartment

beyond Dunn's. At one time both offices, with Crockett's, had formed one big room. After Dunn and Allen had been made assistants to the sales-manager, these little spaces had been divided off by pine and ground-glass partitions, which gave them an air of privacy, but which were far from making them sound-proof.

As Dunn sat there, close to the partition, turning over the matter in his mind, he heard Allen slam into his own room in his usual noisy fashion and seat himself at his desk. An instant later Jimmy recognized Agnes Lane's step in the hall. Allen rose quickly, opened his door, and called to her. His voice, nervous and high-pitched, floated in to Dunn through the open transom.

The girl seemed to hesitate; then, apparently, she entered, and the door closed.

"What is it, George? I'm rather busy."

"Did Rutgers really ask your opinion?"

"He certainly did."

Dunn could imagine her dimpling face as she rippled out the reply importantly.

"What did he say?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

There was an assumption of intimacy, more in tone than in words, that turned Jimmy Dunn cold. He forgot what he was doing. The last man in the world deliberately to eavesdrop, he was so surprised that, instead of revealing his presence, he continued to listen in a kind of daze. It came to him suddenly that while he had watched and worshiped Agnes Lane from afar, George Allen had been more daring.

"Have they decided?" he heard Allen ask.

"Not for certain," Miss Lane evaded.

"Mr. Rutgers asked me first what I thought of Jimmy Dunn. I told him that Jimmy was a mighty nice boy, but that he's slow and easy-going."

Jimmy ground his teeth. The rising tide of his anger drowned his sense of honor as the voice he loved continued to excoriate him. He could not hear all that Agnes Lane said, but he caught two phrases—"lack of initiative," and "needs something to wake him up."

Then Allen's higher tones came plainly.

"But the job! Who's to get it? What did you say about me?"

"I mentioned your well-known dashing qualities. I had to admit that you would probably make a better sales-manager than Jimmy."

"Seems to me you might have put it a little stronger," Allen complained peevishly. "Of course I ought to have the job!"

"You're not at all fond of yourself, are you, George?" the gentle voice gibed.

"I know my good points," Allen boasted; "and you yourself admit that I'm the best man for the place."

Dunn staggered up from his desk and stumbled toward the door, sick with shame, his fingers thrust in his ears to shut out the words that seared him like vitriol. He had heard enough. To think that she, whom he had held so high, could so tarnish herself as to connive with Allen!

He bumped into a chair, fumbled with the knob, and flung the door open, to face Agnes Lane. Her face, so lately bright, so full of life and color, was white; her eyes stared piteously at him.

"Jimmy—" she faltered. "You were in there? You heard?"

He nodded; he could not trust himself to speak. He tried to pass the girl, but she caught his sleeve.

"Where are you going?"

Anger-racked, he found voice.

"I'm going in to Rutgers to claim my job!"

"I wouldn't!" she cried.

"Oh, no, I s'pose you wouldn't want me to," he sneered heavily. "It would spoil your little frame-up, wouldn't it?"

"You haven't been framed up!" the girl answered hotly. "You'll only hurt yourself if you do that."

"What do you care?" he shot at her. "I heard your opinion of me. I'll show you whether I have initiative or not!"

For an instant she blocked his path, while Dunn stood helpless. He was well repaid for his listening, he thought bitterly. He was torn with anguish to think that the girl for whom he would have died had punished his unspoken affection with contempt. He tried to push by.

Miss Lane gave back, and, as she seemed to read the firmness of his purpose in his stern, set face, her color returned, and she fronted him with blazing eyes.

"Go on!" she cried. "You shouldn't have listened. But go on—claim your job—and see what happens!"

III

DUNN, dazed and humiliated, quailed backward, as he strove to seize upon some shred of sense or reason in this unfair

world. Each angry word from the girl he loved beat upon him like a blow. Without attempting to answer, he turned from her and darted out into the factory, where the shriek of saws was a relief to his ears.

He plunged blindly through and out upon the river-bank. Rutgers & Webb received directly from the woods the rough logs for that part of their furniture which they made from pine. The logs were held within a boom, behind which they were sorted and poled to great steel hooks that caught and forced them, grinding and protesting, up the conveyer to the serried gang-saws above.

There was a certain grassy place upon the bank from which Jimmy liked to watch the logs bobbing about in the pool. He often came there at lunch-time to dream of the day when he should win Agnes Lane and achieve a partnership in the firm. Now he felt that he would like to exchange places with one of the timbers upon the conveyer. No saws could hurt his flesh as his heart had been hurt by a girl's disloyalty.

He dropped down, thrust his fuzzy head between his hands, and tried to think it out. All the castles he had built had tumbled about his unlucky head. All his dreams of rising step by step to the top had been so bound up with his love for Agnes Lane that nothing mattered now.

Agnes had spoken truly—he was nothing but a plodder. He had been just a clerk to Crockett, and a clerk he would remain. Nobody could possibly love a slow, clumsy, awkward fool. He saw himself inside out, as he saw his corporeal vision in the mirroring waters of the pool.

He realized that if he had been capable of doing such a thing, he could have gone to Webb and accused Allen and Miss Lane of conspiring unduly to influence Mr. Rutgers. He could have dropped a hint as to Allen's career upon which a venom-tipped finger might have been placed. He knew that it lay within his power; he might lack initiative, but his judgment had been sufficiently tested to give his words weight with the firm.

But even in the blind rage that shook him, it was ingrained in Jimmy to be fair. He was as clean as the pine logs in the pool. Allen would make a good sales-manager, he admitted to himself, and Agnes Lane's love would doubtless help to hold the fellow's reckless tendencies in check. He took for granted her affection for Allen.

Her angry, troubled face—in which, curiously enough, he had sensed something pitiful—kept coming between Jimmy and the bobbing logs. She didn't want his pity; she didn't want his love; she wanted nothing of him.

Even so, it came suddenly to Jimmy Dunn that for some recondite reason he felt it in him to sacrifice greatly for her sake. In some strange way it would make her scorn the easier to bear if he could hug to his heart the thought that, unknown to her, unasked and unexpected, he had stepped aside for her sake.

He rose and kicked a chip into the water. The firm had not decided, she said. Very well! He would help them.

He walked firmly back into the factory. The air was harsh with the tumult of saws and iridescent with fine particles of dust that whitened everything in the place; but even amid the stridor and the sawdust, something—either the clean scent of the wood or the conquering unselfishness in his heart—brought a soothing sense of peace to Jimmy Dunn.

As he had expected, he found Webb in the factory, for it was hard to keep the junior partner away from his beloved machinery. He was flat on his back, under a planer, covered with dust and grease, and perfectly happy.

"What's the row?" he asked, when his attention had at last been diverted.

"I wanted to tell you," Jimmy forced the words out, "that if you're considering between Allen and me for Crockett's place, I think George is the man for it."

"You do, eh?" Webb snorted. He was a thin, nervous reed of a man, with a keen, dark face and an irritable manner. "What makes you think so?"

"He's had experience on the road, he's full of rattling good selling ideas, and he—I reckon he's got more enterprise than I have," Jimmy stumbled along, his eyes upon the floor, where he traced a pattern in the sawdust with his toe.

Webb listened with his usual sarcastic grin.

"Well, if it'll do you any good to know it, I think Rutgers has made up his mind to give it to him," he snapped, and dived back beneath his precious machine.

The anticlimax was painful. To refuse something that he found was not to be offered gave Jimmy the sensation of having been slapped in the face. Still, he con-

soled himself, Webb didn't know all that he knew; he hadn't offered any of his evidence against the two conspirators, and so a little of the warm glow of self-sacrifice returned to Jimmy.

Later, summoned to Crockett's office, Dunn found the sales-manager at the melancholy task of cleaning out his desk.

"Sit down, son," the big chief said affectionately. "Jimmy, I think I'd better give you a tip in advance. Then, if things don't break your way, you won't take it so hard."

Jimmy seated himself. There seemed to be nothing to say. Crockett, looking out of the window, continued in the slow fashion of a man who performs an unrelished task.

"You've been here a long time, Jimmy, and you know the business like a book. You've been a lot of help to me. You're going to go up—away up. You've got it in you, but the sales-manager is a sort of specialist, and I don't know whether or not the job would quite fit you. I told you boys the truth this morning. I wouldn't choose between you for the firm, and the reason I wouldn't, Jimmy, is that I wouldn't choose against you."

"Thank you for that," said Jimmy as Crockett hesitated.

"You've been here longer and you're absolutely dependable," the big man went on. "At the same time, you haven't Allen's dash, you're not so magnetic, you lack his road experience, and I'm not sure that some of the boys wouldn't try to run whizzers on you, Jimmy. I believe you'd make good in the end, but I'm afraid the bosses have picked Allen."

"That's all right," Dunn answered.

"Thank you, Mr. Crockett. You've been mighty good to me. I feel so rotten about your leaving that I don't care who gets the job!"

Crockett swung around quickly, for there was a flat bitterness in Jimmy's voice, very foreign to his usual calm, cheery tone.

"I fear you do care, Jimmy. You've always struck me as a man who had his hopes set on a high goal, and who would get there, not at a bound, but slowly, surely—"

"Slowly is me, all right," broke in Jimmy with a wry smile. "I'm not kicking about this, though—Allen is the better man for the place."

"That's rather more than I expected you to say," returned Crockett. "Don't let this discourage you, Jimmy. Modesty is a fine

thing, but it doesn't pay to be too darned modest. Fact is, I'm not sure that the sales department is your line. The accounting, now, or the purchasing—"

"Yes, or stacking boards in the yard," Dunn cut in grimly. "It's all right, I tell you, Mr. Crockett." He began to tap his head with his pencil, which, being of the indelible variety, left a delicate stippling of purple spots. "Let's tackle those matters you were going to advise me about. That Baltimore deal, now—"

IV

THE moments passed quickly, for there was much to go over, and they were deep in their papers when they heard a voice behind them. The senior partner stood in the doorway between his office and the sales-manager's room.

Mr. Rutgers was a fine, upstanding man of sixty, iron-gray, florid, with a rather pompous manner, but a warm heart and a shrewd head. His erect carriage and handsome face justified his fondness for youthful-looking clothes, which showed in his carefully tailored light-gray suit and the color scheme of his furnishings.

"I want to have a talk with you when you are through," he announced. "Where is Mr. Allen?"

Dunn rose and followed Crockett into the senior partner's office, a little sinking feeling in his heart. Jimmy was only human, and, even after making up his mind to act the part of an early Christian martyr, he had somehow hoped against hope that a miracle would intervene and that the bonfire wouldn't come off. To sacrifice himself was all very fine, but there was a ghastly sense of failure about it, too. Still, as he had lost Agnes Lane, nothing else mattered very much.

The senior partner seated himself behind his handsome mahogany desk and glanced about through his gold-rimmed eyeglasses—the single concession that he made to age. Webb, the junior partner, his chair tilted back in a corner, sat quiet and dreamy, his knees hugged to his chin, doubled up like a hinge. Crockett slouched over and distributed his length upon the window-sill. Allen, called by Crockett's bell, entered hastily, eager, palpably nervous, but carrying himself well. Jimmy slipped into an inconspicuous seat and waited judgment.

Mr. Rutgers loudly cleared his throat.

"You know, of course," he began, ad-

dressing Allen and Dunn, "that Mr. Crockett has decided to leave us. It is a matter of great regret to me—ah—to us," he amended, remembering the self-effacing Webb, who acknowledged the recognition with the slightest of grins. "It has been very difficult to decide upon his successor. I am proud to say that our system makes it unnecessary, upon such an occasion, to go outside our own organization. I—ah—Mr. Webb and I have given a great deal of thought to this matter. We have studied the records of Mr. Dunn and Mr. Allen, and there is nothing to choose between them as to performance, loyalty, and efficiency."

The senior partner paused to twirl his fine gray mustache.

"However, we have finally decided"—Allen leaned forward breathlessly, and Jimmy gripped the arms of his chair—"on account of Mr. Allen's more diversified experience and his personal acquaintance with the road and a traveling man's problems, to make him sales-manager."

Allen sprang to his feet.

"Thank you, sir!" he cried jubilantly. "I'll try to show you what the business is capable of. I'll promise you to increase—"

"Prodigality of promise never guaranteed punctuality of performance," interjected Webb, as from ambush, in his thin, reedy voice, and subsided into silence.

"Come, come, Webb, don't be a crab," muttered Rutgers testily. "Mr. Allen, we counted on you to make good, or we should not have selected you. I wish you every success, sir, and I shall help you in every way that I can."

He glowered at Webb, whose words had cast rather a damper on the conference. The junior partner slid from his chair and sidled out, grinning. Crockett, evidently keeping his face straight with an effort, followed him.

Allen, flushed and embarrassed, but holding his ground, stammered somewhat unintelligible thanks. Mr. Rutgers brushed away the new sales-manager's felicitations with a large gesture.

"I know you will do your best," he assured Allen. "Map out the things that you think need to be done, and we'll go over them later. I have an appointment up-town in a few moments."

Jimmy had been striving to slip out, but Allen stood between him and the door. As his successful rival turned to leave, Jimmy accosted him with offered hand.

"I congratulate you," he said firmly, his face a little pale. "You can depend on me to help you in every way."

"Oh, sure!" said Allen easily, his gray eyes glittering with triumph.

He felt for a cigarette, and Jimmy noted the fine beads of sweat on his forehead.

The senior partner called from his desk:

"Wait a moment, Mr. Dunn—I have something to say to you. Good night, Mr. Allen. Close the door, will you?"

Jimmy turned and, at his employer's invitation, seated himself. He wondered what was to come next. He feared that it was something unpleasant, for Mr. Rutgers looked very grave. He did hope that he would not have to hear any more lukewarm praise of his minor virtues, coupled with regret over his lack of initiative. He felt that if he were so charged again, he would be tempted to set the plant on fire to disprove it.

"Mr. Dunn," said Mr. Rutgers abruptly, "you've been here how long—twenty years? Saved any money?"

"I've made it a rule to put by a little every month," Jimmy answered, puzzled.

"That's good," commented Mr. Rutgers. He took off his glasses and tapped reflectively upon his desk with them, as if he were trying to arrange in his mind what he wished to say. "You've shown no sense of rancor at Allen's promotion," the senior partner began, "when possibly you thought you were to be passed over. I saw your disappointment in your face, but I heard what you said to him just now. That is the sort of loyalty that counts!"

Jimmy's heart warmed to his employer's words, but his bewilderment deepened. Did Mr. Rutgers think that his defeat must be softened by fine phrases?

"Jimmy," Mr. Rutgers went on, which was unusual, for the senior partner was seldom familiar, "I can't always have the personal direction of the business. Webb is younger, but all that interests him is to see into how many pieces he can cut a plank. He's perfect in the factory, but about the rest of the business he knows little and cares less. I can't bear to think everything will fall apart when I am gone."

He paused. The removal of his glasses revealed the weariness of his eyes, and it came sharply to Dunn that Mr. Rutgers was growing old.

"This affair with Crockett has taught me a lesson," Rutgers continued. "I don't in-

tend to lose another good man as I've lost him. I don't intend to let any automobile company carry you off. You've worked up from place to place, Jimmy, these twenty years, steady, faithful, and competent. Allen can handle the sales-managership all right, but you, Jimmy, I want for a partner—because there is not a man in the house I depend on more."

"A partner!" Jimmy stared dumbly at Mr. Rutgers, unable to understand.

"Yes," said the elder man, with a smile and a wave of his fine hand. "Yes, a partner. Of course, I might incorporate, but I prefer to choose among you boys, as I find you worthy, and bring you into the firm. A man doesn't want to work for another all his life, no matter how much he earns. He wants a personal interest, and the best way to give it to him is to tie him to the business hand and foot. You're the first new partner, Jimmy. That's why I asked if you had saved any money. I'll transfer a certain interest to you, which you can pay for now, if you have enough—or, if not, out of your profits later. We'll arrange the details and your duties in the morning—I'm due at a conference uptown now."

Mr. Rutgers rose majestically, as always, and stretched out his hand in his own lordly way, but the smile upon his handsome face was kindness itself.

Half-articulate words were all that Jimmy could dredge up from his whirling consciousness.

"I don't know how to thank you, sir," he stammered. "You make me very proud—I never hoped—I didn't dream—"

"You needn't thank me," said Rutgers. "You've earned it. Good night, my boy!"

V

JIMMY made his way blindly into the hall, where he ran against Webb, who met him with his quizzical grin. Dunn could not attribute his reward to Mr. Rutgers alone—the senior partner had always been too detached, too aloof; but Webb had steadily been his friend.

"Am I to thank you for this?" he blurted out.

"Thank me?" Webb bent his dark eyes on Dunn, his thin eyebrows humorously lifted. "No; you can thank yourself. But," he went on, with a jerk of his thumb toward the ceiling, "I think you might also thank a certain better-looking person than

I am for what she had to say of you to Mr. Rutgers this morning."

"Why," cried Jimmy, taken quite aback, for Webb's words too vividly recalled the only flaw in his happiness, "I thought she recommended Allen for sales-manager and said that I was slow and stupid!"

"I don't know where you got your information," said Webb, "but some of it is twisted. She did recommend Allen for the place, and so did you. Well, he's got it, hasn't he? When Mr. Rutgers told her about this partnership scheme, she said right away that you ought to be the first new partner, and we both agreed with her."

"But she said I was stupid and slow!" insisted the befuddled young man.

"Yes, I think you are, in some ways," grinned Webb, and left Jimmy utterly nonplused.

Then, slowly, the light began to come to him, and, at the same time, he found that his feet were carrying him up the stairs toward Agnes Lane's office.

The outer part of the advertising department was filled with girls, and Jimmy always hated to pass through it. His self-consciousness made him think the girls were laughing at him, and the passage usually turned him pink. To-day he was oblivious of their presence.

Miss Lane's office was partitioned off in one corner. Jimmy pushed the door open and closed it behind him. His friend stood at the window, her back toward him, looking out over the river. She turned at the sound of his step to face him, level-eyed, unsmiling.

"Agnes, can you forgive a fool?" he blurted out.

The smile that he loved returned to her face for an instant.

"It depends upon the fool, Jimmy," she said softly.

"To think," he cried, "that you were doing your utmost for me when I doubted and reviled you!"

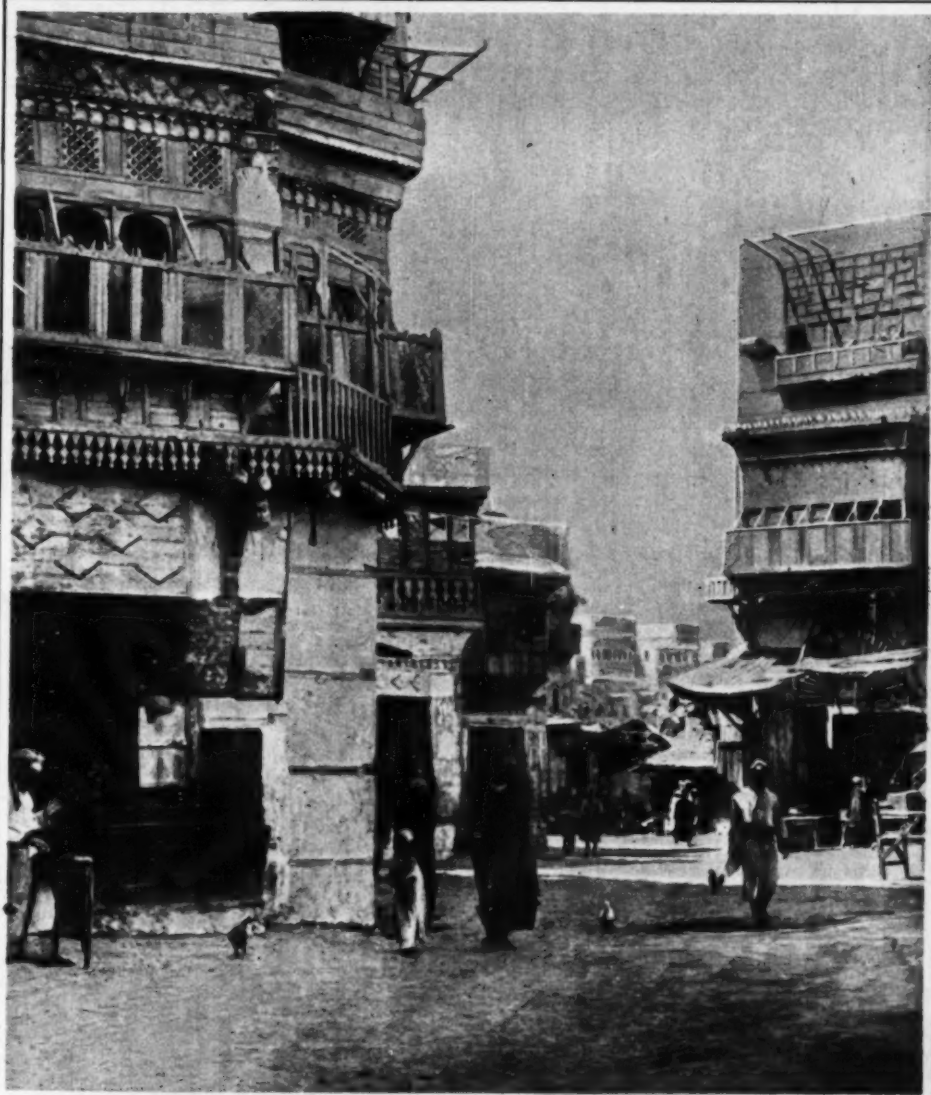
"I haven't done anything," she denied.

"You don't call it anything? You've helped me gain a higher place than I ever hoped for. Did any blundering idiot ever have such a friend? But—it isn't merely friendship that I want!"

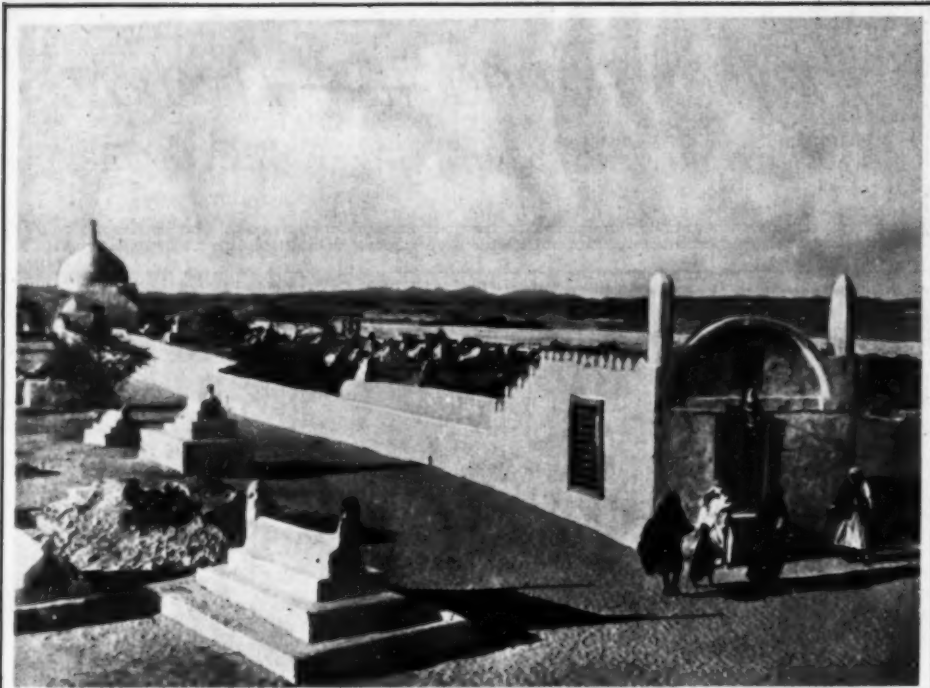
Her level eyes still met his squarely, and her smile deepened as he approached her. He was trembling like a tree in a wind, his arms outstretched, for the look upon her face was a pardon and a promise.

The New Kingdom of Hedjaz

A Picturesque Arab Power Fighting with the Allies



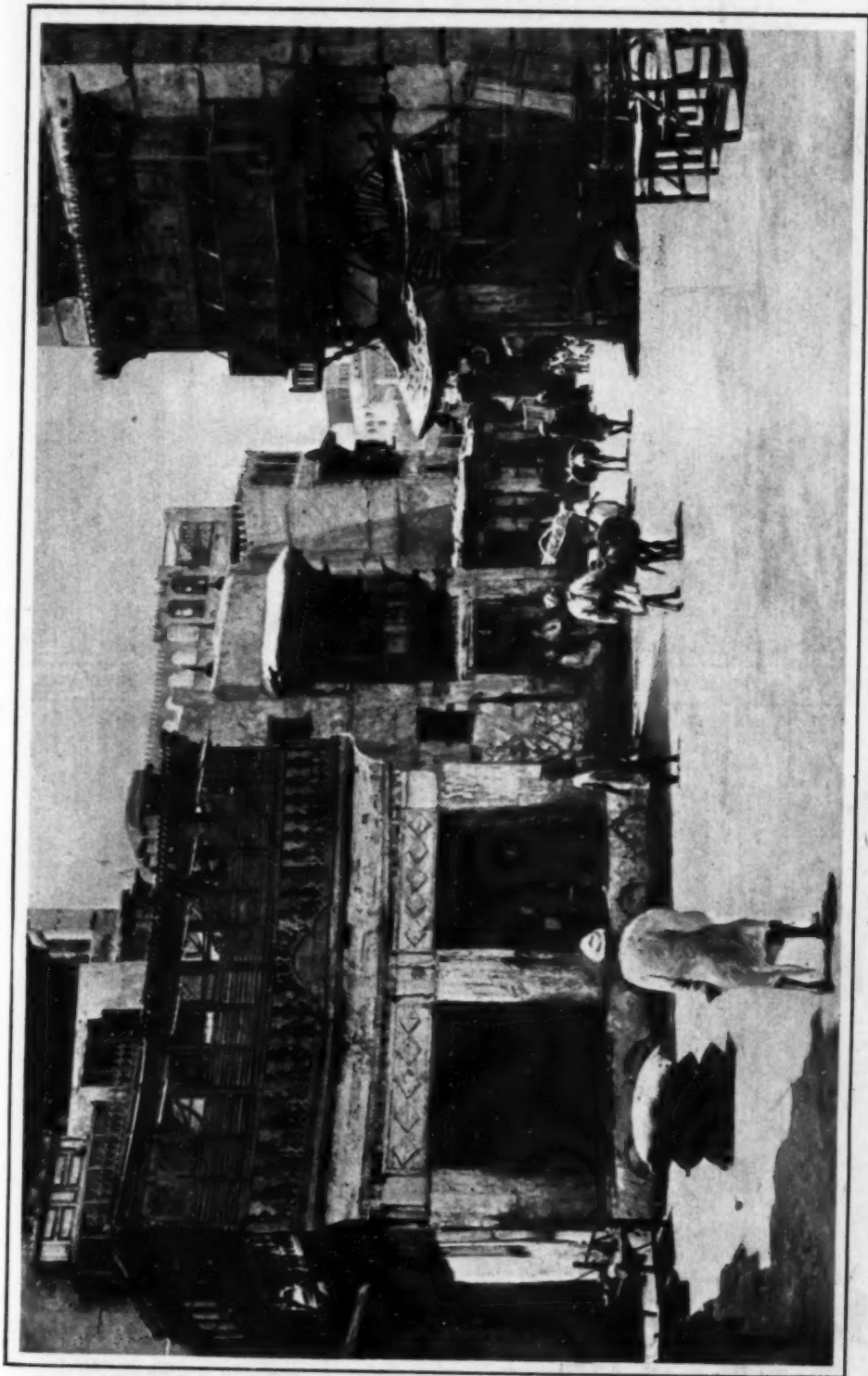
One of the principal streets in Jeddah, a port on the Red Sea coast of Hedjaz, and the landing-place for Mecca, capital of the new kingdom
Photographs from the French Pictorial Service



The so-called tomb of Eve, near Jeddah, one of the shrines of the Moslem world



Arabs and Arab dwellings in the outskirts of the town of Jeddah



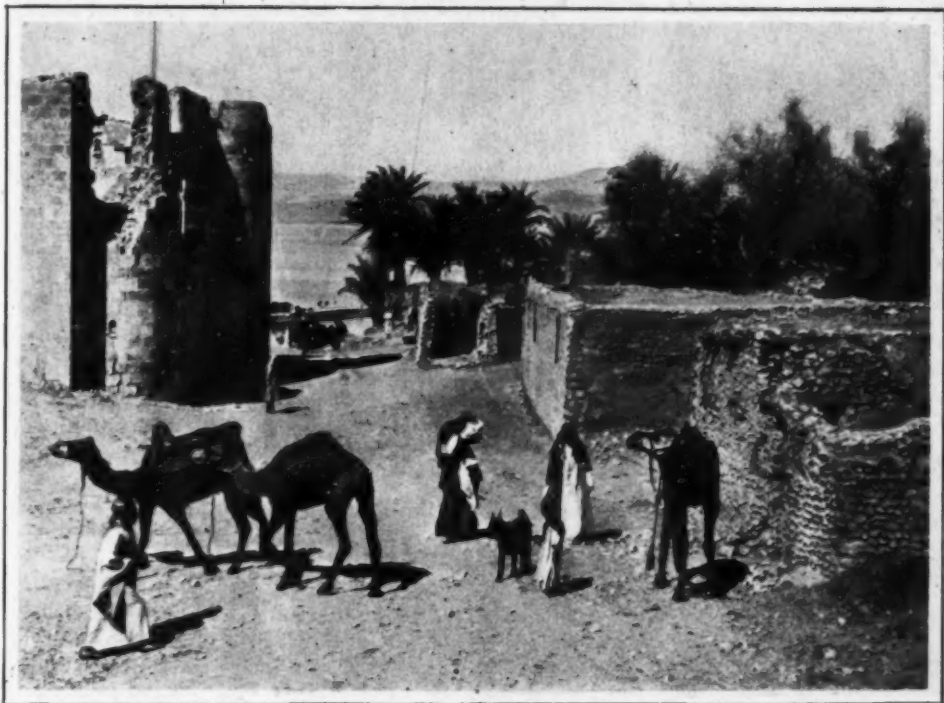
A street scene in Jeddah, with typical Arabian architecture



The Mecca gate, Jeddah—Through this passes the great road of pilgrimage to Mecca, the holy city of Islam



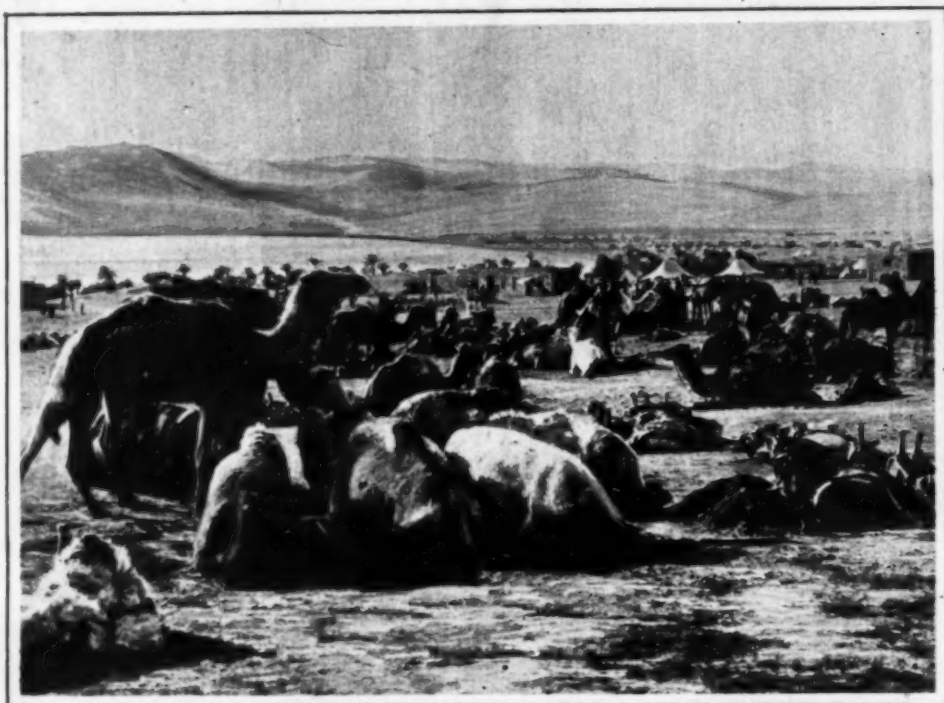
The sok, or market-place, of Jeddah—In the background is the minaret of a mosque



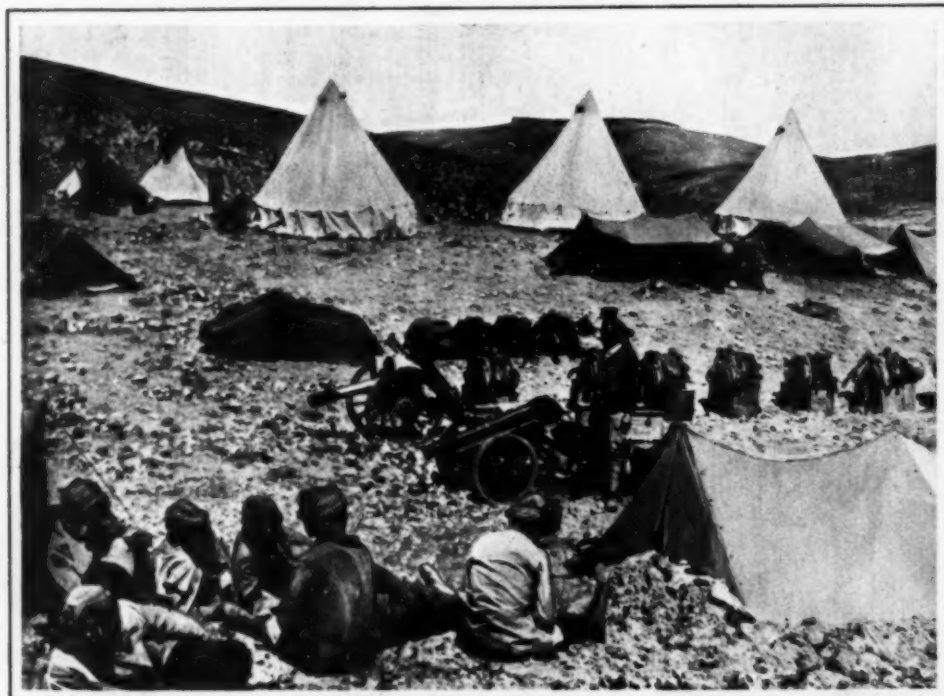
The old fort at Akabah, a Red Sea port that was twice captured by the Crusaders



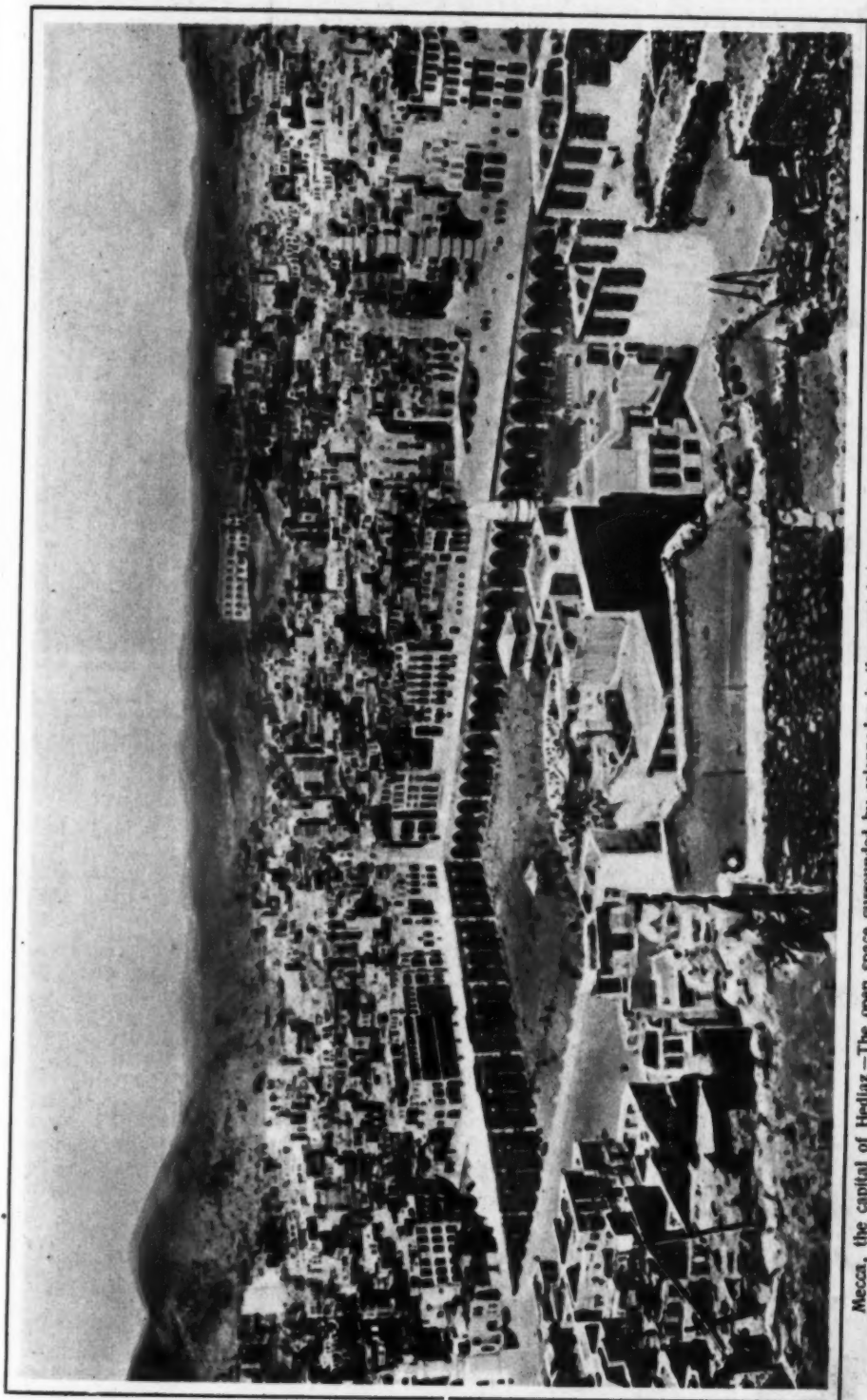
Akabah—The camp of a French mission which recently visited Hedjaz



Camels at a camp on the Red Sea—The camel is the chief freight-carrier of Hedjaz



A camp near Maan, at the northern end of Hedjaz, where there has been much fighting with the Turks



Mecca, the capital of Hedjaz - The open space surrounded by colonnades is the great haram, or mosque, in the center of which is the venerated Kaaba, a cubical stone building covered with a black cloth



Arab soldiers of the King of Hedjaz



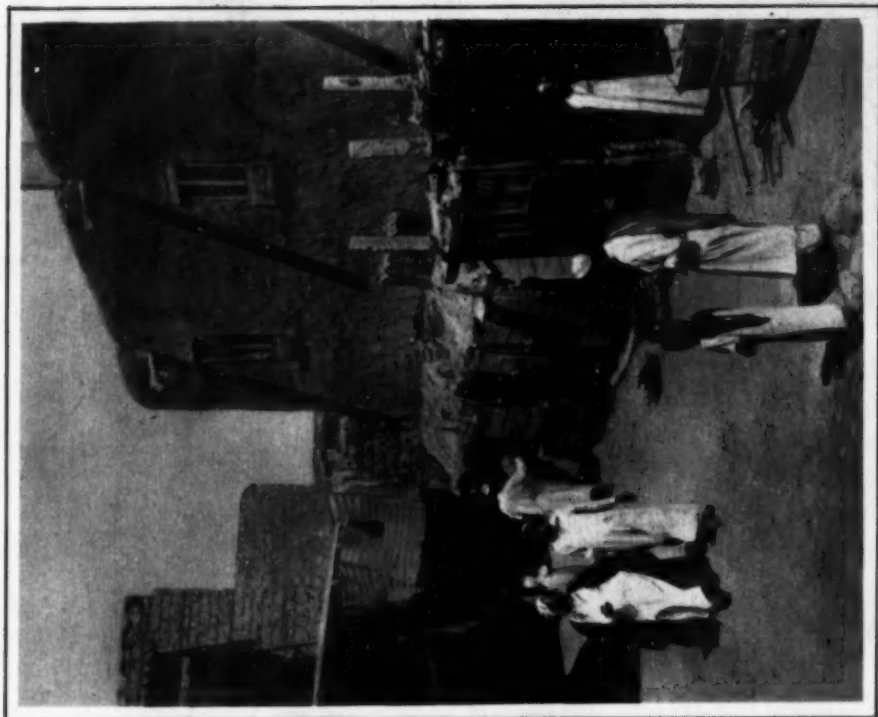
El Ouedj, on the Red Sea coast of Hedjaz



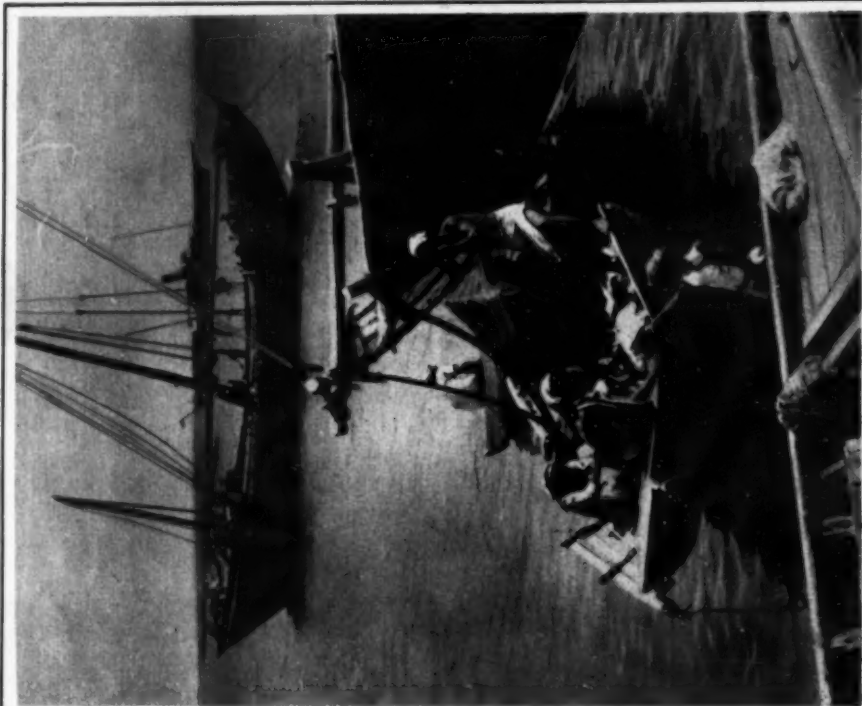
A group of Arab officers at the camp near Gouera



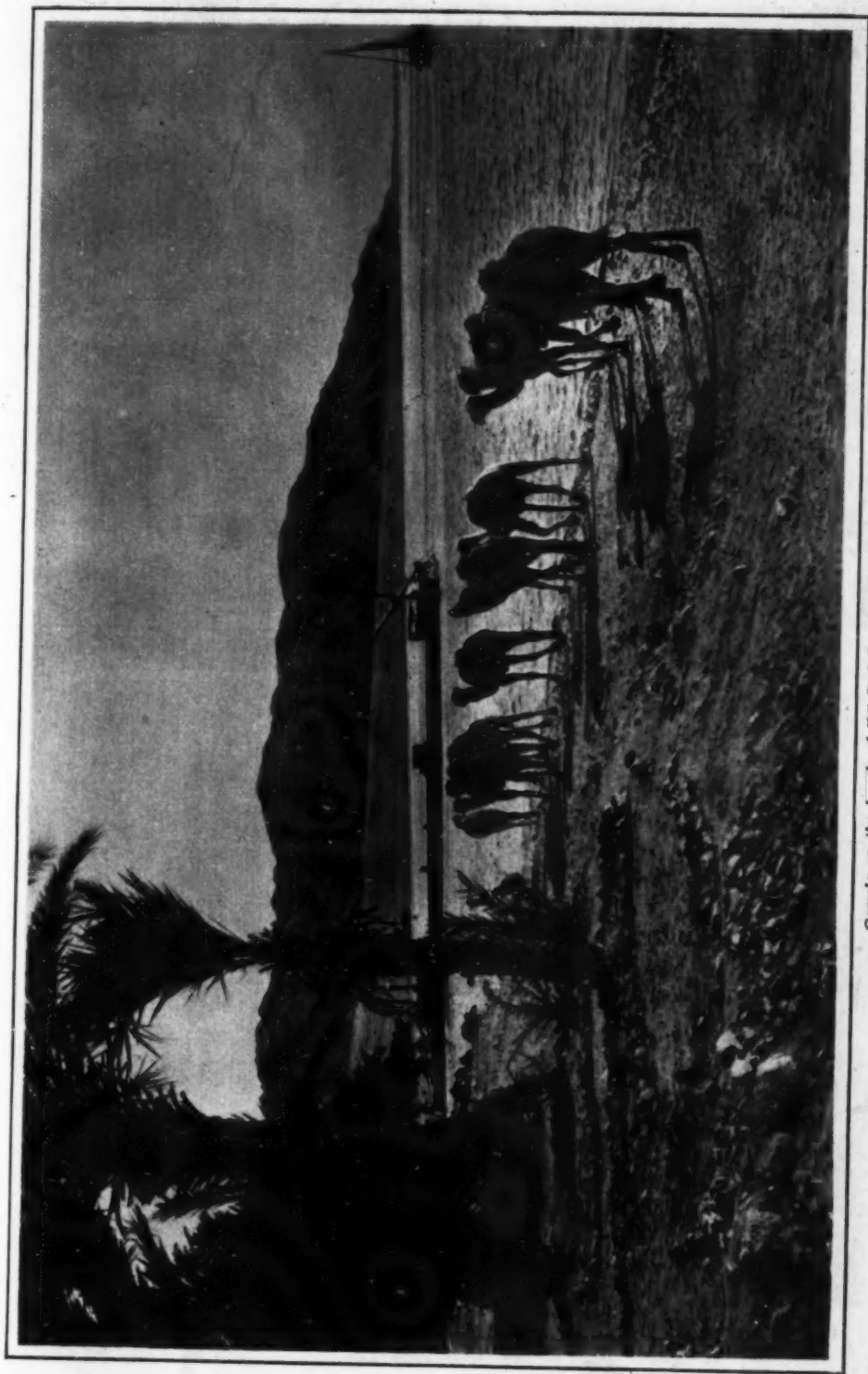
The camp of the French mission near Gouera, Hedjaz



Street scene in Yambu—The town has about six thousand people, and its trade depends mainly on the pilgrims



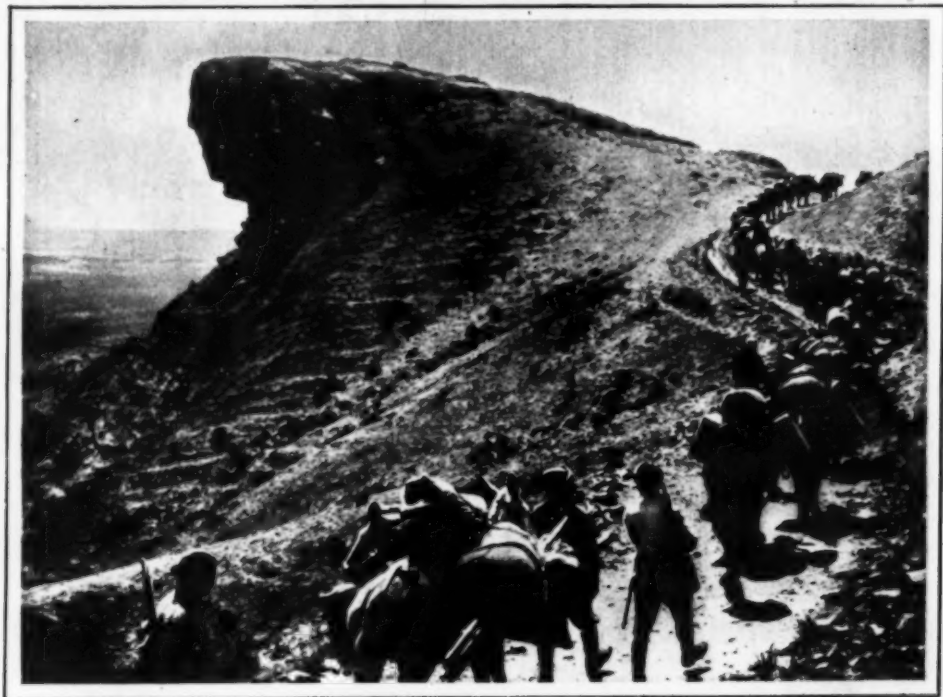
Shipping in the port of Yambu, the landing-place for Medina, the second sacred city of the Moslem world



Camels on the beach of the Red Sea near Yambu, Hedjaz



A square in Yambu, with pack-camels resting, and a lofty minaret in the background



A battery of French mountain-artillery ascending the pass of Nagb-Estar, in Hedjaz—Note the curious rock scenery

Armenia — The Crucifixion of a People

IN THE DARK HISTORY OF TURKISH TYRANNY THIS IS THE BLACKEST PAGE, AND OF ALL ITS HORRORS GERMANY SHARES THE GUILT

By Willis J. Abbot

WHEN the Bolsheviki delegates to the Brest-Litovsk peace conference set their signatures to the treaty of peace forced upon them by German arms and German intrigue, they signed away, so far as they had power, the lives of a people whose agonies during this war have almost passed human comprehension.

One clause of that treaty provided that all the territory in Asia Minor taken from the Turks by Russia during the war should be returned to its former owners. A second ceded to Turkey all that part of the Russian Caucasus which has been the place of refuge of the Armenians in years gone by—the region of Batum, Kars, and Tiflis.

In this territory resides the remnant of the Armenian people—a body of perhaps fifteen hundred thousand destitute, starving, and grief-laden people, left after Turkish massacres had taken the lives of fully a million of their race within the last two years. They had fled from Turkish territory into the Russian Caucasus. They find now that the deadly pall of Turkish authority and power has been extended over their place of refuge by the treachery of the Bolsheviki.

Here in the United States our working people were told, for a time, that the Bolsheviki were the true friends of humanity everywhere, that they cherished the universal common interest of the working class unhampered by national prejudices and unvexed by the boundary-lines of nations. But in the very first negotiations of an international character in which the Bolsheviks took part they callously turned over to Turkish cruelty and rapacity a whole people, a Christian, civilized, and industrial people, whom for forty years and

more the Turks have been doing their best to exterminate.

Never was a seemingly lofty ideal, a creed of international brotherhood, so grossly repudiated by its noisiest preachers. Never did practise so cynically repudiate preachments.

It is true that the Bolshevik arrangements have not been taken seriously by the world at large. To make them permanent, the Germans and their allies would have to win the war—an unbelievable outcome. With our success the very first act of the Allies will be to denounce and repudiate these treaties forced upon a disorganized Russia by the Bolshevik minority which had seized the powers of the government.

But while the war continues they are in force. All territory occupied by the Armenians is returned to the Turks, and the merciless Orientals are at liberty to take up again their practise of spoliation, deportation, torture, rape, and murder by which for more than a generation, with brief intervals of quiet, they have endeavored to exterminate this luckless people.

Into the early history of the Armenian people it is not my purpose to go here. Enough to say that for centuries they have existed as a coherent, prosperous, Christian people in the very heart of the Moslem empire. They are essentially an industrial and commercial people—the storekeepers, manufacturers, and money-lenders of the communities in which they dwell. Concerning them it has been written by other residents of the districts whence they have been expelled:

Now that the Armenians are gone, there are no doctors, chemists, lawyers, smiths, potters, tanners, or weavers left in this place.

Their enterprise and intelligence always won them first place in the professions and industries. But their strong sense of nationality aroused the dread of the Turkish government, which professed to detect among them a conspiracy to throw off its authority and become an independent people. Their prosperity stimulated the cupidity of their Moslem neighbors, who saw profit for themselves in driving out these bankers and merchants and seizing their property. Their Christianity aroused the

savage religious hatred of the Mohammedans by whom they were governed.

As a result, when the end of the Russo-Turkish War, in 1877, had left Turkey free to regulate her internal problems, and Abdul Hamid—"Abdul the Damned"—had ascended the throne, that ferocious figure of rapine and massacre undertook to break the growing power of the Armenians. He did it by arming the wandering tribes of Kurds that occupied the same territory, and encouraging them to raids upon Arme-



THE PATRIARCH OF THE ARMENIAN CHURCH AT JERUSALEM—ARMENIA CLAIMS TO POSSESS THE OLDEST NATIONAL CHURCH IN ALL CHRISTENDOM

From a copyrighted photograph by the Western Newspaper Union



A STREET IN THE ARMENIAN QUARTER OF THE CITY OF ADANA, IN ASIA MINOR, AFTER THE LOOTING AND MASSACRE BY THE TURKS IN JUNE, 1909

nian villages and farms. In the larger cities massacres, not unlike the anti-Jewish pogroms of Russia a few years ago, were remorselessly conducted under the authority of the Turkish government. In such considerable towns as Erzerum and Trebizond the slaughter, led by government troops, went on in the streets for days. At Constantinople the slain were numbered by the tens of thousands. Zeitoum, a town almost wholly populated by Armenians, was besieged by regular Turkish troops for six months, amnesty being finally granted as a result of the diplomatic protests of the powers—the only thing the nations of Europe were able to accomplish toward stopping the atrocities, despite their protestations of horror. All were afraid to “reopen the Turkish question.”

The system by which Abdul Hamid was able to work his will, and still plausibly excuse his acts, was simple. Secretly he armed the Kurds and encouraged them to raid Armenian towns, slaughter the men, and carry away the women and girls. The Armenians naturally armed for self-defense. Thereupon the Sultan proclaimed that they were plotting a revolt against the govern-

ment, and brought his regular troops into action. In the end he was thus able to do away with more than a hundred thousand of the unfortunate people—a mere trifle in comparison with the massacres of 1915, when the Germans' superior genius for that class of work was brought into play.

It is a strange fact that virile peoples thrive on persecutions. It does not so appear at the moment of their agonies, but almost invariably, when the fiery blast has swept on, they gather up their remnants and march on to greater power. The age-long history of the despised and persecuted Jews has proved this, and the story of the Armenians has been of the same sort.

Turkey suffered severely from its own inhumanity. The Armenians in but a few years had healed their wounds and developed new vigor. Those who had fled developed communities in the Russian Caucasus, the United States; the south of France. They became prosperous abroad, and contributed to the prosperity of their fellows at home. The latter so thrived and multiplied that when the world war fell with its blight upon humanity they had



A REFUGEE CAMP OF ARMENIANS DEPORTED FROM THEIR HOMES BY THE TURKISH AUTHORITIES

already attracted the malign attention of William II of Germany, who thought he saw in such a vigorous people, domiciled in the quadrangle between the Caspian and the Black Sea, the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf, a possible obstacle to his ambition for a Pan-German empire to extend from the chill North Sea to the sunny waters of India.

THE KAISER'S HAND IN TURKEY

Nothing that has happened in Turkey during the last quarter of a century can be fully understood without searching for the Kaiser's share in it. He was the self-proclaimed friend of Abdul Hamid, a pilgrim to the Sultan's court, who dressed in Turkish raiment to do honor to the aged Moslem. But when that hoary old reprobate had been cast down and sent into exile, with a mere fragment of his harem to mitigate his loneliness, it was discovered that the Kaiser had been deep in the Young Turk movement which accomplished his

downfall. From that moment until the present the word of Germany has been law in Turkey, and no occurrence of the proportions of the Armenian atrocities could have taken place without German acquiescence.

What, then, were the characteristics of the policy adopted toward the Armenians after Turkey had entered upon the war and had begun taking orders from Germany?

Let me first summarize and then go to some extent into detail.

In February, 1915, a decree was issued that all Armenians should be disarmed, and that those in the army should be taken from the ranks and set to civil occupations, such as building roads or fortifications. The order was defended upon the ground that many Armenians were in the enemy's armies—which was of course true, since hundreds of thousands had been driven into the Russian Caucasus by the persecutions of Abdul Hamid, and were liable to Rus-

sian service, while thousands of others, hating Turkish domination, had slipped from their homes and joined the Russian forces. But the real purpose of the order was to render the Armenians helpless against the policy of extermination which Turkey now purposed applying to them.

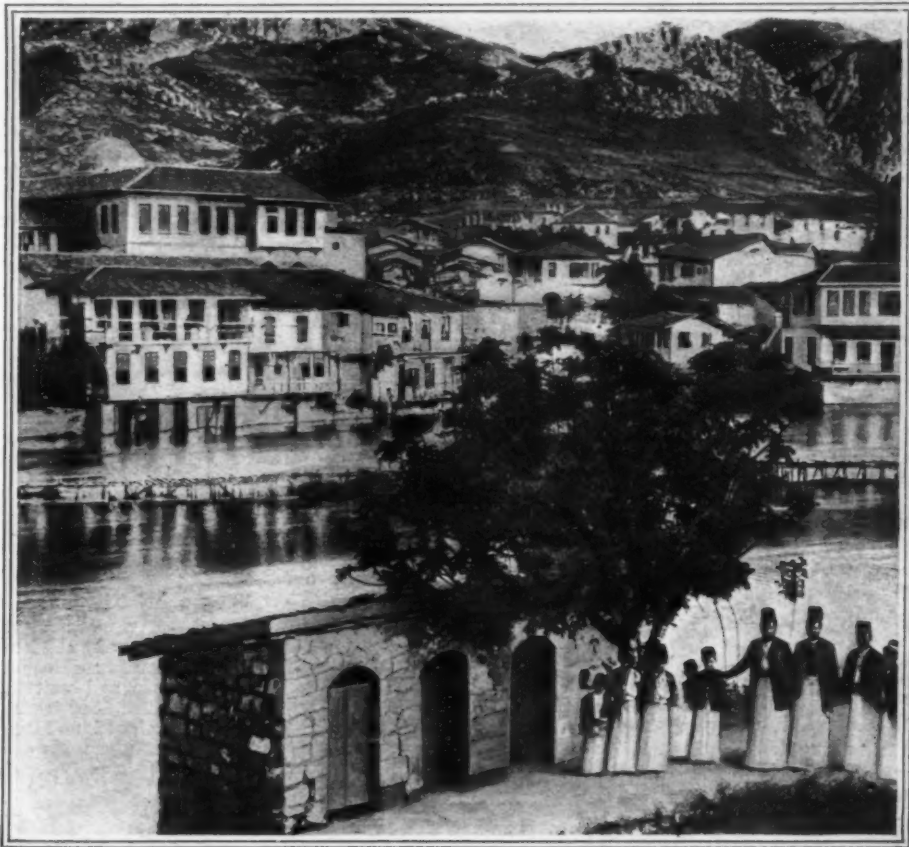
Under the operation of this policy, according to the encyclopedic "Report on the Treatment of Armenians in the Ottoman Empire," compiled under the direction of Viscount Bryce—a man whom Americans love to honor—there were in Ottoman territory, when the deportations began, 1,600,000 Armenians. The Armenian Patriarchate fixed the number at 2,100,000; the Ottoman government put it at 1,100,000. The one had an interest in magnifying the number; the other in minimizing it. The Bryce report adopts a midway figure.

Of these human beings the report estimates that six hundred thousand were

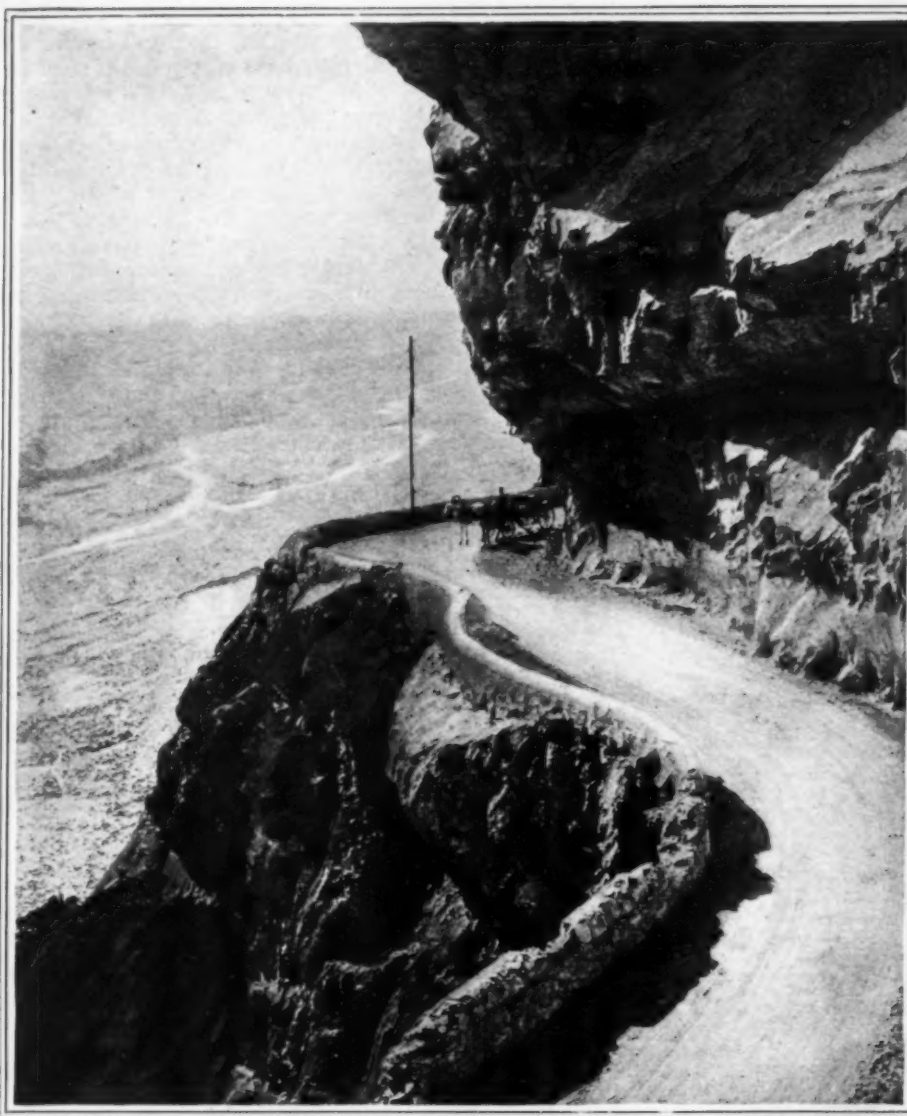
either directly murdered or perished miserably of exhaustion, cold, and hunger on the cruel forced marches incident to their deportation. About a like number may still be alive in the places of their exile. The remainder have either been forcibly converted to Islam, fled to hiding-places in the mountains, or escaped beyond the Ottoman frontier.

This is perhaps as good a point as any to note that "conversion to Islam" was offered to women only as an alternative to death. It was by no means an empty religious ceremony, or a perfunctory declaration of a changed faith. It involved the immediate "marriage" of the woman to some Moslem. To embrace Mohammedanism without embracing one of the faithful was no part of the gentle Turk's plan of conversion.

If the woman in question were a widow with children, the little ones must be sur-



MUSH, AN IMPORTANT ARMENIAN TOWN ON THE HEAD-WATERS OF THE EUPHRATES—THERE WAS A TERRIBLE MASSAORE OF ARMENIANS HERE IN 1894



THE GRUZINIAN ROAD THROUGH THE CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS, BUILT BY THE RUSSIANS AS A MILITARY HIGHWAY TO THE FRONTIER PROVINCES

rendered to be brought up in the True Faith in a so-called government orphanage. This condition was not made the easier for the mother by the notorious fact that no such institution really existed.

In the Bryce report we find the following contribution to this topic:

The Armenian children in the German orphanage at H. were sent away with the rest.

"My orders," said the vali, "are to deport all Armenians. I cannot make an exception of these."

He announced, however, that a government orphanage was to be established for any children that remained, and shortly afterward he called on Sister D. and asked her to come and visit it. Sister D. went with him, and found about seven hundred Armenian children in a good building. For every twelve or fifteen children there was one Armenian nurse, and they were well clothed and fed.

"See what care the government is taking of the Armenians," the vali said.

She returned home surprised and pleased; but when she visited the orphanage again, several days later, there were only thirteen of the seven hun-

dred children left—the rest had disappeared. They had been taken, she learned, to a lake, six hours' journey by road from the town, and drowned.

Three hundred fresh children were subsequently collected at the "orphanage," and Sister D. believed that they suffered the same fate as their predecessors. These victims were the residue of the Armenian children at H. The finest boys and prettiest girls had been picked out and carried off by the Turks and Kurds of the district, and it was the remainder, who had been left on the government's hands, that had been disposed of in this way.

Since 1915 it has been the Turkish purpose not merely to harass, intimidate, rob, torture, outrage, and massacre the Armenians, but actually to exterminate the whole race. The so-called "deportations" are defended—when any defense is offered—upon the theory that the people are being moved to some place where they will be economically more useful, or perhaps on the plea that they are being shifted from a section where they are exposed to the forays of the savage Kurds to one where their lives will be safe. But this is mere shallow pretense—the unfortunates have in fact been deported from life to death. For five thousand to be started on the march from their homes to some alleged destination, and for less than two hundred to arrive, was no uncommon record. Of the women it was said:

Only those too ugly to arouse the soldiers' lust, and sufficiently sturdy to withstand the fatigues of a march that would exhaust oxen, could hope to reach their destination alive.

From the well-authenticated testimony which makes the Bryce report the most terrible of all records of human savagery, let us try to reconstruct the story of a typical deportation. It is the case of a town in which perhaps ten thousand Armenians are living, mainly women and children, or old men, for the men of military age are away, serving in the Turkish armies. Those who remain have been systematically disarmed—a seemingly superfluous precaution, for most are not of the age or sex able to wield arms effectively if they had them.

To this people comes suddenly the word that they must at once be ready to leave their homes for some place wholly unknown to them, at a distance of hundreds of miles. In cases of unusual clemency they were allowed a week to prepare—ordinarily forty-eight hours was the limit.

Now the Armenians are a prosperous people, and their standard of living is Eu-

ropean rather than Asiatic. They accumulate household goods, for which they cherish an affection, even as the rest of us honest-living humans do. But what are they to do with such things? The order of deportation permits them to take nothing that they cannot carry in their hands, and the way will be long and toilsome.

When they try to sell in a hurry, they find that the Turks, the only possible purchasers, offer pitifully small prices. In many instances putting their goods in storage was prohibited—even sale was forbidden. All was to be left to the benevolent care of the authorities until the pilgrims, being duly established in their new homes, might send for their possessions. But as most of the pilgrims never reached their new homes, and the Turkish authorities well knew that they would not, the dust of the marching column had not disappeared before those authorities were dividing up the spoil among themselves.

The fact is that governmental and individual greed has had quite as much to do with the Armenian persecutions as the alleged political or military considerations. The Armenians were a propertied class. They owned lands and houses and well-stocked shops. When the owner was murdered or driven into exile, some Turk, either official or more commonplace robber, garnered the loot.

HORRORS OF THE DEPORTATIONS

We read of caravans of deported women and children, stripped naked, being driven along under the burning sun of an Asiatic summer, or suffering the cold of the nights upon the uplands. Commonly we attribute this special infamy to the bestiality or moral degeneracy of their guards; but it was merely part of the system of spoliation. Asia Minor is a poor country, and clothing, even though well worn, had a cash value in the bazaars of the towns near which the pitiful pilgrims passed. The Bryce report says of the deportations from Diarbekr:

A short time after, the prisoners (six hundred and seventy-four) were stripped of all their money (about six thousand pounds Turkish), and then of their clothes; after that they were thrown into the river. The gendarmes on the bank were ordered to let none of them escape. The clothes of these victims were sold in the market of Diarbekr.

And on another page of the same report we read of an exiled community:



BATUM, THE CHIEF PORT ON THE EASTERN COAST OF THE BLACK SEA, CEDED TO RUSSIA BY TURKEY IN 1878, AND RECENTLY RESTORED TO TURKISH RULE

As to their houses, the furniture was distributed among the officers and soldiers. Pianos, sideboards, and other objects too luxurious for soldiers' houses, were sold by auction, where the best bidders, in many districts, were Jews, who considered the price of fifty piasters (two dollars) too high for a piano, and tried to buy them at ten or fifteen piasters (forty or sixty cents). The houses thus emptied were given over to Turkish immigrants or paupers. The copper kitchen utensils, and, in fact, everything made of copper, were carefully packed and sent by different means to Constantinople, where the Germans were anxiously waiting for them as their share of the plunder.

But to return to our typical deportation. When the miserable people, all terror and tears, were gathered in the streets, each clinging to a pitiful bundle of needed things, the first act of their guards was to select the few able-bodied men and boys old enough to threaten trouble on the march, take them off into the fields, and shoot them. If any escaped this fate at the first stage of the deportation, they met it after a day's march had taken them out of sight of the towns.

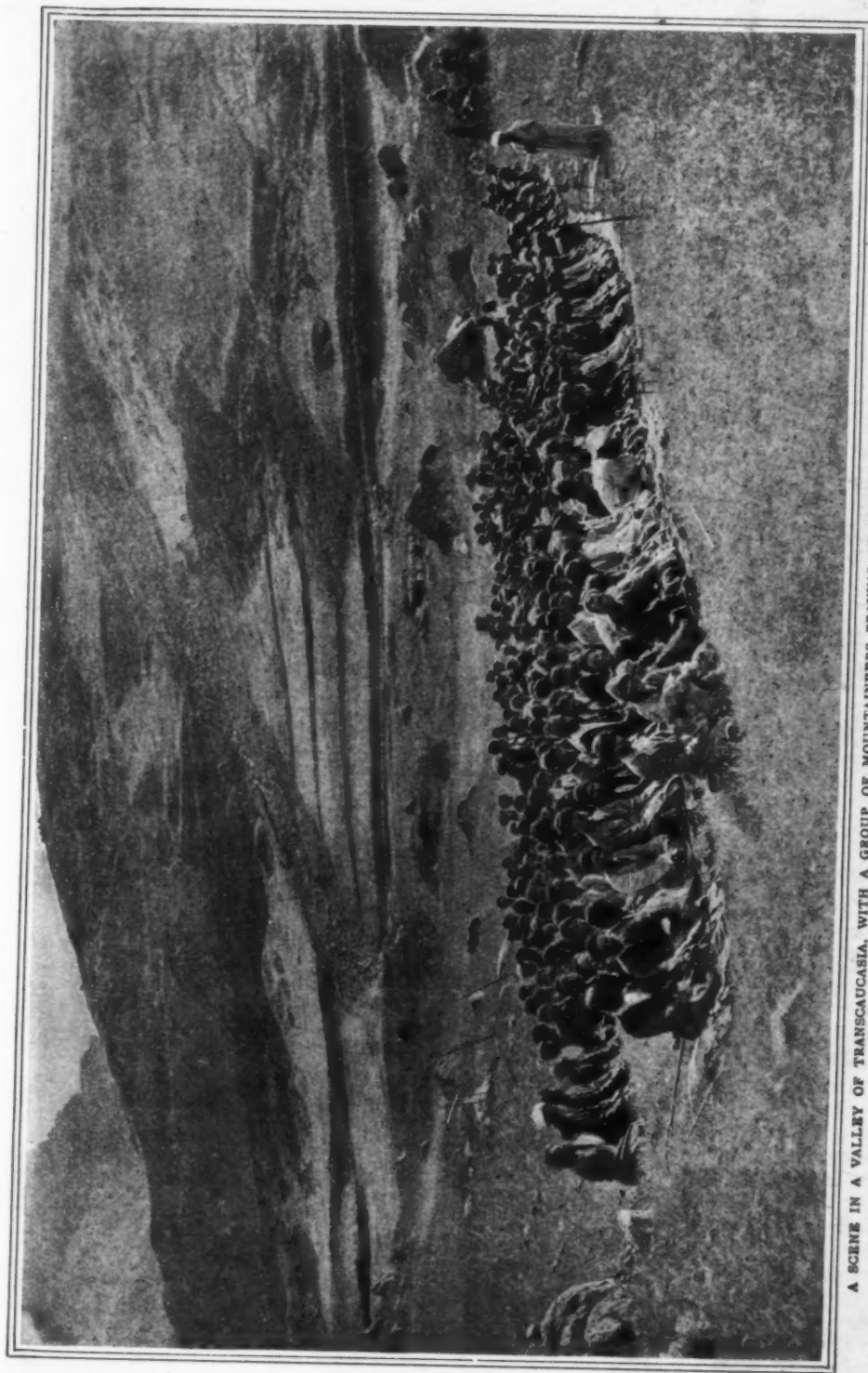
Sometimes, before starting, the prisoners

were offered as slaves to the people of the town—placed, as the Bryce report has it, “at the disposal of the Moslem population. The highest official as well as the simplest peasant chose out the woman or girl who caught his fancy, and took her to wife, converting her by force to Islam.”

Once on the road, the hapless people soon discovered that it was really to death that the road they had to travel led. Here are illustrations, all vouched for by incorporation in the official report:

At the present moment there are at — more than ten thousand deported widows and children. Among the latter one sees no boys above eleven years of age. They had been on the road from three to five months; they have been plundered several times over, and have marched along naked and starving; the government gave them on one single occasion a morsel of bread—a few have had it twice. It is said that the number of these deported widows will reach sixty thousand; they are so exhausted that they cannot stand upright; the majority have great sores on their feet, through having had to march barefoot.

An inquiry has proved that out of a thousand who started scarcely four hundred reached —. Out of the six hundred to be accounted for, three



A SCENE IN A VALLEY OF TRANSCAUCASIA, WITH A GROUP OF MOUNTAINEERS PRAYING AT SUNSET—THESE ARE NOT ARMENIANS, BUT THEIR ENEMIES, THE MOHAMMEDAN TATARS OF THE CAUCASUS

hundred and eighty men and boys above eleven years of age, and eighty-five women, had been massacred or drowned, out of sight of the towns, by the gendarmes who conducted them; one hundred and twenty young women and girls and forty boys had been carried off, with the result that one does not see a single pretty face among the survivors.

Out of these survivors sixty per cent are sick;

age, they were made the prey of soldiers, bandits, peasants—all who chose to take them. Death, to them, was merciful.

As the real significance of the deportations came to be understood, the Armenians in the more populous places began to offer resistance. They secured arms in



A GEORGIAN SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK IN A VALLEY OF THE CAUCASUS MOUNTAINS

they are to be sent in the immediate future to —, where certain death awaits them. One cannot describe the ferocious treatment to which they have been exposed. They had been on the road from three to five months; they had been plundered two, three, five, seven times; so far from being given anything to eat, they had even been prevented from drinking while passing a stream. Three-quarters of the young women had been abducted; the remainder . . . Thousands died under these outrages, and the survivors have stories to tell of refinements of outrage so disgusting that they pollute one's ears.

Two features of the Turkish treatment of the Armenians cannot be faithfully described in any magazine of general circulation. The details of the treatment of the women and of the torture of thousands of prisoners of both sexes must be left to works like the Bryce report or to scientific treatises on the phenomena of degeneracy. The variety and the fiendishness of the tortures inflicted on the unhappy Armenians seem as if they would have tested the genius of the very devils from hell.

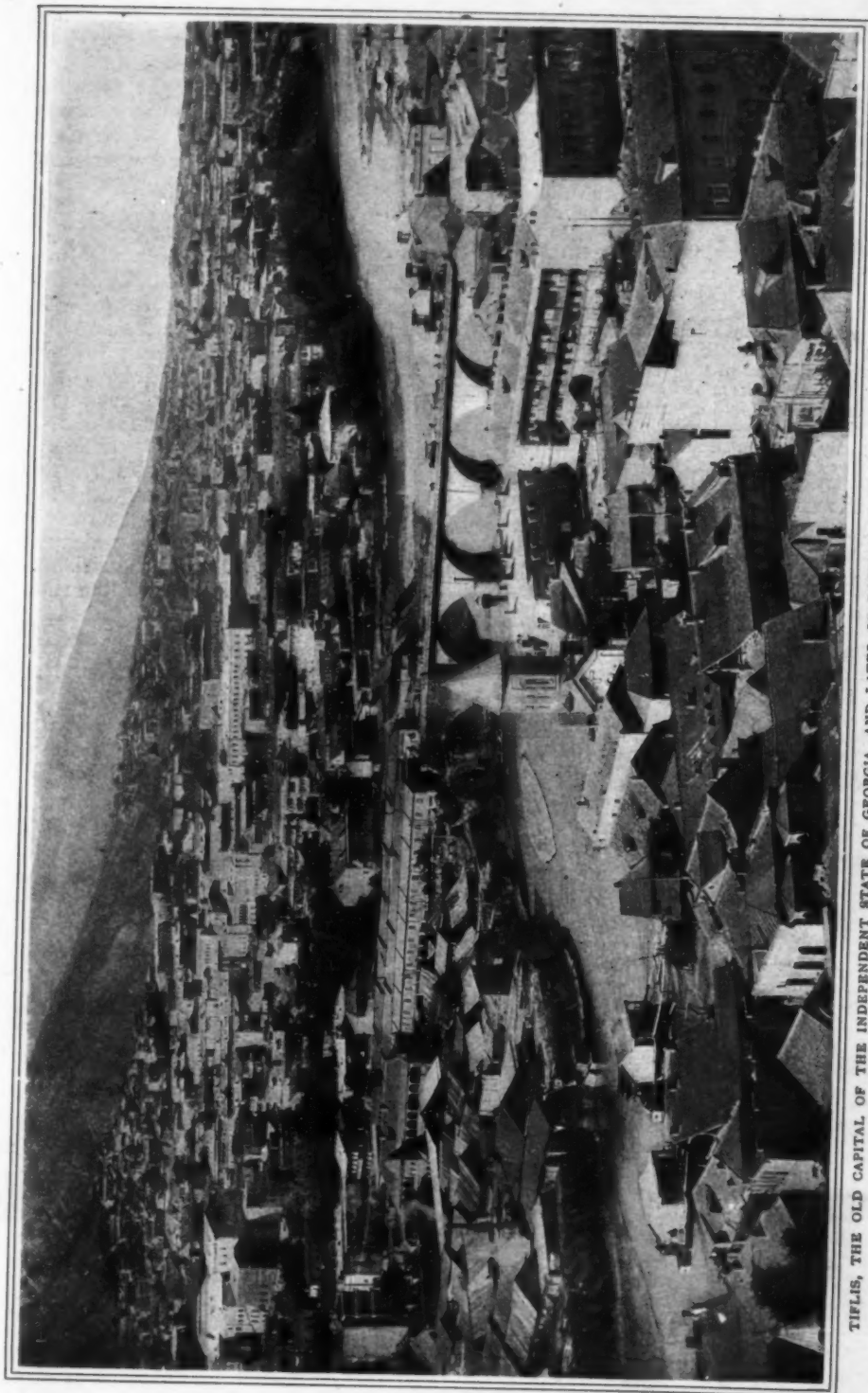
As for the women, even girls of tender

all imaginable ways, even buying rifles from the Turkish soldiery against whom they expected to use them. As a result, there followed in many of the towns pitched battles, in which the Armenians were occasionally able to worst their oppressors.

THE TRAGEDY OF ANTOK

Sassoun, a province in the Lake Van district, witnessed many desperate struggles. Of one of these an eye-witness writes:

The Armenians were compelled to abandon the outlying lines of their defense, and were retreating day by day into the heights of Antok, the central block of the mountains, some ten thousand feet high. Then non-combatant women and children, and their large flocks of cattle greatly hampered the free movements of the defenders, whose numbers had been reduced from three thousand to about half that figure. Terrible confusion prevailed during the Turkish attacks, as well as the Armenian counter-attacks. Many of the Armenians smashed their rifles after firing their last cartridge, and grasped their revolvers and daggers. The Turkish regulars and Kurds, amounting now to something like thirty thousand altogether, pushed higher and higher up the heights, and



TIFLIS, THE OLD CAPITAL OF THE INDEPENDENT STATE OF GEORGIA, AND LATER OF RUSSIAN TRANSCAUCASIA — THIS VIEW SHOWS THE RIVER KUR AND THE NIKOLAEVSKI BRIDGE

surrounded the main Armenian position at close quarters.

Then followed one of those desperate and heroic struggles for life which have always been the pride of mountaineers. Men, women, and children fought with knives, scythes, stones, and anything else they could handle. They rolled blocks of stone down the steep slopes, killing many of the enemy. In the frightful hand-to-hand combat, women were seen thrusting their knives into the throats of Turks, thus accounting for many of them.

On the 5th of August, the last day of the fighting, the blood-stained rocks of Antok were captured by the Turks. The Armenian warriors of Sassoun, except those who had worked around to the rear of the Turks to attack them on their flanks, had died in battle. Several young women, who were in danger of falling into Turkish hands, threw themselves from the rocks, some of them with their infants in their arms. The survivors have since been carrying on a guerrilla warfare, living only on unsalted mutton and grass.

But enough! Surely the murderous and barbaric nature of the Turkish attack upon the Armenian people has been sufficiently indicated. Missionaries and the agents for Armenian relief in this country are disinclined to ascribe its savagery to the individual Turk. It is a fact, not widely known, that most of the fighting men who have campaigned against the Turk esteem him a chivalrous and honorable foe. The

Germans, in their retreats in France and Belgium, poisoned wells and wantonly destroyed and defiled every house or farm; but the Turk, retiring before the British in Palestine and Mesopotamia, scrupulously protected private property, and even left placards indicating where pure water could be found. Armenian atrocities were ordered by high government officials directly under German influence.

With the advance of the Russians into Armenia and the entrance of the British upon Mesopotamia and Palestine, the bloody work of the Turks in the occupied sections was ended. Moreover, after the early part of 1917, it languished because of the sharper pressure of the European armies upon Turkish territories and forces. Sporadically, however, it has continued, though largely a matter of raids by such tribes as the Kurds and Tatars. The latter are even now threatening murderous assaults in the Russian Caucasus, which the Bolsheviks have supinely surrendered. Returning missionaries declare that the rifles used in the bloody work are furnished by Germany.

A recent statement in the *Christian Science Monitor*, made by Dr. W. F. McCul-



AN OIL FIRE AT BAKU—BAKU, THE CENTER OF THE RUSSIAN OIL-FIELD ON THE CASPIAN, THOUGH NOT CEDED TO TURKEY BY THE TREATY OF BREST-LITOVSK, WAS SEIZED BY THE TURKS IN SEPTEMBER LAST



OIL-WELLS NEAR BAKU—IN 1913 THE TOTAL PRODUCTION OF THE BAKU OIL-FIELD WAS ABOUT SIXTY MILLION BARRELS

lum, for twenty-five years a resident of Constantinople, and a member of the American Board of Foreign Missions, merits new emphasis.

"I had a hope," says Dr. McCullum, speaking of the massacres, "that Germany would stop this; but as time went on I found that massacres were formulated in Germany. The whole thing could have been stopped by a word from the Kaiser, or by a word from the German ambassador at Constantinople, and the moral guilt of this bloodshed lies wholly at the door of Germany."

A PEOPLE PERISHING OF HUNGER

Hunger and utter destitution are now doing the Turk's work for him. In the desperate struggle of years for self-defense, the Armenian in Ottoman territory has had little time to make due provision for food and clothing. Yesterday the nation was being put to the sword; to-day it is fainting from hunger.

In the busy offices of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, in the tall tower of the building overlooking Madison Square, New York, I sat one day and read scores of cablegrams, coming through the State Department, and telling of the present condition of these unhappy

people. Here are a few specimens rigidly condensed:

CAIRO—Refugees from desolated villages evacuated by the Turks drifting southward. Poorest people reduced to eating orange-peels and garbage. Six soup-kitchens feeding eight thousand destitute.

TEHERAN—Forty thousand destitute people eating dead animals. Women abandoning their infants. Scores dying of hunger at Hamadan.

TIFLIS—Condition of refugees critical. Starvation has begun. Committee besieged by delegations of starving people, often numbering hundreds, coming long distances begging for bread.

Such is the state of Armenia to-day. To the torch and the sword have succeeded hunger and cold. With the ever-present terror of the recurrence of the massacres, the people face immediate starvation.

The story arouses our wrath against the unspeakable Turk and his ally and instigator to crime, Germany. The demand rises that we should declare war upon the former, even as we have upon the latter. Unfortunately, if that course be followed, all our missionaries and agents for relief must be withdrawn, and the last state of Armenia will be worse than the first.

Of all the tragedies of the ages, none is more black with human guilt, or more pitiful in its measure of human agony, than this of Armenia.

On Secret Service in Turkey

A BEHIND-THE-SCENES CHAPTER OF THE STORY OF THE GREAT WAR

By Valeda Johnson

IT was early spring in Constantinople, and the office seemed uncomfortably warm as I waited anxiously for the American doctor to go on. He sat on the edge of his desk, smoking meditatively and looking down at the convalescent soldiers in the courtyard of the big hospital. It had been a barracks before the flood of wounded poured into the city from Gallipoli.

"I'd give a month's pay to be in the United States again!" he said suddenly.

This was not what I wanted, and I tried to draw him back.

"Enough of adventure already? The United States will seem rather tame after this Turkish expedition to Suez that you were talking about."

"I'd like something tame by way of contrast," he sighed; "but I was lucky enough to get the trip. When I volunteered my aid, it was a big surprise to have it accepted, though of course they didn't let me go as far as the canal. What I told you about that was only hearsay. They treated me like a guest, although I was officially enrolled as a physician under their Red Crescent."

"Americans are deucedly popular here, for some reason," I commented rather tactlessly.

The doctor laughed.

"Why, man, do you know whom my tent was made for? The Kaiser! Yes, sir. Cook's people got it up for him when he made his Holy Land trip seven years ago. Special design—servants' tent to match—all the comforts of home. It was gorgeous, I assure you; but the rest of the caravan didn't line up with it."

He got up and walked to the window, where he stood watching a group of bandaged soldiers feeding bits of lunch to a

thin puppy and smiling like a lot of happy children. Presently he turned and faced me half angrily.

"Turks are full of the strangest inconsistencies!" he said. "Look at those men out there, and then let me tell you how they treated their camels on that raid. They used several hundred of them for their supply-train, of course, and the beasts were so loaded with ammunition and supplies of all sorts that they could not carry enough food for themselves. The caravan arrived at the canal with provisions pretty low, and those brutes ordered the camels and their drivers to start for home across the desert with barely enough food for the men and only two days' supply of barley for the beasts. It was a pitiful sight to see the camels stagger as they walked, their haughty stride all gone. The drivers did all they could to help, but they dared not give up their own rations, the margin of safety was too narrow. When a camel would totter, sink to his knees, and finally fall over on his side with an almost human groan, a bearded old Turk would be crying like a baby beside him. More than one hundred and thirty animals starved to death there in the desert. I know, for I saw them. I had been left at El Arish to start a hospital, with orders to go on farther and establish another one; and I met the caravan returning. But I am talking too much—I must get to work. I wonder how many thousand wounds I have dressed these last few weeks!"

I rose as he started for the door.

"All this must go no farther, please," he said, looking back.

"Of course," I replied non-committally, but I thought he looked a trifle worried.

Three days later I was drinking coffee

EDITORIAL NOTE—Although this narrative is cast in fictional form, the author—who naturally prefers to use a pen-name—assures us that it is substantially true.

in one of the little Stamboul coffee-houses near the Golden Horn, hoping to pick up bits of news from my neighbors. A curious lot they were—mostly Greeks and Armenians, with a smattering of Turkish soldiers—a swarthy crowd, and not overclean. To all appearances I was one of them, for an Englishman was not popular just then.

As I was noisily sipping my coffee—which is quite proper in Turkey—three Egyptian officers took a table which was near mine, but somewhat isolated from the rest. They were talking so earnestly, and

in such low tones, that I did my best to hear; but I caught only an occasional phrase.

"Will they try again?"

"But the British have strengthened—"

"Djemal is very ambitious—"

"Hush, no names!"

"This is the best season—"

"With a smoke barrage—"

"It would mean—"

That was all, but surely it meant another attempt to attack the Suez Canal!

Within an hour I was at my desk, busily



BANDAGED SOLDIERS FEEDING BITS OF LUNCH TO A THIN PUPPY

writing my weekly report, which the home office would probably never see. It cleared my brain to write it, however, and to decide what was of most importance to be sent to England by my trunk method, of which I will say more later. Here is the report:

March 15, 1915.

From M—

Source—1, observer; 2, café talk.

Reliability—C.

Verified—No.

1—The following particulars in regard to the Turkish attempt to capture the Suez Canal were obtained from an American who was with the expedition. About twenty thousand men made the attack. They took the caravan route, carrying a limited amount of supplies by camel, and counted on surprise as their chief asset. After the failure of the attempt, many of the camels perished in recrossing the desert. It is reported that after starting back the Turks buried their guns in the sand rather than let them fall into the hands of the English.

2—I have reason to believe that another attempt is about to be made. I have no certain knowledge of this; but I would urgently recommend that we incur no risk, and strengthen our forces and defenses at the canal with troops, artillery, and airplanes. The Turks may use a barrage of smoke shells to cover their crossing. This must be provided against.

My report completed, I made a tour of my several rooms to ascertain the whereabouts of the old Armenian woman who

was my cook, housekeeper, and chambermaid in one. She and I lived near the great Stamboul Bazaars, in an unpainted wooden shack, with a roof that leaked, and a white Russian stove. To all outward appearances I was a Greek employed by the telephone company—formerly a British concern—as a repairer and general utility man. This calling made it remarkably easy to enter whatever house I wished, if only to bring a new directory or to set forth the charms of a telephone to those who had none. It was still a novelty in Constantinople, and was regarded with distrust by many Turks.

Mine was not a difficult part to play. Although my father was English, and I was born and bred in England, my mother was an Athenian Greek, and one language was as easy to me as the other.

But to go back to the cook—or rather to my search for her, as she was nowhere to be seen. This was not unusual, as she had a passion for bargaining at the bazaars, where she would try to beat down the price of some rare Bokhara rug or jeweled dagger that she could never hope to buy. I had profited by watching her more than once.

Having satisfied myself that no one was about, I took a battered paper-covered



THEY WERE TALKING SO EARNESTLY, AND IN SUCH LOW TONES, THAT I DID MY BEST TO HEAR



THEY TOOK THE CARAVAN ROUTE, CARRYING A LIMITED AMOUNT OF SUPPLIES BY CAMEL.

book from the back of a closet near my desk, and studied it intently. It was a Berlin hotel guide of some antiquity and quite harmless-looking. Taking a strong magnifying-glass from the table, I could distinguish phrases pricked into the paper with a needle after every hotel name. All the sentences had a military cast, and it did not take me long to find what I wanted. Three hotels would do, and the message they gave was this—First, "Raid on canal a failure"; second, "Another raid expected"; third, "Strongly increase forces as soon as possible."

This arranged, I sorted over a pile of dingy-looking labels that were stowed away in a small trunk under my bed, and took from them the three I wanted, which I carefully put into my pocket. I knew that the next morning the Balkan train was going out, by which the Swedish courier made his weekly trip home.

Bright and early next day, therefore, I was at the station, collecting the money from the telephone pay-station—one of my many tasks. The crowd was gathering at the train, and I soon had a chance to stick my three labels on the small trunk that I recognized as the one the courier always carried with him. Food was getting scarce in Constantinople, and this particular Swede never failed to take a trunk away empty and bring it back heavy with sugar

or coffee. It had not taken me long to find this out when communications were first cut.

My part of the work was done now, and it was only necessary for a man in Stockholm to meet the train, catch a glimpse of the labels, and forward my message to England. Naturally this could not be done every week, as the labels would attract too much notice; but it was not my only method.

The next week, and for several subsequent weeks, I heard nothing further of the raid on the Suez Canal, and began to think that it had been given up—if, indeed, it had ever been planned. My usual sources of information seemed to have been tapped dry, and the only circumstance that could possibly be considered suspicious was that my good friend Achmet Effendi, the Khedive's aid, and a fine, upstanding Egyptian officer, had suddenly disappeared.

Achmet and I might almost be called chums. We saw each other constantly, and he was in the habit of telling me his plans to a far greater extent than would have been good for his health if the Khedive had known of it. He had been educated in English schools in Cairo, and had a thorough respect and liking for the English. He was proud of the modern life that had come to Cairo and Alexandria under their influence.

"Why," he would say in his careful English, his black eyes shining, "the theaters, and the way the streets are lighted at night, and the cafés—it is almost like the Paris! I wish you to see it all!"

Now his disappearance interested me, for I knew a thing or two about his chief. Abbas Hilmi, Khedive of Egypt, deposed by the English for good and sufficient reason, had not always walked the straight and narrow path. The wily Egyptian prince had succeeded in getting possession of some valuable land belonging to the Turkish grand vizier, and in turning it to his own use. For this reason the grand vizier did not love him, although outward relations were still good.

I knew, of course, that Abbas Hilmi had no love for the English, and that he was hand in glove with Talaat Bey, minister of the interior, and a power behind the throne in Turkey. The Khedive was now in Constantinople, having sailed thither

across the Mediterranean in his beautiful yacht *Mahroussa*, with its crystal stairway and silken boudoirs. This was before the Turks entered the war, and he was still there. Was he plotting wickedness with Talaat and Enver? Or, perhaps, were they holding him virtually as a prisoner? Where was his absent officer?

It looked as if these questions were to remain unanswered. I poked about, intent on other matters for almost a month, while peace reigned over the canal.

Then I saw Achmet. We came on each other unexpectedly in the foyer of the Pera Palace, a big, modern hotel in the European quarter. He looked thin and tired, and had the air of not being quite certain whether he was glad to see me or not.

Our greetings over, I could not resist asking some questions.

"Where have you been, man? What has been going on? You look as if you had been in Gehenna!"

He glanced at me half angrily.

"What a place to ask questions!" was his answer. "Come along out."

Together we pushed into the street. I waited for him to begin.

"The truth of it is," he blurted out, "that I am full of a wonderful time. I've only been in the town three days, and I knew that if I saw you I should tell you all about it, and that it would be dangerous for me to do so.

But it's far too good to

keep to myself. I must tell some one, or it will kill me!"

"Look here," I said seriously, "tell me or don't tell me, but take my word for it that you will never be in danger because of me. We've been too good friends for that."

"I know it, my brother. Forgive me! If you will give me your English word of honor that not one word of this shall go any further until you have left this country forever, I'll tell you the tale. It won't help your government to know it now, and it would be bad for me."

He looked at me shrewdly. I always



I SOON HAD A CHANCE TO STICK MY THREE LABELS
ON THE SMALL TRUNK

suspected that he knew my calling, and had really worked with me; but for safety's sake we never spoke of it.

I gave him my word, and we made an engagement for the evening in my quarters. Here is Achmet's story—which now sees the light for the first time:

"Three weeks ago His Highness the Khedive sent for me to attend him at Chiboukli Palace. You know the place—it is near the Black Sea. The great iron gate on the Bosphorus was unlocked for me to enter, and I went through the old garden to the big yellow palace, and up the great stairway to a small study that I had never seen before. I found him there—my chief—looking excited and happy. He told me that I was to be at the head of a caravan that would start at once for El Arish, on the Egyptian frontier. Eight officers and thirty men would be under me, and there would be many camels, for there was much to carry. On my way I was to stop at Damascus and several other places, and at each point I was to have all things prepared for his highness, who was to follow me. No one was to know who the great man would be for whom so much of comfort and good food was made ready. At El Arish I was to await further orders. After telling me all the details, he leaned down, drew a big leather bag from beneath his desk, and handed it solemnly to me.

"'Achmet Effendi,' he said, 'as you value your life and the lives of your children that are to be, you are never to let this bag pass out of your keeping, and no man is to open it. I trust you. Do not fail me!'

"I salaamed to the floor, promised to fulfil all his orders, and backed out from his presence with the precious bag under my arm. My own plans were soon made, and I found the caravan waiting for me at the appointed place. You can know that I was curious about it all. Well, we set out and prepared the Khedive's way, as ordered. We traveled by night, for it was cooler, and the stars were very bright."

Achmet half closed his eyes.

"Have you ever seen camels at night, when they plod and plod, single file, those queer, dark shapes against the stars? They are so patient and so slow and so proud. I think they are the spirit of the East."

I saw that he was going off on one of his flights of fancy, and promptly brought him back.

"Yes, but about your trip?"

"Oh, yes!" he answered, his eyes opening very wide again. "The trip! Well, we rested in the day, made much talk at the inns about the great person who was to come soon, and felt most important. At last we came to El Arish, having had no adventures. Then we waited. It was hot as the sands of Gehenna, and the bag was heavy on my mind. It was hard to carry, and I could not leave it. Many days passed and no word came; but finally Djemal arrived. You know he is in charge of the troops in Palestine—such a good place for the minister of marine!"

"I know," I said impatiently.

"He asked what we were doing there," continued Achmet, "and he laughed greatly. He told me that the plan was much foolishness, and that I was wasting my time. I did not know how much he knew, but I talked it over with Hussein, my lieutenant, and we sent a telegram to the Khedive, asking instructions. Word came back 'Wait,' so we waited. Then Djemal came again and scoffed at us, and we wired his highness again, and the answer came—'Three of you come back for further instructions.' Then Hussein and I had more talk. It was in my tent, and always he was looking at the bag that I kept by me. He began talking about the bag, and said that it might have the secret that would tell us what would be best to do, for we did not like to leave our men there. I told him that I could not open it if I would, for it was locked. He looked all around outside the tent, knelt down by the bag, and from under his coat he took a leather case. From that he took a key, and he opened the bag, while I sat there with my mouth open.

"'Where did you get it?' I said.

"'Where you got the bag,' he answered. 'His highness told me nothing of the bag, only that the key must be cherished. How great is his trust!'

"He thrust his hands in and brought out papers—many papers. We read one, and then another, and another. They were all alike."

Achmet paused.

"Well?" I said.

"Aha, I tell you what they say later," he answered with a sudden flash of white teeth. "Now I go on with my story. We put back the papers, locked the bag, and decided to obey our orders. So we set out

on our long, hot journey back to Constantinople. One of the other officers, who returned with us, as the Khedive had ordered, swore and asked what it was all about. I shrugged my shoulders, and could tell him nothing. As soon as we came to the city I went to the palace and at once they took me to the Khedive. He looked different, no longer happy, but tired and angry — yes, angry. I reported everything to him—all but one thing—and he said:

"You will not go back. Order your men to return, and now give me the bag. Has it never left you?"

"Never, highness," I said.

"And never been opened?"

"Never, highness," I said again.

"That is well. You may go."

"So I left him.

The guards told me, after, that as soon as I left, he emptied many papers from the bag and burned them all with his own hand."

Achmet paused again and looked sadly at the empty wine-glass in his hand.

"And the papers?" I reminded him, filling his glass.

"Ah, yes, the papers! This is what they said." He tilted back his head and droned in a singsong voice:

"Oh, my people, I am coming to deliver you from your oppressors. The English shall rob you no longer. I, the Khedive of Egypt, shall be your deliverer. Rise, oh, my people, and pursue the enemy from your gates, and I, the avenger of your wrongs, will be your strength. Fear not, but be strong."

Achmet brought his head down with a jerk.

"You see?" he said. "The Khedive



"I KNOW SHOGRAN, THE KHEDIVÉ'S FAVORITE"

must have been promised much help to go and take the canal with the troops that were under Djemal in Palestine. And why did it come to nothing? It was never meant to come to anything. To-day I saw a private letter of the grand vizier. It said that at last he had got his revenge on Abbas Hilmi, and his heart was satisfied."

"How did you get hold of a private letter from the grand vizier?" I asked skeptically.

Achmet grinned.

"You are not the only man with secrets, my friend. I, too, have brains; besides, I know Shogran, the Khedive's favorite — and her eyes are very black!" he added irrelevantly.

"Do you mean that this pretended expedition into Egypt was all a trick, and that the grand vizier

did it just to get a little satisfaction for his stolen land?" I asked, going back to the story.

"That, mainly, but also in hopes that the Khedive's plans would reach the ears of the English and make them keep a large force at the canal, so as to weaken their campaign in Mesopotamia."

I thought of my last report home, and grinned sheepishly. The joke was on me. Of course, I had played straight into Turkish hands.

"I see!" I said.

We were both silent for a few minutes. Then Achmet leaned over for my decanter, filled his glass, glanced quickly about him, and held it high.

"To the brave English," he said softly, "and their canal. May they have good hunting!"

Food-Control After the War

GOVERNMENTAL SUPERVISION HAS DRIVEN OUT THE FOOD-GAMBLER AND THE PROFITEER DURING THE WAR—SHALL WE ALLOW THEM TO RETURN WHEN PEACE COMES?

By Sheldon S. Cline

WHEN Congress enacted the law under which President Wilson created the United States Food Administration, there apparently was no appreciation among those in authority at Washington that the foundation had been laid for an economic revolution. It was regarded as an emergency measure, pure and simple, and it was so stated in the enacting clause.

As further proof that the lawmakers did not aim beyond meeting the requirements of war, they wrote into the bill a stipulation "that the provisions of this act shall cease to be in effect when the existing state of war between the United States and Germany shall have terminated, and the fact and date of such termination shall be ascertained and proclaimed by the President."

To-day, no one in authority at Washington believes that food-control will end with the war. No one believes that the American people would consent that it should end. Never again will the food-gambler and the profiteer have the fat pickings of past decades. They have passed, or are passing, and in their wake will go wasteful distribution and other ills that have made for hunger in a land of plenty.

One of the greatest publicity campaigns in history has thrown light into places that had persistently remained dark, despite the more or less determined efforts of United State district attorneys and State and municipal prosecutors. The things that light has exposed to view have not been pleasant to look upon—but light itself is one of the greatest of purifiers.

The American people have known for a long time that something was radically wrong with the food problem—the most vital of all problems to mankind. They

had a pretty well-defined idea that at some point between the producer and the consumer some one was pocketing profits not earned through service rendered, but they never were able to catch and expose the guilty one with the goods on his person. There was no public agency which had authority to start at the beginning and follow through to the finish.

There will have to be further legislation if the Food Administration is to be an effective peace-time agency. The patriotism of the American people, and their determination to do whatever is necessary to the winning of the war, have been powerful weapons in the hands of Mr. Hoover, and he has used an aroused public sentiment to scourge the food-gouger and the food-hoarder. The man who administers food after the war will lack this weapon, or will have it only in diminished weight. The public will have to be educated to a point where it will demand on economic grounds the things on which it now insists as a matter of patriotism.

Congress may be reluctant to tackle the peace-time food problem; but when the people know what they want, and make their wants known, Congress will respond.

Mr. Hoover and his associates—all those in the higher places being volunteer workers, as Mr. Hoover himself is—insist that the job they have in hand at present is to see to it that our fighting men and our Allies are fed, and that even war-time benefits to the American people must be only incidental; but there isn't one of them who isn't inspired by the belief that he is helping to do a work the benefits of which will be permanent.

It would not be truthful to say that the food question is going to be more vital to

the American people after the war than it is to-day, for nothing else is so vital as the winning of the war; but it is within the truth to say that with the coming of peace the food question is going to be more vital than it ever was before we went to war with Germany.

The very industrial life of the nation is going to be staked upon our food-supply and its cheapness. War-time food-control concerns itself only secondarily with lowering the prices of food to the American consumer. After-the-war food-control will make the cheapening of food its first consideration.

FACTS THAT MUST BE FACED

It has come to be a generally accepted belief that the end of the war will mark the beginning of the greatest struggle for commercial supremacy the world ever has known. Allies in battle to-day are likely to be foes in trade to-morrow. As in battle, so in trade, the nation that is fittest will survive.

In many ways the nations of Europe are more fit to-day than we are. They are trained down. We grew fat on war profits for two years before entering the conflict ourselves. Wages went up to levels undreamed of in times of peace, and the price of foodstuffs ran almost neck and neck with wages; but even this left a great body of working people with more money to spend than they ever had had before.

England, from the very beginning of the war, has sought to prevent artificial inflation of wages, going to the extent of subsidizing foodstuffs. She has not been able wholly to prevent paying higher wages, but the increase has been in no wise comparable to that in the United States.

If the wage-scales in England and America remain relatively the same after the war as they are to-day, we shall be as unprepared to meet England in the struggle for trade as the Allies were unprepared to meet Germany in the struggle to preserve democracy. If England can produce a given article by paying out three dollars in gold as wages, while it requires the payment of five dollars in gold as wages to produce the same article in the United States, England is going to undersell us on that article in all the markets of the world.

It used to be one of our stock boasts that we could afford to pay higher wages in America, because of our greater industrial

efficiency. That boast would be silly to-day. England has undergone an industrial rejuvenation, and if there is any margin to-day in industrial efficiency many authorities hold that it is in England's favor.

That may not be a popular view to express, but the American people are having to face a lot of unpleasant facts, and they might as well face this one. It is to be feared that the productiveness of the American workman has not kept pace with his ascending wage-scale. On the contrary, with things coming so easy for him, he has shown a disposition to let down.

He is due for an awful jolt when the war ends. There will be no fat munitions contracts, figured not upon costs but upon the necessities of the warring nations. There will be no army cantonments to build, with carpenters drawing eight or ten dollars a day from generous contractors whose profits were a percentage on costs. Government buying of enormous quantities of goods in the open market, with quick delivery a greater consideration than price, will come to an end. Business will have to get back from an artificial to a normal basis, and business cannot be done on a normal basis with wages artificially high.

But wages cannot be brought back to normal with foodstuffs artificially high. Some price-reductions will come naturally when the war ends; but, left to themselves, they will not be sufficient, nor will they come in time, to meet the necessities of the industrial situation.

If the present provision of law that food-control shall end with the war should be allowed to stand, the country would face the almost certain prospect of the greatest industrial disorder in its history. The food-gamblers and profiteers would be back on the job at once, hungry and avaricious after their enforced abstinence. Employers, forced to meet changed conditions coming with peace, would be confronted with the alternative of reducing wages or closing their factories. Facing the prospect of dearer instead of cheaper food, labor would fight such wage-reductions with a bitterness which can only be imagined. Uncle Sam has taken the food-control bear by the tail, and he simply can't let go.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST PROFITEERING

After-the-war food-control will be along different lines, necessarily, from war-time control; but some of the things being done

now are so manifestly to the public advantage that they are likely to be incorporated in any permanent scheme. Among the most valuable of these are some of the rules and regulations prescribed for businesses placed under Federal license.

For example, special rule No. 5 for commission merchants and brokers in sugar provides that "no licensee shall charge a commission or brokerage on any sugar on which one commission or brokerage has already been charged."

Brokers are allowed to split one commission among themselves, but are not allowed to split with either buyer or seller. The rule is a good one for sugar, and would be equally good for any other commodity. One of the greatest evils of our distribution system has been the frequency of sales and resales which contribute nothing at all to the progress of commodities from the producer to the consumer.

Another rule which is made to apply to nearly all articles under license is that "no licensee shall sell food commodities at more than a reasonable advance over the actual or purchase price of the particular goods sold, without regard to the market or replacement value at the time of such sale." That rule puts the profiteers out of business, and is as great a preventer of hoarding as could well be devised.

Hoarding is also discouraged by strict rules governing the periods and conditions of storage, and by the general rule which forbids the licensee to "buy, contract for, sell, store, or otherwise handle or deal in any food commodities for the purpose of unreasonably increasing the price or restricting the supply of such commodities, or of monopolizing or attempting to monopolize, locally or generally, any such commodity."

Only on a few commodities—notably sugar and flour—has it been attempted to fix the profits of licensees, in most cases the "normal" or "ordinary" profit being stipulated as the basis from which shall be determined the reasonableness of any future profits. As necessity arises or desirability becomes apparent, however, the fixing of profits is likely to be extended.

Profit-regulation, rather than price-fixing, is expected to be the after-the-war method of keeping prices down. Even to meet the emergency of war, there is very great reluctance on the part of those in authority to fix prices on any commodities. Limiting of profits—more especially the limiting of

margin in selling price over cost price—will work a revolution in the entire scheme of distribution. The less efficient middlemen will be eliminated, and the tendency will be to centralize distribution in the hands of a few strong concerns, to be under strict government supervision.

LARGE SAVINGS TO THE CONSUMER

Though the Food Administration has not aimed at large reductions in prices, because of the necessity of stimulating production, the money it has already saved the American people mounts to dizzy figures. Take the case of flour.

Between April 6, 1917, when war was declared, and May 17, when Herbert Hoover was appointed food administrator, the price of flour and wheat more than doubled, due solely to speculative causes. Flour reached seventeen dollars a barrel. The average price of flour to-day is less than eleven dollars a barrel. The American people average using one hundred and twenty million barrels of flour a year, so the apparent saving is about seven hundred and twenty million dollars a year. This was accomplished by eliminating speculation in wheat and regulating the profits of millers. It is true that we are not now getting cheap flour, but in order to stimulate production the government has fixed an artificially high price for wheat.

Savings to the consumer on sugar cannot be estimated, but no one doubts that without the intervention of the Food Administration prices would have soared. Wholesalers did not profiteer on sugar, for the very good reason that under the licensing system they have to do what the Food Administration says, and the Food Administration said that sugar should not be sold beyond fixed figures. Retailers not under license who tried to take fliers in sugar found their supplies cut off.

When the Food Administration began operations, in May of last year, it found that retail prices were about fifty per cent higher than they were in the summer of 1914, when the European war began. To-day they are about forty per cent higher. A reduction of ten per cent may not seem large; but it is not an unreasonable assumption that had not profiteering been checked, instead of any reduction at all there would have been a marked increase.

Movements of foodstuffs have been directed to points where they were most

needed, reducing very materially the complaint of scarcity, with consequent high prices, in some places, while there was overabundance in others. The provisions of the law against wilful destruction of food-stuffs have been rigidly enforced and have materially helped to keep prices down.

These and other accomplishments of the transportation division have been watched with special interest, because it is recognized that control of transportation will be one of the important functions of after-the-war food-administration. It is a new trail that is being blazed.

After-the-war food-control will have to concern itself with the production of food-stuffs as well as with their transportation and distribution. Beyond the guarantee of a fixed price for wheat, not much has been attempted so far along that line.

The end of the war is likely to find America with a surplus of wheat for which there will be a declining market. The farmer was guaranteed two dollars and twenty cents a bushel for this year's crop, and there probably will be a guarantee for each successive crop so long as the war lasts. It was the hope of the Food Administration that the 1918 crop would amount to a billion bushels, but that hope fell several hundred millions short of realization. If the war continues, every bushel not needed for home consumption will be shipped to Europe. But if the war should come to an end during the next few months, there would probably be a great drop in the price of wheat. It might go to a dollar a bushel, or even less, and Uncle Sam, pledged to buy every bushel produced at a far higher price, would have to pocket an enormous loss. Bread, therefore, is one of the commodities which is pretty sure to cheapen automatically with the coming of peace.

Meat prices, on the other hand, are likely to be even higher after the war than they are to-day. For four years the European countries have been eking out their meat requirements only by making serious encroachment into their herds, and it will be years before their meat-production gets back to a normal basis. Not only will our Allies continue to demand meat from us, but the neutrals and the Central Powers will be in the market for American meat; and all Europe will call on us for breeding stock to help build up depleted herds.

After-the-war food-control, therefore, will require that exports should continue to be

licensed, not only to preserve our herds, but to keep us from sending to our trade rivals foodstuffs needed at home to maintain our industrial efficiency.

A BIG PROGRAM OF FUTURE WORK

In these days, when changes are so frequent and rapid, no one can look very far into the future; but men who are making a study of the question predict that after-the-war food-control will involve many or all of these things:

1—Coordination of efforts to regulate and stimulate production.

2—Prevention of food-gambling and profiteering.

3—Strict control of the storage of food.

4—Full publicity of costs at every stage from producer to consumer.

5—Prevention of hoarding or withholding from market, to include farmers and their associations.

6—Strict supervision over and probable licensing of all food manufacturers and distributors, down to the retailer.

7—Elimination of the inefficient retailer. This involves extension of the chain stores, doing business on a "cash and carry" basis.

8—Centralization and consolidation of distributing agencies, for greater efficiency in operation.

9—Official daily publication of wholesale and retail prices, with privilege to the consumer of buying at wholesale in original packages, or, in the case of bulk goods, in specified quantities.

10—Direction of shipments, with a view to equalizing supply.

11—Authority, probably lodged in the President, to reduce or cancel duties on imported foodstuffs to meet emergencies of scant supply or unusual demand.

12—Government control of agricultural machinery, seeds, fertilizers, and possibly breeding-stock.

13—Utilization of idle land near centers of population, through colonization, liberal loans, and other forms of assistance to those undertaking to cultivate it.

It is a big program, and two years ago the proposer of it would have been classed as a dangerous, wild-eyed visionary. But the world is moving more swiftly than it ever moved before, and the radicals of yesterday have to hump themselves to keep from being classed as the reactionaries of to-day.

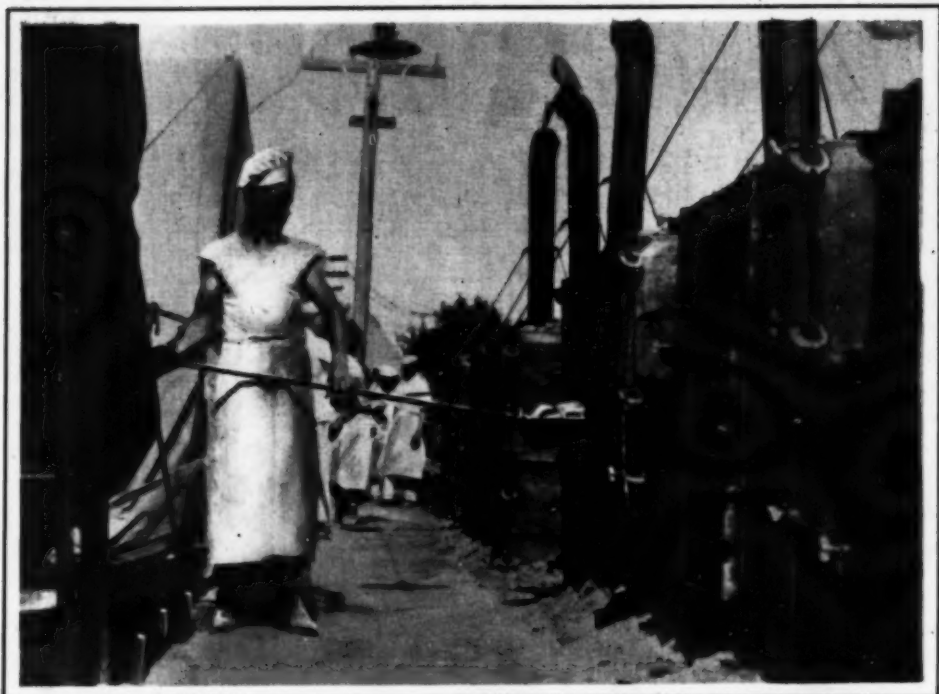
Feeding Our Soldiers

Three Meals a Day for Three Million Men



Cooking under a camouflaged shelter-tent behind the lines in France—The kitchen of Company K, Eighteenth Infantry, United States Army

From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service, New York



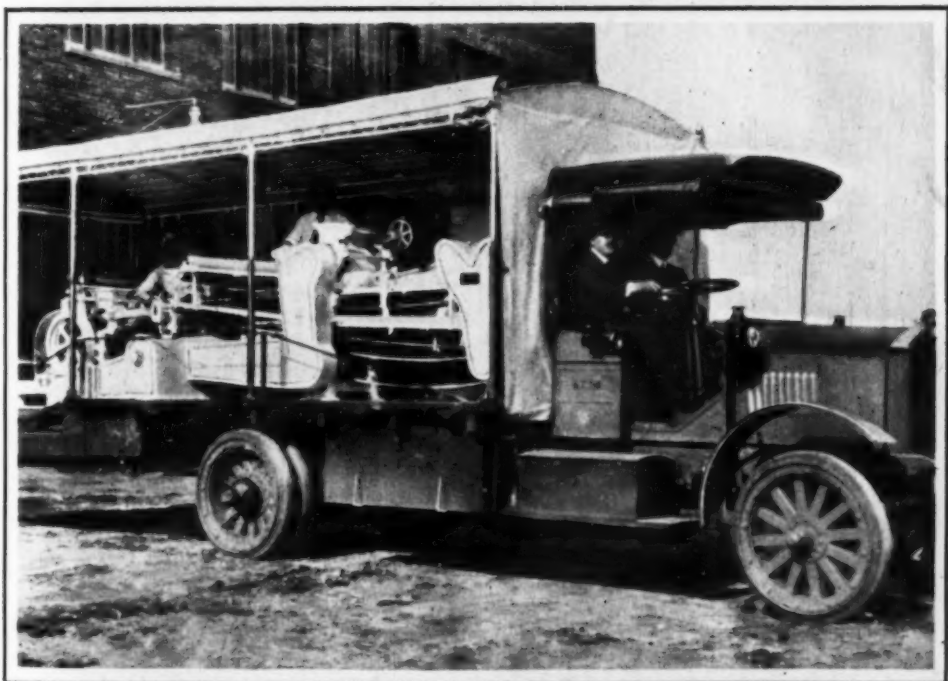
A camp bakery capable of turning out fifty thousand pounds of bread per day



One of the latest types of motor-kitchens, or "chow-wagons," used by the United States Army
From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

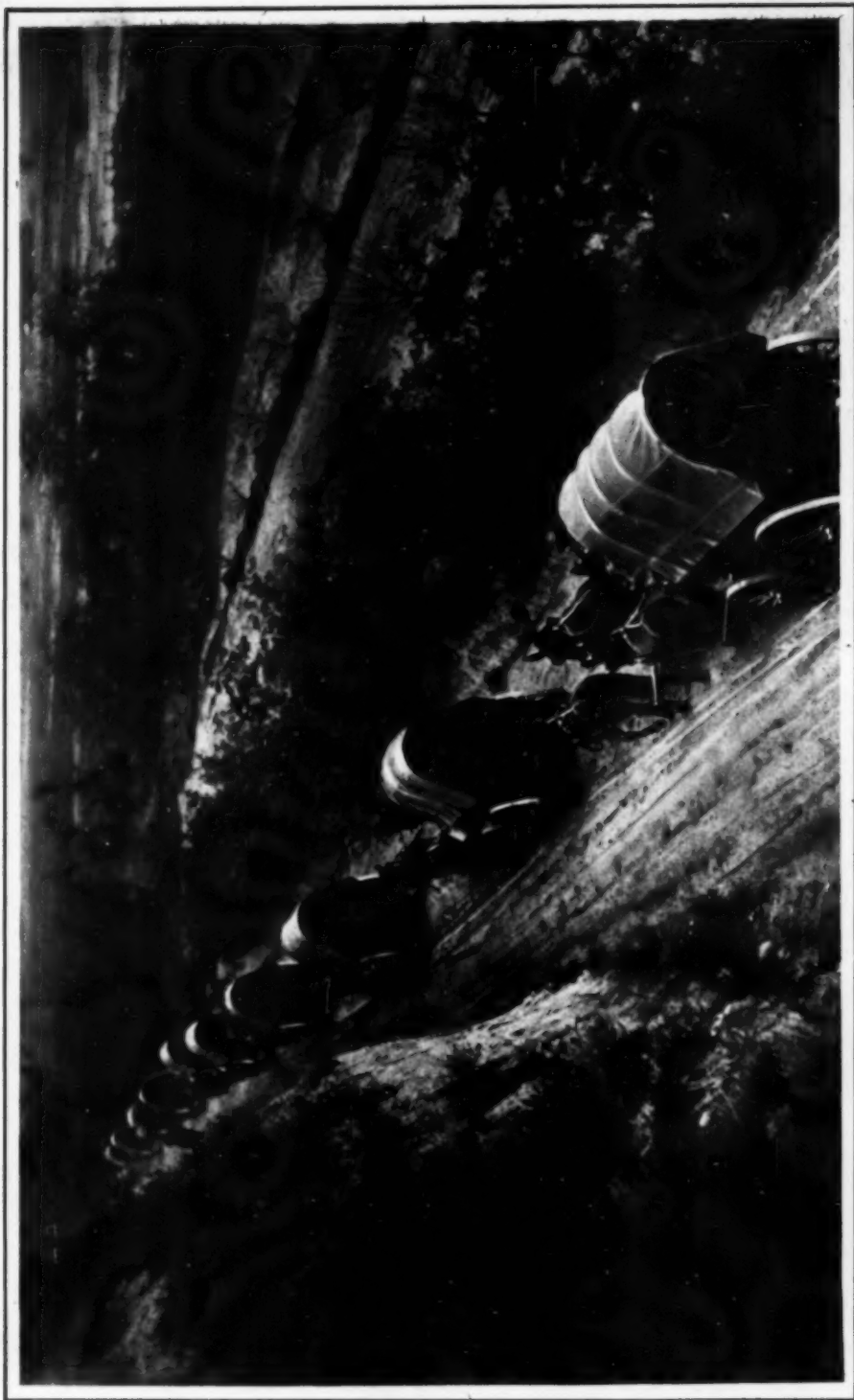


Canning corned-beef hash for the army in one of the great meat-packing plants in Chicago



A portable bread-maker specially designed for army use, and said to be capable of turning out six thousand loaves in an hour

From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



A United States Army supply-train on the move.—In spite of the large use of motor-trucks, it will be seen that horse transport is still in service
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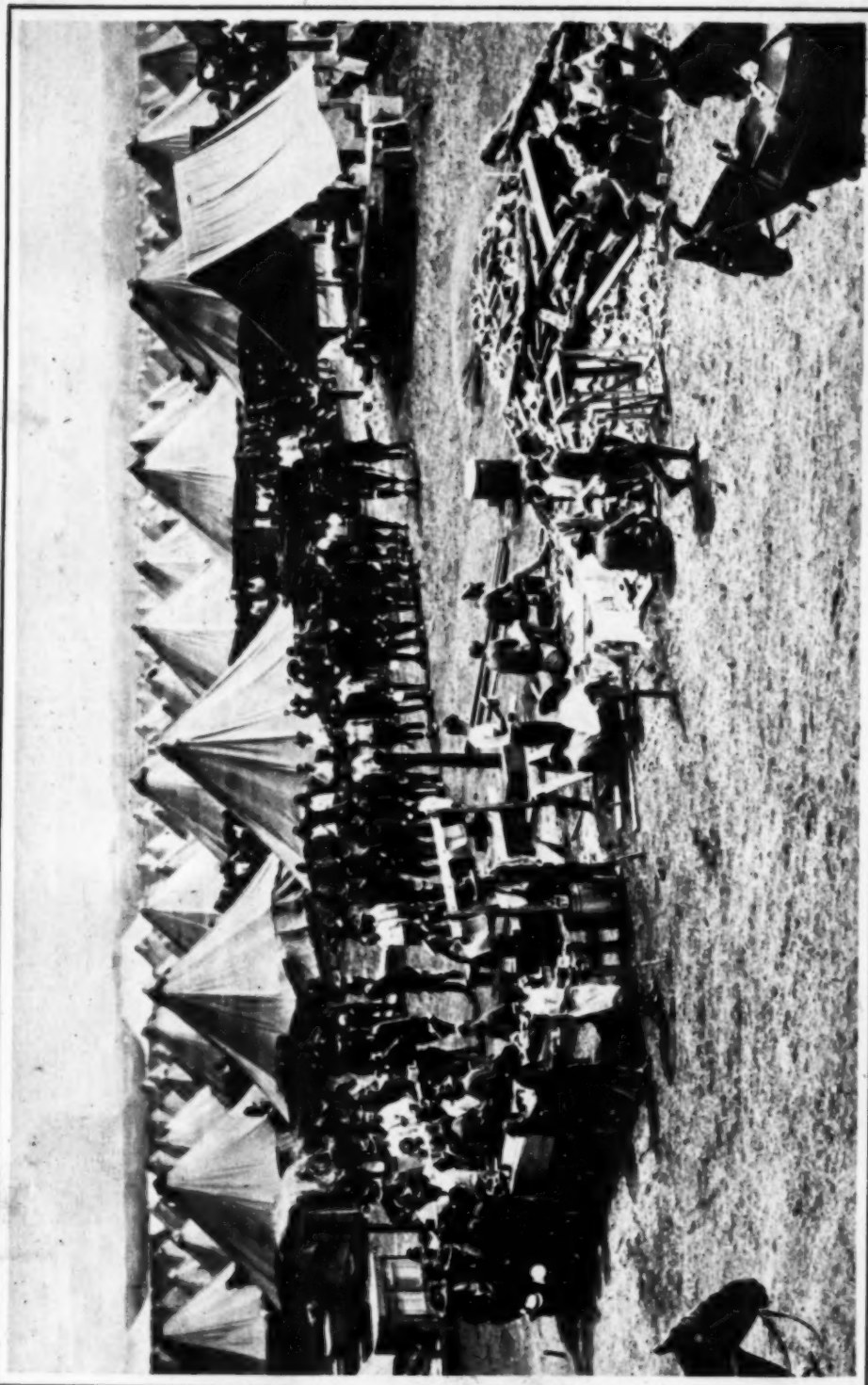
Bacon, potatoes, cans of corned-beef hash, and other provisions arriving at the supply depot of an army camp

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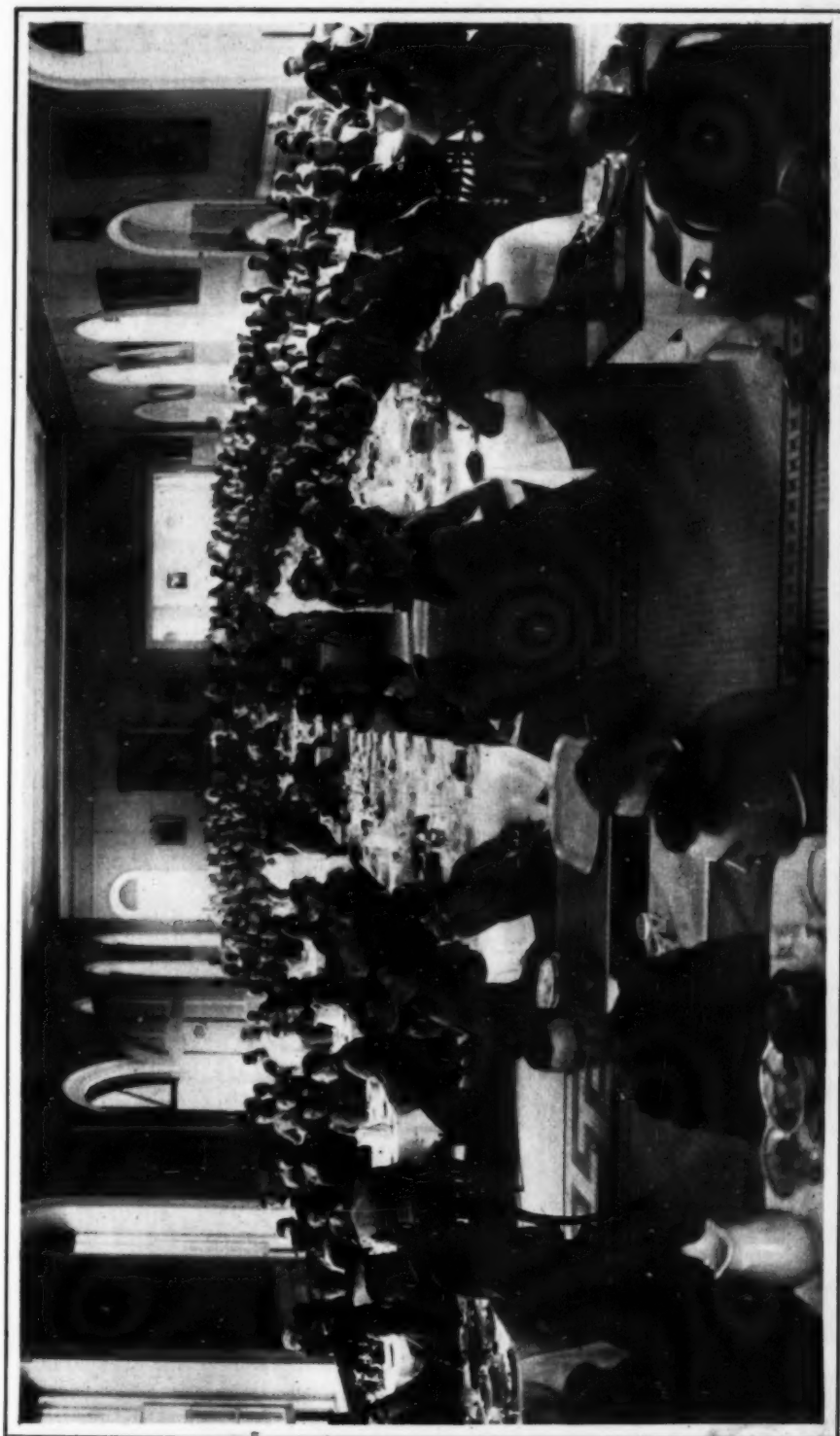


Meal-time at an army cantonment—Men at Camp Dix, New Jersey, lined up to receive rations

From a copyrighted photograph by the Western Newspaper Union, New York



A kitchen at an army camp, with wood piled for use as fuel, and men standing in line for their rations



The mess-room at the United States Military Academy, West Point.—Although West Point can no longer supply a tithe of the officers needed for our great fighting-machine, still its admirable work and fine traditions are a tower of strength to the army

From a copyrighted photograph by Brown & Dawson, New York



"An army," as Napoleon said, "moves on its stomach," and to fight or to march, its men must get their daily meals

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Soldiers must be fed, whether on a practise march in America, as shown in the upper picture, or in the trenches of France, as in the lower engraving

From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service, New York

The Mountain Woman^{*}

BY CHARLES NEVILLE BUCK

Author of "The Call of the Cumberlands," "The Battle-Cry," etc.

"**H**IT'S plumb amazin' ter hear ye tell thet ye've done been tradin' an' hagglin' with old man McGivins long enough ter buy his logs off'n him, an' yit ye hain't never met up with Alexander! I kain't hardly fathom hit noways."

The shambling mountaineer stretched himself to his lean length and wagged an incredulous head. Out of pale eyes he studied the man before him until the newcomer from "down below" felt that in the attitude lay almost the force of rebuke. It was as if he stood self-convicted of having visited Naples without seeing Vesuvius.

"But I haven't been haggling with Mr. McGivins," he hastened to remonstrate. "On the contrary, we have done business most amicably."

The native of the tangled hills casually waved aside the distinction of terms as a triviality and went on:

"I hain't never heared tell of no man's tradin' in these hyar Kentucky mountains without he haggled considerable. Why, thet's what tradin' denotes. Howsomer, what flabbergasts me air thet ye hain't met up with Alexander. Stranger, ye don't know nothin' about this neck o' the woods at all!"

Parson Acup—so-called for the funereal gravity of his bearing and expression—and Brent, the timber-buyer, stood looking down from beetling cliffs rigidly fringed with colossal dripping icicles. To their ears came a babel of shouts, the grating of trees—long sleet-bound, but stirring now to the thaw—the roar of blasting-powder, and the rending of solid rock.

Brent laughed.

"Now that you've fathomed the density of my ignorance," he suggested, "proceed to enlighten me. Upon what does this Alexander rest his fame? What character of man is he?"

"Waal, stranger, I've done always held the notion thet we folks up hyar in these

benighted hills of old Kaintuck war erbout the ign'rantest human mortals God ever suffered ter live; but even us knows erbout Alexander. Fust place, he hain't no man at all. He's a gal—leastwise, Alexander was borned female, but she's done lived a plumb he-life ever since."

"A woman! But the name—"

"Oh, pshaw! Thar hain't nuthin' jedg-matic in a name. Old man McGivins, he jest disgusts gals, and so he up and named his fust-born Alexander, an' he's done reared her accordin'."

Brent arched his brows as his informant continued, gathering headway in the interest of his narrative.

"Old man McGivins, he's done read a lavish heap of books, an' he talks a passel of printed wisdom. He 'lowed thet Alexander wasn't no common man's name, but thet hit signified a hell-bustin' survig'rous feller. By his tellin', the fust Alexander whaled blazes out'n all creation an' then sot down an' cried like a baby because the job he'd done went an' petered out on him. Ter me, thet narration savors right strong of a lie!"

Brent nodded as he smilingly replied:

"I've read of that first Alexander, but he's been dead a good many centuries."

"Long enough ter leave him lay an' ferget about him, I reckon," dryly observed the parson. "Anyhow, atter a spell, old man McGivins had another bornin' at his dwellin'-house, an' thet time hit proved out to be a boy. His woman sought ter rechristen the gal Lizzie, or Lake Erie, or somethin' else befittin' petticoats. She 'lowed thet no godly man wouldn't hardly seek a woman in wedlock, ner crave fer her to be the mother of his children, with a name hung on her like Alexander Macedonia McGivins."

Brent's eye twinkled as he watched the unbending gravity of the other's face.

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"There seems to be a germ of reason in that," he conceded, since comment seemed to be expected.

"Then the boy commenced growin' up, lazy like an' shiftless," enlightened the parson. "The old man 'lowed thet hit wouldn't hardly be no fallacy ter name *him* Lizzie or Lake Erie, but he swore on a hull stack of Bibles thet he aimed ter make a man of the gal."

Suddenly the speaker broke off, and his brow clouded. Following the apprehensive direction of the frowning eyes as one might follow a dotted line, the man from the city saw a young mountaineer surreptitiously tilting a flask to his lips in the lee of a huge boulder. Palpably the drinker believed himself screened from view. When he had wiped the neck of the flask with the palm of his hand, and stowed it away again in his breast pocket, he looked furtively about him. Such furtiveness was unusual enough to elicit surprise in this land, where men drank openly, made moonshine whisky, and even gave it to their small children.

"Since the time of corn-drappin' an' kiverin'," said the parson slowly, "Bud Sellers hain't teched a dram afore now. Hit don't pleasure me none ter see him startin' in afresh."

"He's been working hard," suggested the timber-buyer tolerantly. "I've watched him, and he never seems to tire. Maybe he felt the need of a stimulant."

But Acup growled.

"When Bud leaves licker alone, thar hain't no better boy nowhars. When he follers drinkin', he gits pizen mean right down to the marrer in his insidest bone. Folks calls him the mad dog then. Ef these men finds out he's drinkin', they'll quit work an' scatter like pa'tridges does when they sees a hawk flutterin' overhead."

The loose-jointed giant turned on his heel and left Brent standing alone.

Snow after snow had fallen this winter and frozen tight, heaped high by blizzard after blizzard, until all the legendary "old-fashioned winters" had been outdone and put to shame. Then, without any warning, there had come some warm breath across the peaks, bringing January rains on the heels of zero fridity, and thaws of unprecedented swiftness. While the "spring tide" was to have been an agency of safe delivery for the felled timber, this premature flood threatened to be a lawless wrecker of devastation.

Brent had rushed from the city, driven by anxiety as to the logs he had contracted to buy—logs which the oncoming flood threatened to ravish into scattered and racing drift. He had found old man McGivins toiling without sleep or rest, racing against the gathering cohorts of a nature that had turned Vandal; and into the fight and stress he had thrown himself and all his energies.

That there was even the smallest of chances to save the poplar was due to a peculiar conformation of the levels there, and to exceptional circumstances.

"Gin'rally we just rolls the logs downhill when we cuts 'em, an' lets 'em lay thar whar they falls in the creek-beds," McGivins had explained. "Afore the spring tide comes on with the thaws an' rains, we builds a splash dam back of 'em, an' when we're ready we blows her out an' lets 'em float on down ter the highest boom fer raftin'. Ef a flood like this comes on, they gits scattered, an' we jest kisses 'em good-by. Thet's happenin' right now all along these small creeks."

But McGivins had cut his timber near a river that could float not only loose logs but rafts. In a small, lakelike basin hemmed in by cliffs, and separated by a gorge from the river, he had gathered them and bound them into three large rafts. Only such a stage as came with the "tide" would convert the gorge into a waterway for their passage, and then only when the great dam built across it had been dynamited.

Now came this sudden flood, far more powerful and dangerous than the ordinary rise of spring. The dam was threatened, and must be strengthened. If it gave way, he, too, must say good-by to his logs.

As the city man speculated on the odds against him, old man McGivins himself materialized at his elbow. His lips were tight-set and his brow was furrowed. For him the situation savored of impending tragedy.

These trees had been reluctantly felled from a virgin tract of forest heretofore unscarred by the ax, and they had been his long-hoarded treasure. He had held on to them, much as a miser holds to his savings, because he loved them. Even when Brent had offered a good price, running well into thousands, he had wrestled with himself.

When the axes had rung and the saws whined through the scarlet and golden autumn, it had almost seemed to him that

he was executing living and beloved friends. Now an inimical force of nature threatened to rob him of them and of his remuneration as well. Nevertheless, as he stood there, with the sweat and grime of his labor drying on his forehead, his brooding eyes held a patriarchal dignity of uncomplaining courage.

"All these hyar men air my neighbors, Mr. Brent," he said, with a manner of instinctive courtesy. "They hain't a workin' fer wages, but jest ter kindly convenience me. I reckon we're both of us right smart beholden to 'em."

The city man acquiescently nodded his head, but he was thinking chiefly of the calm patience and the tireless energy with which McGivins himself was battling against calamity.

"They are friends of yours indeed," he answered. "They realize that your loss will be heavy if—"

He broke off there, and the other man went on.

"Hit 'll mighty nigh cripple me ef we don't save 'em. I've done held on ter thet timber fer a long spell of years, an' I sorsers ter part with hit now; but thar's a right weighty mortgage on my land, an' hit's held by a man thet don't squander no love on me, at best."

Brent gritted his teeth. He had often heard of the sudden capriciousness of mountain weather—of storms that burst and cannonade without warning, of trickling waters that leap overnight into maddened freshets. Now he was seeing in its blood-raw ferocity the primal combat between man and the elements.

With a troubled brow Parson Acup returned and addressed McGivins.

"Aaron," he said bluntly, "right numerous fellers air threatenin' ter quit us, an' we kain't spare a single hand."

The old man flinched as if under a blow from a trusted hand.

"What fer does they aim ter quit?" he demanded.

"Bud Sellers has started in drinkin' licker, an' a'ready he's gittin' malignant. The Martin boys, an' the Copelands, an' others besides 'em, 'lows thet they ain't seekin' no needless trouble, an' hit's more heedful like fer 'em ter go on home an' avoid an affray. Ef they stays on, hit's right apt to end in blood-lettin'."

McGivins drew himself to a more rigid erectness.

"Go back an' tell them boys thet I needs 'em," he ordered. "Tell 'em ef they don't stand by me now, I'm ruint. I'll send Bud Sellers away, ef thet's all thet's frettin' 'em."

"I wouldn't counsel ye ter cross Bud jest now," advised Acup.

The other laughed under his long beard—a low, angry laugh—as he turned on his heel, and, with the man from the city following him, started in search of the trouble-maker.

Bud was found at last behind the great hump of towering rock. The place, walled in by a beetling precipice, was beginning to darken into cloister-dim shadows. Bud's back was turned, and he did not hear the footfall of the two men who had come upon him there. He knew that when once he succumbed to the thirst it meant a parting with reason and a frenzy of violence; but when the first savor of the fiery moonshine stuff had teased his palate, and the first warmth had glowed in his stomach, it meant surrender to debauch—and already he had gone too far to fight the appetite which was his ruin.

Now he stood with the flask to his lips and his head bent back; but when he had drunk deep, he turned and saw the two figures that were silently observing him.

The young man's eyes were already bloodshot and his cheeks blotched with red. The motions of his lithe body were unsteady. With a shamefaced gesture he sought to conceal the flask under his coat; then a fickle change came to his mood. His head bent down low like a bull's, and his shoulders hulked in a stiffening defiance.

"Spyin' on me, air ye?" The question rasped savagely from his thickened lips. "Well, curse the pair of ye, spies desarves what they gits! I'm a free man, an' I don't suffer no bulldozin' from nobody!"

He lurched forward with so threatening an air that Brent stepped aside, and instinctively his hand went to the coat-pocket where he carried a pistol. But Bud ignored him, focusing his attention upon the mountain man to whom he had come in friendship and service for the stemming of a disaster.

He came with a chin outthrust close to the older and bearded face. Truculence and reckless bravado proclaimed themselves in his pose, as he hulked there.

"Waal!" he snarled. "Ye heared me, didn't ye?"

But McGivins had not altered his attitude. He had not given back a stride nor moved his arms. Now he spoke quietly.

"I'm sore grieved to see you comin' ter this pass, Bud," he said. "We all knows what hit means, every time. I'm obleeged ter ye fer what ye've already done, an' I'll ask ye now ter go on home afore ye drinks any more whisky—or starts any ruction amongst my neighbors."

"So thet's hit, air hit?" Bud rocked a little on his feet as he stood confronting the steady challenge of Aaron McGivins. "So ye lets a man work slavish fer ye all day, an' then starts in faultin' him ef he takes a drink at sundown! Well, I don't aim ter go nowhars tell I'm ready an' ambitious ter go. Does ye hear thet, or does I hev ter tell ye again?"

With a very deliberate motion McGivins lifted one arm and pointed it toward the west. That way lay the nearest boundary of his tract.

"I've done asked ye plumb civil ter go, because ef you don't go other fellers will—fellers thet's wuth somethin'. Now I orders ye ter get off'n my land, Bud Sellers. Begone!"

What happened next was so swift and tumultuous that for a moment Brent found himself standing inactive, not fully grasping the meaning of the situation. From Bud came a roar of anger as he lunged and grappled with the bearded elder, bearing him backward with the force of the sudden attack. In a belated effort to save the old man, Brent threw himself forward, but just as his hand fell on Bud's shoulder he heard the sound of a shot, muffled because it was fired between two closely embraced bodies.

The lumber-buyer had seen no weapon drawn. That had been the instinctive legerdemain of mountain quickness, which even drink had not blunted. As he wrenched Bud back, the wounded figure stood for a moment swaying on legs that slowly and grotesquely buckled into collapse at the knees, until Aaron McGivins crumpled down in a shapeless heap.

Bud Sellers wrenched himself free with a muscular power that almost hurled Brent to the ground, and the pistol fell from his hand. For a moment the young assailant stood there with an expression of dismayed shock, as if he had committed a crime in his sleep, and had awakened to an appalled realization of his guilt. Then, ignoring

Brent, he wheeled and lunged madly into the laurel.

Figures came running in response to the alarm given by the report of the pistol. Old man McGivins, whom they carried to the nearest bonfire, feebly nodded his head. Parson Acup was bending over the wounded man, and when he rose it was with a dubious face.

"I fears me thet wound's mighty liable ter be a deadener," he said.

Then Aaron McGivins feebly lifted a trembling hand.

"Git me over home," he directed shortly. "An' fer God's sake, boys, go forward with this work till hit's finished!"

II

THROUGH the tree-tops came a confusion of voices, but none of them human. A wind was racing to almost galelike violence, and with it came the inrush of warm air to peaks and valleys that had been tightly frozen. Between precipices echoed the crash of ice sliding loose and splintering as it fell in ponderous masses. Men, sweating in the glare of colossal bonfires, toiled at the work of reenforcing the dam.

They had been faithful, they were still faithful, but the stress of exhaustion was beginning to sap their morale, to drive them into irritability, so that under the strain of almost superhuman exertion they threatened to break. Brent was not of their blood, and knew little of how to handle them; and though Parson Acup was indefatigable, his face became more and more apprehensive.

"Ef we kin hold 'em at hit till the crack of day, we've got a right gay chanst ter save them big sticks," he announced bluntly to Brent, near midnight. "But hit hain't in reason ter expect men ter plumb kill themselves off fer the profit of somebody else—an' him likely ter be dead by ter-morrer."

"Could McGivins have kept them in line himself?" demanded Brent.

The parson scratched his head.

"Waal, he mout. Thar's something masterful in thet breed thet kinderly drives men on. I don't know es I could name what it air, though."

Even as he spoke, a group of humanity detached itself from the force on the dam, and moved away, as men do who are through with their jobs. They halted before Acup, and one of them spoke somewhat shamefacedly:

"I disgusts ter quit on a man in sore need, parson, but us fellers kain't hold up no longer. We're plumb fagged ter death—mebbe ter-morrer mornin'—"

He broke off, and Acup answered in a heavy-hearted voice:

"So fur as this hyar job's consarned, most likely thar won't be no ter-morrer. Old man McGivins lays over thar wounded, mebbly a dyin', an' this means a master lot to him."

"If it's a matter of pay—" began Brent, but left his suggestion unfinished.

A quick glance of warning from Acup cautioned the lumber-buyer that this was a tactless line.

"Pay hain't skeercely er goin' ter hold a man up on his legs when them legs gives out under him, stranger," one of the men said shortly.

Then another voice spoke:

"No, Lige, pay won't do it, but upstandin' nerve *will*, an' I knows ye've got hit. Ef anybody quits now, they're all right apt ter foller suit."

At the sound of the speaker's first words, Brent had pivoted as suddenly as if a bolt had struck him. They came in a voice that seemed wholly out of keeping with the surroundings, and totally different from any he had heard that day. In the first place it was a woman's voice, and here were only sweating men. In the second, although full and clear as if struck from well-cast bell-metal, it had a rich sweetness, and just now it carried a thrill of deep emotion.

In the red flare of the bonfire that sent up a shower of sparks into the wet darkness he saw a figure that brought fresh astonishment.

The woman stood there with a long rubber slicker tight-buttoned from collar to hem. Below that Brent saw rubber boots. She stood with a lancelike straightness, very tall, very pliant. As he stared with a fixity which would have amounted to impertinence had it not been disarmed by amazement, she looked past him and through him as if he were without substance.

Then she took off the heavy nor'wester that had shaded her face, and the firelight fell on masses of hair deeply and redly gold; upon features exquisitely modeled, in no wise masculine or heavy, yet full of dominance. Duskily lashed eyes of dark violet were brimming with a contagious energy, and her rounded chin was splendidly atilt. A sculptor might have modeled

her as she stood and entitled his figure "Victory."

Her coloring, too, was rich, almost dazzling. Brent thought that he had never seen such arresting beauty or such an unusual, though harmonious, blending of feminine allurements and masculine spirit. Though in height she approached the heroic scale, the first summary of impression that he drew from feature and coloring was "delicately gorgeous."

The girl vouchsafed him no attention of any kind, but remained silent for a moment, with her eyes raining so resolute a fire that those of the exhausted workers kindled into faint responsiveness.

Then the vibrant clarity of the voice sounded again—and the voice, too, had that strangely hypnotic quality which one felt in the glance.

"You boys have all worked here hour on hour, till ye're nigh dead. My paw an' me are already powerful beholden to ye all, but—"

She paused. Under just such an emotion the ordinary woman's throat would have caught with a sob, and her eyes would have filled with tears. It was not so with Alexander. Her note only softened into a deeper gravity.

"But he lays over thar, an' I mistrusts he's a dyin' ter-night. He wouldn't suffer me ter tarry by his bedside, because he 'lowed that you boys needed a man ter work along with ye in his place. If ye quits now, all the labor ye've done spent goes fer naught." She paused a moment, and then impulsively she broke out: "An' I couldn't hardly endure ter go back thar an' tell him that we'd failed!"

As she paused, the hollow-eyed men shuffled their feet, but none of them spoke. They had given generously, even prodigally, of their effort, and it had not been for hire; yet under the burning appeal of her eyes they flushed as if they had been self-confessed malingerers.

"As fer me," went on Alexander, "I've got ter git ter work!"

She unbuttoned and cast off the long rubber coat, and Brent felt as if he had seen the unveiling of a sculptured figure which transcended mediocrity. A flannel shirt, open on a splendidly rounded throat, emphasized shoulders that fell straight and were unusually broad for a woman—though not too broad for grace. She was an Amazon in physique, yet so nicely balanced

of proportion that one felt more conscious of liteness than of size. As her breath came fast with excitement, the fine arch of her heaving bosom was that of a Diana. Belted about a waist that had never known the cramp of stays she wore a pair of trousers thrust into her boot-tops, and no man there was more entirely free from self-consciousness.

The exhausted men stirred restlessly as they watched her go down to the dam, and one of those who had dropped to a sitting posture came lumbering to his feet again.

"I reckon I've got my second wind now," he lamely announced. "Mebby thar's a leetle mite more work left in me yit, attar all!"

With that he started back, stumbling with the ache of tired bones, to the task he had renounced, while his fellows grumbled a little and followed his lead.

Throughout the day Brent had felt himself an ineffective. He had done what he could, but his activities had always seemed to be on the less strenuous fringe of things, like a bee who works on the edge of a honeycomb.

As the replenished fire leaped high, and the hills resounded to an occasional peal of unseasonable thunder, the figure of the woman who had assumed a man's responsibility became a pattern of action. In the flare and the shadow Brent watched it, fascinated. It was always in the forefront, frequently in actual but unconsidered peril, leading like the white plume of Navarre in battle.

It was all as lurid and as turgid a picture as things seen in nightmare, this turmoil of desperate effort through a firelit night of storm and flood; figures thrown into exaggeration as the flames leaped or dwindled—faces haggard with weariness.

To Brent came a new and keener spirit of combat. The outskirts of action no longer sufficed, but with an elemental ardor and elation his blood glowed in his veins.

When at last all that could be done had been done, the east was beginning to take on a sort of ashen light, the forerunner of dawn. For more than six agonized hours Alexander had spurred the failing energies of the weary men. Below them the river-bed, which had been almost dry forty-eight hours before, was a madly howling torrent.

Men with gray faces and hollow-eyed laid down their crowbars and pike-poles. Brent, reeling unsteadily as he walked,

looked about him in a dazed fashion out of giddy eyes. He saw Alexander wiping the steaming moisture from her brow with the sleeve of her shirt, and heard her speak through a confused pounding upon his eardrums that still seemed full of cumulative din.

"Unless the flood carries the river five-foot higher then hit's ever gone afore, we've done saved thet timber," she said slowly. "An' no men ever worked more plumb slavish ner more faithful then what you men have ter-night."

"Thar hain't nothin' more left ter do now," said Parson Acup, "unless hit be ter go home an' pray."

But Alexander shook her head with a vigorous and masculine determination.

"No, thar's still one thing more ter do. I want thet when you men goes home ye send me back a few others—fresh men. I'm goin' back ter see how my daddy's farin', an' whether he's got a chanst ter live; but"—she paused abruptly, and her voice fell—"thar's a spring-branch over thar by my house. Ye kin mighty nigh gage how the water's risin' or fallin' hyar by notin' the way hit comes up or goes down over yon. I aims ter keep a watchin' hit, whilst I'm over thar."

The parson nodded his head.

"That's a right good idee, Alexander; but wharfore does ye seek ter hev us send more men over hyar? All thet kin be done has been done."

The girl's eyes snapped. In them were violet fires, quick-leaping and hot.

"I hain't gone this fur only ter quit now," she passionately declared. "Them logs is rafted. Ef they goes out on this flood-tide, I aims ter ride 'em down-stream twell I kin land 'em in a safe boom."

"But good Lord A'mighty, gal!" Parson Acup, wrenched out of his usual placidity by the effrontery of the project, spoke vehemently. "Any tide thet would bust thet dam would sartain shore rip them rafts inter fragments. Ef they goes out at all, they goes out ter destruction an' splinters an' sure death, I fears me. Hit's like ridin' a runaway hoss without no bit in his mouth."

"Thet's a thing I've done afore now," the girl assured him; "an' I aims ter undertake hit ergin."

She turned, and, taking the rubber coat, from a tree-crotch, went striding away with her face toward the pale east. Despite her

fatigue she went high-headed, with elasticity in her step.

III

THE two-storied house of Aaron McGivins stood on a hillside overlooking a stretch of cleared acreage. It was a dwelling-place of unusual pretentiousness for that land of "do-without," where inexorable meagerness is the rule of life. Just now, in a room whose hearth was wide, upon a four-poster bed, lay the master of the place, gazing upward at the rafters with eyes harassed, yet uncomplaining.

Aaron McGivins had good cause for troubled meditation as he stretched there under the faded coverlet and under the impending threat of death. His life had been one of scant ease and of incessant warfare with the hostile forces of nature; yet he had built up a modest competence after a lifetime of struggle. With a few more years of industry he might have claimed material victory. In the homely parlance of his kind he "had things hung-up"—which signified that such prosperity had come to him as came to the pioneer woodsman who faced the famine times of winter with smoked hams hanging from their nails, and tobacco and pepper and herbs strung along the ceiling rafters.

Aaron McGivins had not progressed to this modestly enviable estate without the driving of shrewd bargains and the taking of bold chances. It followed that men called him hard, though few men thought him otherwise than just. To his door came disputants who preferred his arbitration on tangled issues to the dubious chances of litigation, for he was also accounted wise.

His reputation among his neighbors was that of a man devoted to peace, but one upon whom it was unsafe to impose. Those few who had stirred his slow anger into eruption had found him one as distinctly to be feared as trusted.

Had political aspiration been in the pattern of Aaron's thought, he might have gone down to the world below to sit in the State Assembly. From there, in due time, he might have gained promotion to the augmented dignities of Congress; but he had persistently waved aside the whispers of such temptation.

"He hain't a wishful feller nohow," the stranger was always told, "despite thet he knows hist'ry an' sich like lore in an' out an' back'ard an' forrard."

Now Aaron lay wounded with a pistol-ball, and many problems of vital interest to himself remained unsolved. Whether he would live or die was guesswork—a gamble. Whether the timber that he had felled would free him from his last debts and leave his two children independent, or would be ravished from him by the insatiable appetite of the flood, was a question likewise unanswered.

Whether or not the daughter, who was the man of the family after himself, would return in time to comfort his last moments was the doubt that troubled him most of all. He had sent her away as unequivocally as a stricken captain sends his first officer to the bridge; but he wanted her as a man, shipwrecked and starving, wants the sight of a sail or of a smoke-stack on an empty horizon.

And his boy—the boy who had given him small strength upon which to lean—was absent. Joe McGivins had gone idly and thoughtlessly before the emergency arose, and the man lying on the four-poster bed tried to argue for him, in extenuation, that he would have returned had he known the need. But in his bruised and doubting heart he knew that had it been Alexander, she would have read the warning in the first brook that she saw creeping into an augmented stream, and would have hastened home.

About the room moved the self-taught doctor, who was also the local evangelist. Two neighbor women were there, too, called from adjacent cabins to take the place of the daughter whom McGivins had sent away. They were ignorant women, hollow-chested and wrinkled like witches, because they had spent their lives against dun-colored backgrounds; but they were wise in the matter of "yarbs" and simple nursing.

All night the wounded man had lain there, restless and unable to sleep. His mind was full of the things that naturally obtrude themselves, with confusing multiplicity, upon the thoughts of a man who yesterday was strong and unthreatened, and who to-day must readjust all his scheme from the clear and lighted ways of life to the gathering mists of death.

Through a high-placed window he had seen the gray of dawn grow into a clearer light, making visible raglike streamers of wet and scudding clouds. He had a glimpse of mountainsides sodden with thaw—the

thaw to which he owed his whole sum of sudden perplexities.

Then the door swung open.

Eagerly the bedridden man turned his eyes toward it. Eagerly, too, the doctor's gaze went that way; but the two women, glancing sidewise, sniffed dubiously and stiffened a little. To them the anxiously awaited daughter was an unsexed creature whom they could neither understand nor approve. They had lived hard and intolerant lives, accepting household drudgery and perennial child-bearing as unquestioned and unquestionable mandates of destiny. Accustomed to the curt word and to servile obedience, they had no understanding for a woman who asserted herself in positive terms of personality.

To them a "he-woman" who "wore pants" and admitted no sex inferiority was at best a "hussy without shame." If such a woman chanced also to be beautiful beyond comparison with her less-favored sisters, the conclusion was inescapable. They could read in her self-claimed emancipation only the wildness of a filly turned out to pasture without halter or hobble—the wildness of one who scorns respectability.

For primitive morality is pathetically narrow. It may sing piously about the pyre of a burning witch, but it can hardly grasp the pagan chastity of a Diana.

And it was a Diana both chaste and vital who stood in this wide-flung door. Behind her, for radiant background, was the full light of a young day. For an instant the scowl of storm-laden skies broke into a smile of sunlight, as if she had brought the brightness with her; but she stood poised in an attitude of arrested action—halted by the curb of anxiety.

The whole vitality and clean vigor of her seemed breathless and questioning. Fear had spurred her into fleetness as she had crossed the hills, yet now she hesitated on the threshold. At first her eyes could make little of the inner murk, where both lamp and fire had guttered low and gray shadows held dominance.

But she herself stood illumined by that transitory flash of morning sun. It played in an aura about the coppery coils of her brown hair, and kindled into vivid color the lips parted in suspense.

After a moment her eyes had reaccommodated themselves to the dispiriting darkness, and her bosom heaved to a sigh of relief, of thanksgiving. Under the heaped cover-

lets of the bed she had seen the movement of a feeble hand stirred in a gesture of welcome.

The neighbor women, bent on a mission of charity, yet unable to lay aside their hard convictions, gazed non-committally, as if they would draw aside their skirts from contamination, yet sought to do so with the least possible measure of ostentation or offense.

That attitude Alexander did not fail to comprehend; but she ignored it, giving back to the smoldering eyes of disapproval level look for look. Then she said quietly:

"Brother Sanders, kin I hev speech with him—or must he lay plumb quiet?"

The man of healing passed a bewildered hand across his tousled forehead, and his thin fingers combed his long beard.

"He ought, properly speakin', ter stay quiet; but yit he's frettin' fer ye so thet hit mout harm him wuss ter deny him."

"I'll aim ter keep him es placid es I kin," said the girl.

In obedience to her gesture the others left the room. Then Alexander dropped to her knees, and her hands closed tightly over the thin one that the wounded man thrust weakly up to her. Even now there was no feminine surrender to tears; only her wide eyes agonized with apprehension, while her shoulders shook as a man's may shake with inward sobs that leave the eyes dry.

In a low voice she made her report.

"The dam's finished. Without the flood overtops the highest mark on record, them logs is saved."

Old Aaron nodded gratefully and gazed in silence at the rafters overhead, realizing that he must conserve his slender strength, and that there was much to say. The girl, too, waited until at length he made a fresh beginning.

"Afore ye came, Alexander, me an' yore maw hed done prayed mighty fervent fer a man child."

"I knows thet," she interrupted. "I knows hit full well, an' I've sought, despite how I was borned, ter be a man."

"Ye hain't only tried—ye've done succeeded," he assured her. Then, after a long-drawn breath, he went on: "Most folks 'lowed hit was like faultin' the Almighty ter feel thetaway. They said hit war plumb rebellious."

The girl, whose cheeks had gone pallid, and whose lips were tight-drawn, spoke defiantly:

"I reckon we hain't keerin' overly much what other folks thinks."

"An' yit," the father made slow answer, "what folks agrees ter think makes the laws of life, whether hit be right or wrong. I'd hev been willin' ter raise ye up like a gal ef hit hadn't been thet Joe—"

He faltered there, with love's unwillingness to criticise his son. The girl only nodded, saying nothing.

"Joe's a good boy, with a sweet nature," went on the father at last. "He favors his maw, an' she was always gentle. Yes, he's a good boy; an' in a country whar a feller kin live without fightin', I reckon he'd be accounted smart beyond the commonalty. Ef I passes out, I wants ye ter kindly look atter him like he ought ter look atter you."

A stray lock of heavy hair had fallen across the girl's violet eyes. With an impatient gesture at this reminder of her sex, Alexander tossed it back.

"I gives ye my pledge," she said simply.

Then she rose from her knees and stood looking off through the window with a fixity that argued a deep dedication of purpose.

"An' I pledges ye somethin' else, too," she broke out in a voice suddenly savage. "Ef ye dies, Bud Sellers belongs ter me ter kill—an' I won't nowise fail!"

But at that the wounded man raised a deterrent hand shaken with palsied anxiety.

"No—no!" he gasped. "Thet's the sperit I've done sought ter combat all my life—the shot from the laurel—the laywayin' of enemies. I couldn't rest easy ef ye denied me that pledge."

Alexander's hands clenched, and her lips were compressed.

"I don't aim ter layway him," she declared with an ominous quiet. "I aims ter reckon with him es man ter man."

"Alexander!" He spoke slowly and with difficulty, but she knew that the words came earnestly from his heart. "I hain't skeerce-ly got the strength ter argyfy with ye, but without ye seeks ter hinder me from layin' peaceful in my last sleep ye'll bide by my command. The boy wa'n't hisself when he harmed me. He war plumb crazed. No man loves me better than what he does when he's in his right mind. No man worked harder down thar. I fergives him full free. I wants ye ter act the same an' ter make Joe do likewise."

The girl covered her face with her hands and turned from the bed. She went for a

moment to the door and flung it open. There was no longer any sunshine—only a dome of leaden heaviness and the wail of a dismal wind through the timber. To the father's eyes, despite her masculine attire, she was all feminine as she stood there, and his face grew tender as he watched the curls stirring at her temples.

Finally she wheeled and marched back with a military stiffness. Slowly she nodded her head.

"I gives ye thet pledge, too," she said, "since ye wants hit; but I gives hit with a right heavy sperit!"

Aaron McGivins reached up and took his daughter's hand, drawing her down to the bed by his side.

"Alexander," he said softly, "mebby I hain't played quite fa'r with ye my own self. I've done tried ter raise ye up like a man, because I could always kindly lean on ye; but ye've done been both a son an' a daughter ter me. Mebby, though, when I'm gone, the woman in ye'll come uppermost, an' ye'll think hardly of me fer what I did."

"Think hard of ye fer tryin' ter make a man of me?"

Her voice was as full of scornful protest as if a soldier had said:

"Think hard of you because you taught me valor?"

He smiled before he spoke again.

"I've done warned young men off from co'tin' ye on pain of harm an' death; an' when I'm dead they'll come in numbers, seekin' ter make up fer lost time."

"I reckon I kin warn 'em off, too," she protested, "an' by the same means!"

Once more a smile flickered in the weary eyes that looked up from the pillow.

"Thet's fer ye ter decide yore own self, but ef the day ever comes when ye'd rather welcome a lover then ter drive him off, I don't want ye ter feel thet my memory's standin' in the way of yore happiness."

"Thet day won't never come," she vehemently declared.

Her father nodded indulgently.

"Let thet matter lay over fer the future ter decide," he suggested. "Only ef ye does some time alter yore way of thinkin', I wants thet men children shell come atter me, bearin' my own name. Joe's children are apt ter take atter him. I don't see how ye kin compass hit, but I wishes thet ef yer ever did wed, yore babies could still be McGivinses."

Despite her announcement of a masculinity which should not mantle into a flooding of the temples and cheeks with blushes of modesty, Alexander turned pink to the roots of her hair. Her voice was a little strained.

"A feller kain't promise that he won't go crazy," she declared; "but ef ever I does go so crazy es ter wed with a man, thet man 'll tek my surname, an' our children 'll tek hit, too, an' wear hit twell they dies!"

IV

BRENT had wondered how Parson Acup and his exhausted companions would, in the short time at their disposal, be able to call out a new force of volunteers. If the dam gave way and the rafts were swept out, the disaster would probably happen by noon, and there were few telephones in this sparsely peopled community.

The method they used was simple and of pioneer directness. In many of those households to which the tired workers returned, there were brothers or sons who had heretofore stayed at home. Those who had responded to the first call were all men who were not afraid of toil, but those who might answer the second would be men who courted the hazards of adventure. Sheer daredeviltry would arouse in them a spirit which had remained numb to the call of industry.

Down the yellow and turgid path of swollen waters each spring went huge rafted masses of logs manned by brawny fellows who at other times never saw the world that lay "down below." Hastily reared shacks rose on the floating islands of timber, and bonfires glowed redly. The crews sang wild songs and strummed ancient tunes on banjo and dulcimer. They fortified themselves against the bite of the chill night air with drafts from the jugs which they never forgot. Sometimes they flared into passion and fought to the death, but oftener they caroused good-naturedly as they watched the world flatten and the rivers broaden to the lowlands.

After the tide took them there was no putting into harbor, no turning back. They were as much at the mercy of the onswEEPing waters as is a man who clings to driftwood.

Rafting on the spring tide was a task for the wilder and more venturesome element; but even that differed vastly from the present situation. It differed just as

riding a spirited horse does from trusting oneself, without stirrup-leather or bridle-rein, to the mad vagaries of a frenzied runaway.

"Ye says Alexander McGivins aims ter ride one of them rafts, ef hit gets carried out o' thar?" inquired a tall young man, whose eyes were reckless and dissipated, as a wearied kinsman stumbled into a cabin and threw himself down limply in a chair. The tall young man was accounted handsome in a crude, back-country way, and fancied himself the devil of a fellow with the ladies. "Waal," he drawled, "I reckon ef a gal kin undertake hit, I hain't none more timorous then what she air!"

And to that frankly spoken sentiment he added an inward afterword:

"Folks 'lows thet she hain't got no time o' day fer men; but when we ends up this hyar trip, I'll know more erbout thet fer myself!"

He turned and began making his rough preparations for the voyage.

And as Jase Mallows rose to the bait of that unusual call, so rose others like him, and each of them was a man conspicuous for recklessness and wildness among a people where these qualities do not elicit comment until they become extreme.

An hour or two later, eying the fresh arrivals, Brent frowned a bit dubiously as he compared them with the human beavers who had toiled there through the night. It was, he reflected, as if the sheep had gone and the goats had come in their stead. As the newcomers fell to their task of throwing up rough shanties for shelter upon the rafts, it seemed about as safe a proposition to embark with them as to be shipwrecked with a crew of pirates.

Brent had not originally intended to go with the rafts. He had himself entertained no intention of boarding, but he was no craven, and if a girl was going to trust herself to such chances of flood and human passion, he told himself that he could do no less than stand by.

The river was already creeping above the gnarled sycamore-roots that jutted out of the precipice, marking the highest stage of previous flood-tides.

The two neighbor women had come back into the room where Aaron McGivins lay wounded. The man himself, reassured by the presence of his daughter, had at last fallen into an undisturbed sleep, and the

doctor delivered himself of the first encouragement that had crossed his sternly honest lips.

"I reckon now he's got a right even chanst ter git well, ef he kin contrive ter rest a plenty."

The girl's head came back with a spasmodic jerk. It was the sudden relaxing of nerves that had been held taut to the snapping-point. With a step suddenly grown unsteady she made her way to a chair by the hearth, where she sat gazing fixedly at the dying embers.

She had not let herself hope too much, and now a sudden rush of repressed tears threatened a flood like the freshet in the river; but she felt the critical eyes of the neighbor women upon her, and refused to surrender to emotion. After a little period of respite she let herself out of the door into the rain, which had begun to fall with a sobbing fitfulness.

A little way behind the house was the spring-branch of which she had spoken as a gage to the stage of the flood. By some freakish law of coordination, which no one had ever been able to explain, that small stream gave a reading of conditions across the ridge, as a pulse-beat gives the tempo of the blood's current. One could look at it and estimate with fair accuracy how fast and how high the river was rising. When a rotting stump beside the basin of the spring had water around its roots, it meant that the arteries of the hills were booming into torrential fury. When the basin began to overflow, the previous maximum of the river's rise had been equaled. It was overflowing now.

Alexander stood for a moment gazing with widened and terrified eyes. She knew that she had no time to lose. The lapping waters of the tiny brook were calling her to prompt and hazardous action. She fell to her knees and clasped her hands in a clutch of desperation.

"God, give me strength right now ter ack like a man!" she prayed. "Hit seems like the fust time I'm called on, I'm turnin' plumb woman-weak."

Then she rose and pressed her throbbing temples. It was not the fear of a runaway river that held her in a tormenting suspense of indecision, but the hard choice between leaving her father and abandoning a duty to which he had assigned her in his stead.

When she opened the door of the house again, she saw an agitated figure kneeling

beside the bed. For all its breadth of shoulder and six feet of height, for all its heritage of stoicism that had come down through generations, it was shaking with sobs.

As Alexander came into the room her brother rose from his knees with pallid cheeks and wobegone eyes.

"Who shot him?" he demanded in a tense voice. "These hyar folks won't tell me nuthin'."

The girl repressed an impulse of satirical laughter. She knew that Joe McGivins would storm and swear vengeance upon the hand that had been raised to strike his father down, and that beyond hysterical vehemence his indignation would probably come to nothing. He would believe himself sincere, but in the end his resolution would waste away into procrastination and specious excuses.

"Whoever shot him, Joe," she replied, maintaining the complimentary fiction that she must temporize with his just wrath, "paw hes done exacted a pledge thet neither of us won't seek ter avenge him. Hit's a pledge thet binds us both."

Even while his temples were still hot with his first wave of passionate indignation, Joe McGivins felt that a bitter cup had passed from him.

"Joe," said the girl in a low voice, "I wants thet ye heeds me clost. Ef we fails ter save this timber, hit 'll jest erbout kill paw. Ef the dam busts, somebody's got ter ride them rafts."

The boy's face paled abruptly. He was a handsome youth outwardly, cut to as fine a pattern of physical fitness as his sister exemplified, but in his eyes one found none of her dauntlessness of spirit. Hurriedly Alexander went on:

"I aims ter go back over thar right now. He's got ter be kept quiet, an' so I dasn't tell him what I seeks ter do. I hain't fear-some of leavin' ye ter watch atter him. I knows ye kin gentle him an' comfort him even better'n I could do hit myself."

She thrust out her hand, boy fashion, and her brother clasped it.

Five minutes later she stood looking down on her father's closed eyes, listening to the easy breathing of the man in the bed. On the floor at her feet lay the pack which she meant to take with her. A rifle leaned against a chair, and a pistol was slung in a holster under her left armpit. Alexander was accoutered for her venture.

Brent watched her swinging down the slope with an easy, space-devouring stride. He had begun to think she would be too late—more than half to hope she would be too late. Of course, if she arrived on time, there could be no turning back. It should be recorded to his credit that no man had guessed at his inner trepidation; but the sullen swell of the thundering waters had beaten not only on his ears, but on his heart as well, and dread had settled over him like a pall.

Immeasurable power was lashing itself into a merciless fury. Boundless might was loosening into frenzy. He had seen the misshapen wreckage of houses and barns ride by bobbing like bits of cork. He had seen the swirl of foam that was like the froth of a vast hydrophobia.

The men who had volunteered stood braced and ready at the long sweeps with which, fore and aft, they would seek to hold the rafts to their course.

Alexander leaped from the shore to the last of the three rafts, and looked about her. Perhaps she had no eye just now for a thing that Brent had noted as significant—the gleam in the eyes that watched her arrival.

"Does ye aim ter ride with us, Mr. Brent?" she inquired; and when he nodded his assent she said deliberately: "Ye comes from the city, an' this hyar's liable ter be a rough trip. I reckon I ought ter warn ye whilst thar's still time ter turn back. We've got ter go out on a whirlpool betwixt them walls of rock, an' thar may not be nothin' left but kindlin'-wood."

"Thank you," was the somewhat curt response. "I'm taking no greater chances than the rest of you."

No longer was it possible to hope that the dam would hold against the rising crescendo of the battering flood and the insidious tongues that licked at its foundations. It was now only a matter of time, and the hour which followed was a period of dire suspense. Through cracks in the structure already gushed tiny but growing cataracts. No man offered to turn aside, but some had recourse to the steadying influence of the pocket-flask.

Between the sides of the gorge they had swift glimpses of racing flotsam that had yesterday been dwelling-houses. They waited, nerve-stretched, for the crash that would launch them into the same precarious channel. Their outgoing would be

as violent and eruptive as that of lava from a crater.

Then the dam broke.

It gave way with a rending such as might have sounded in the days when a molten globe was cooling. From the base of the dam sucking tongues had licked out boulders that upheld the formation as a keystone holds an arch. It went into collapse with an explosive splintering and left fanglike reefs still standing. Through the breach fell the ponderous weight of a river left unsupported.

First, the inrush flung the rafts backward against the banks, and then a churning whirlpool sent them spinning madly outward. They jammed together and trembled with a groaning shudder. They wavered and undulated like cloth, and the one nearest to the gorge lunged outward, dashed against one wall of the precipice, caromed off, and ground against the other. About the edges it had gone to splinters, but the core still held.

The second raft, by some miracle, swept through without collision, to ride tilting about the curve into the channel proper. Brent saw, through dazed and uncertain eyes, figures bending to long poles. He felt such a sickening sensation as a man in a barrel may experience at the moment of going over the crest of Niagara. Through it all he felt rather than saw the figure of a girl in man's clothing standing at the center of the raft, poised with bent knees against shock, and with a valkyr fire in her eyes.

A half-hour later the man from town drew a freer breath. It was still a wild enough ride, but after the lurching dash out of the caldron it seemed a peaceful voyage. Now they were sweeping down the center of the river. At either end of each raft men bent to the sweeps in the task of their crude piloting. Tree-tops brushed against them as they went, and far out on either side were wide-reaching lagoons that had been high ground three days ago.

Alexander herself was standing a little apart, and Brent was minded to draw her into conversation; but as he approached her he decided that this was not the time to improve acquaintanceship. Her air of detachment amounted to aloofness, and Brent remembered that she had the anxiety of her father's condition weighing heavily upon her.

Jase Mallows, however, just then relieved from duty at the steering-sweep, was less

subtle of deduction. With his eye on Alexander, whose back was turned to him, he jauntily straightened his shoulders and gave his long mustache a twirl. Brent thought of the turkey-gobbler's strut as, with amused eyes, he watched the backwoods lady-killer.

Jase had heard many of the old wives' tales of Alexander, and thought of her as a man ambitious of amorous conquest may think of a famous and much-discussed beauty. Had she been another woman, he would ere this have gone over to the house on a "sparking" expedition; but old man McGivins had discouraged such aspirations, and his daughter had been no less definite of attitude. Here, however, he had the girl on neutral ground and meant to seize his opportunity.

So he strolled over to her with an ingratiating smile.

"Aleck," he began in the drawling voice which he himself rather fancied, "we hed a right narrer squeak of hit back thar, didn't we?"

There should have been discouragement in the coolness of the glance that she turned upon him, but Jase had the blessing of self-confidence.

"Ye war thar yerself—ye ought ter know," she said curtly. Then she added: "An' don't call me Aleck—my name's Alexander."

Jase Mallows reddened to his temples. There had been moments, even in the straining activity of these hours, for him to boast to his fellows that it would be interesting to watch the progress of his campaign for the affections of Alexander. Now they were watching.

So Jase laughed awkwardly.

"Waal, thet's reasonable enough," he handsomely conceded. "A gal's got a rather es ter what name she's ter be called by, an' ef she's es purty es you be she kin afford ter be high-headed, too!"

Alexander stood looking the man over from head to foot, as if studying a new species of insect life. Under that embarrassing scrutiny Jase fidgeted his hands. Eventually he drew out a flask and, having uncorked it, ceremoniously wiped the bottle's mouth with the palm of his hand.

"Let's take a leetle dram ter better acquaintance," he suggested. "Thet thar's lickar I wouldn't offer ter nobody but a reg'lar man. Hit's got a kick like a bob-tailed mule!"

With features that had not altered their expression, the girl reached out her hand and accepted the bottle. She held the thing before her, looking at it for a moment; then with a swift gesture she tossed it sideways into the river.

Jase Mallows bent forward, and his face flamed, but his anger seemed a tame and little thing to the wrath that leaped to blazing eruption in the woman's eyes.

"Whilst we're aboard this hyar raft," Alexander announced, with an utterance that cut like a zero wind, "I'm boss, an' I aims fer the men ter stay sober. Ef thet don't suit you—go ashore!"

"How?" inquired Jase with heavy irony.

"Thet's yore business," Alexander replied shortly.

She turned on her heel and walked away, leaving the discomfited *Lothario* staring after her with so malign an anger that the men within ear-shot stifled their titters of amusement and pretended to have overheard nothing.

V

As Alexander passed him, Brent did not miss the suppressed fury in her eyes or the disdainful tilt of her chin. Her bearing was that of a barbaric princess, and a princess of meteorically vivid beauty.

There had been a deliberate purpose in the clear, carrying tones with which she had repulsed Jase Mallows. He had been the first man to make advances, because he was the boldest; but for all her guise of unconsciousness she had seen passion smolder in the eyes about her, and she knew that others might become emboldened unless they were discouraged by a timely precedent. Heretofore her father's stern repute had safeguarded her; now she was dependent upon herself alone.

Down the swollen river swept the two uninjured rafts and the one that carried a fringe of raggedness. Most of the time the men were busy with sweep and pike-pole, fending off the cumbering drift and clearing the whirlpools where hidden reefs threatened destruction. There were sharp turns and angles, too, where the yellow water roared into fretful and vehement menace. With nightfall the heights seemed to draw in and cuddle close, and the dirge of flood and wind mounted to a heavier timbre.

Fires leaped into fitful radiance. Banjos and "dulcimore" came out of hiding and sounded plaintively over the waste

of waters. Scraps of almost medieval life showed out in thumb-nail sketches between the sooty shadow world and the red flare of the bonfires. Voices were lifted in weird and wailing melodies, reciting themes of hopeless love—and these were, of course, addressed to Alexander.

The mountain girl joined no group, but sat with her hands clasped about her up-drawn knees, and her gaze ranging off into distance. The carmine and orange illumination played upon her brilliant eyes and hair and cheeks; and when her face unconsciously fell into a reflective quiet, and her lips drooped with a touch of wistfulness, the allurements of her beauty was arresting and undeniable. Brent fell to wondering what life held in store for her.

The time would come, he thought, when such beauty as hers, in a land of plain and drudgery-enslaved women, must bring her to something like a crisis. She was twenty-one, and unawakened, but that the men about her should long allow her to remain so was as unlikely as that a pirate crew would leave a rich treasure unfought for. A rising tide of human passion about her seemed as inevitable as this freshet of water had been—and perhaps it would be as swift of coming.

But if the amorous burden of that crude minstrelsy made any impression upon her, she gave no indication. Before the songs ended she withdrew to the rude shelter that had been fashioned for her, and wrapped herself in her blanket; but the pistol-holster lay close to her hand.

When she rose, at daybreak, they had turned out of the stream upon which they had embarked into the broader river that it fed. About them floated masses of ice from broken gorges above.

Brent shivered, and dabbed grudgingly with cold water at the face upon which a stubble of beard had begun to bristle. The girl carried an icy bucket into her shelter and reenforced the forward wall of the shack with blanket and rubber coat—not as a protection against the knife-edged sharpness of the air, but against prying eyes. Then she bathed unhurriedly and fastidiously.

When she emerged, the bloom of her cheeks and the luster of her thick hair would have been the envy of a boudoir where beauty-doctors had done their utmost. All that day, too, save for the smoldering eyes of the discomfited Jase

Mallows, the wolflike pack treated her with a cautious deference of bearing.

At the end of two days the flood was visibly subsiding.

"I reckon," Alexander announced, "we've got a right smart chanst now ter put in at the Coal City boom, hain't we?"

Several heads nodded assent. Brent noticed that Jase Mallows's face wore a smile which did not altogether escape malignity. At the first opportunity he inquired:

"What were you smiling about, Mr. Mallows, when they spoke of Coal City?"

The backwoods dandy scowled and gave back the churl's response:

"Thet's my business!"

"Certainly," Brent acceded coolly. "You don't have to answer me. I didn't suppose it was a matter you were ashamed to talk about."

Mallows bent forward with a truculent narrowing of his lids and an outthrust chin; but observing that the city man was in no wise cowed by his scowls, he amended his attitude. Two days before the timber-buyer would have been more cautious of offending this man, but a subtle transformation had begun in Brent. It was as if a new disdain for personal risks had caught fire from that flaming quality in the mountain woman.

"Hev ye ever seed Coal City?" inquired Mallows.

The other shook his head.

"Waal, hit's a right rough sort of place. Hit's a coal-minin' town, with only one tavern, an' things goes forward thar right sensibly similar ter hell on a hot night. With the flood holdin' up the mines, hit's apt ter kinderly outdo hitself jest now." He paused a moment, then capped his prediction with an added detail. "Thar'll be plentiful drunkenness an' deviltry thar. Alexander couldn't speak civil ter me, but I war jest a studyin' erbout how well she's goin' ter like Coal City!"

When the rafts were safe in the boom, Brent looked about for Mallows, but Jase was already gone. Alexander herself was among the last to start up the ill-lighted and twisting street that climbed along the broken levels of the town toward the tavern. It was at best a squalid village and a tawdry one. Now it was to boot a wholly demoralized town, cut off from the world by inundated highways and the washing out of its railroad bridge. The kerosene street-

lamps flickered dully and at long intervals. High up the black slopes a few coke-furnaces still burned in red patches of inflamed and sullen glare.

Brent had dropped out of sight, meaning to follow the girl as an unofficial body-guard. Knowing her impatience of gratuitous services of protection, he made no announcement of his purpose, but fell in behind the light of the lantern she carried and followed her in the shadows.

When he had gone only a little way, he had the vague feeling that some one else was following him; so he halted and wheeled suddenly. After peering vainly through the murk, he told himself that he was letting his imagination play him tricks; but he could not dispel the disquieting impression of soft footsteps padding steadily along behind him.

Before they had reached the main street, on which the disreputable tavern stood, sounds of raucous voices floated out—a chorus of profane and blatant roistering. The houses along the way presented faces utterly blank and devoid of life. Brent would have wondered at that had he not had his brief talk with Mallows. Now he understood. Respectable folks had withdrawn to shelter behind barred doors and tightly shuttered windows until such time as the unleashed element of outlawry should evacuate the town. The law-abiding were in effect undergoing a siege and avoiding the ill-lighted streets.

The light at the court-house square was relatively bright. As Brent crossed in front of the squat and shadowy bulk of the old jail—empty now, though it should have been full—he made out a figure hastening about him in a circuitous fashion, and at a dog-trot, as if bent on arriving at the hostelry first. That, then, must have been the presence he had felt at his back! A fresh alarm assailed him, for it was the figure of Bud Sellers.

When at last Alexander had gone up the steps that led to the closed door of the tavern, and had stood there for a moment without entering—the babel within having apparently aroused her misgivings—Brent drew back into a convenient shadow and looked anxiously about for the other figure. It had disappeared.

The hostelry was the property of one Dan Kelly. Rough and unclean lout as the landlord was, it was not with complacency

that he saw his house given over to the destructive caprices of a drunken and uncontrollable mob. He had no means of freeing himself of his guests. When his slatternly wife complained of the filth brought into the place by the loggers and miners, he had wagged his head dejectedly and spread his great, black-nailed hands.

"If that's the wust thing they does, hit 'll be a plumb God's blessin'," he replied. "The law p'intedly forces a tavern-keeper ter sleep an' eat man an' beast—ef so be they kin pay."

Now the motley crew was in unchallenged possession, and would remain in possession until the river went down and the fords were once more passable. The prospect that a reign of terror would prevail so long as they tarried in town in no wise dampened their own exuberance of spirit.

Two or three traveling salesmen had been marooned here, but since the beginning of the saturnalia they had not been in evidence beyond the thresholds of their own rooms.

There was no bar at Dan Kelly's tavern, and none was needed, since every man was duly and individually provisioned. Even in these flood times, a dollar left unwatched on a certain stump up the mountainside would cause a jug to appear mysteriously in its place.

But since there was no bar, the great room whose door opened directly upon the porch had been commandeered as a was-sailing-hall. Here the entering guest must run the gantlet of the rollicking horde before he could attain the more peaceful harbor of his own quarters.

About a red-hot stove hung as dirty and disorderly a crew of men as ever came out of coal-mine or lumber-camp. Those who remained sober sat somewhat aloof against the walls, and kept their mouths shut. Under the ceiling hung a thick, stale cloud of smoke from many strong pipes; and the rancid poison of air discharged from many lungs had become a stench in the nostrils. Groups of men were shouting in discordant chorus or reeling unsteadily about, while through the whole chaotic pandemonium others slept heavily in their chairs—or even on the floor.

Just before Alexander reached the porch and hesitated on the threshold, Jase Mallows had been there. Now he was gone, but he had first imparted the information that the "he-woman from the head of

Shoulderblade Branch " was coming to the tavern; so it was likely that she would have a noisy welcome. On the outskirts of the crowd sat a giant who seemed a shade rougher of guise than those about him. When he stood, this man topped six feet by as many inches. His shoulders had such a spread that one thought of them as of an eagle's wings—from tip to tip. His face, now bristling with dark stubble, was none the less clean-chiseled and attractively featured. At first sight a stranger would be likely to exclaim:

"What a magnificent figure of a man he would make, if he were only clean-shaven and well-dressed!"

This fellow was not drinking, but looked on from a table at which no one ventured to challenge his sole occupancy or his evident preference for his own society. A somewhat amused and indulgent gleam dwelt in his eye, tinged, it is true, with a certain unveiled contempt; but it was not the disgust that might have been expected in a sober man looking on at such crude and loathsome debauchery.

There were women present, too—coarse and vicious creatures who lacked even the sort of tawdry finery that their sisters in Western mining-camps affect. There was here no shimmer of even the cheapest silk or satin. In dress, as in character, they were drab.

So was the stage set when the door opened and Alexander stepped in, dropping her pack to the floor, and standing speechless for a moment or two as her amazed eyes took in the details of the picture. The mountain girl had never seen such a spectacle before; and as she looked about for some one who appeared to have authority here, her fine eyes and lips fell into an unmasked scorn.

She had not closed the door, and through it, close on her heels, slipped Brent. For a little space no one seemed to notice her coming; but the city man, standing directly behind her, saw the pliancy of her attitude stiffen, and then across her shoulder he recognized, in a rear door, the tense figure of Bud Sellers.

Sellers stood looking through a lane which chance had left open, and Brent thought that his posture was the electrically expectant one of a man poised for instant action. He remembered that when Bud went on a spree he was known as the "mad dog."

That same insane ferocity which had attacked the father might now forget that the daughter's assumption of masculinity was only a pretense. Sellers might regard her as an enemy bent on avenging a mortal injury. There was no time to speculate how Bud came to be here; the fact that he was here, with his gaze fixed on the girl, was sufficient cause for apprehension.

Then the eyes of the many began following the eyes of the few, until a brief hush settled down on the dissonance, and every one was staring at the girl who stood inside the door, dressed as a man, but holding their gaze with the lodestone of her unmistakable beauty. A hoarse shout went up from the rear:

"A gal in pants! Hit's the he-woman!"

"I wants ter see the tavern-keeper. Whar's he at?" demanded Alexander in a clear voice that went through the place like the note of a clarinet.

She stood out, a picture of serene beauty drawn against an evil and confused background. Two of the wretched women came forward and bent upon her the full battery of their brazen and leering curiosity.

"Pants!" exclaimed one of them satirically. "The wench hain't got no shame!"

The second used an even uglier word; but Alexander ignored their criticism.

"Whar's the landlord at?" she repeated.

A chorus of laughter ensued. Then a bewhiskered fellow, red-eyed and dirty, to whom Jase Malloes had previously spoken, came to the front with a burlesque attempt at a low bow.

"Don't heed these hyar fool women, sweetheart," he said. "They hain't nothin' but low-down trash nohow. They're jealous, but thar's some right upstandin' men-folks hyar fer ye ter keep company with. I reckon fust off ye needs a leetle dram—hit's right chilly outside!"

As he proffered a flask, Brent caught the glitter of his eye, and knew that this time it would not be easy to decline. The crowd was drifting forward, and through the closing lane of humanity Bud Sellers glided rapidly to a place near its front. His hand was inside his coat now—where the holster lay.

"A leetle dram won't do ye no harm," insisted the man of the bloodshot eyes. Then, as he caught the quiet contempt on the girl's face, his manner changed to truculent bullying. "Folks says ye wants ter be treated the same es a man. Any

man thet holds I hain't good enough ter drink with, thet man's my enemy!"

Brent hesitated to draw his weapon, lest in such a situation it might provoke a mêlée; yet he felt that in a moment he might need it. Then, as he stood still uncertain, he saw the giant, who had until now looked on with detached indifference, come elbowing his way through the press, much as an elephant might go through small timber, uprooting obstacles and tossing them aside as he moves.

But Alexander had gone dead white with the pallor of outraged wrath. Her lips had tightened, and her eyes had taken on a quality like the blue flame which is the hottest fire that burns.

Then, suddenly, she moved with a swiftness that was electric. Before her purpose could be guessed, she stood with a heavy-calibered revolver outthrust into the face of the man whose pistol-hand had held the whisky-flask. The glass crashed into splinters from an abruptly relaxed grip.

"I don't drink—without hit pleasures me ter drink," said the girl, in a cold and even tone—a tone no more unfalteringly firm than the hand that held the gun. "Hit won't never pleasure me ter drink with a man I wouldn't wipe my feet on. Ye hain't a man nohow—ye're jest a polecat!"

The bearded jaw dropped in amazement, and a sudden sense of the nearness of death intruded itself upon Lute Brown's thoughts. Still, since even such a situation called for a retort, he essayed one in a faltering voice that travestied the boldness of his words.

"When a man names me thet name, I—I wants him ter come *toward* me. Of course ye hain't no man, though."

"I'm man enough ter take yore measure!" she flung back at him; "an' I'm comin' toward ye right now. Ef both yore hands ain't high when I gits thar, I aims ter kill ye!"

She moved forward, and the bully gave grudgingly back; but at that instant the gigantic onlooker casually laid hand upon him by one shoulder and flung him sidewise as easily as a terrier tosses a rat. His manner was precisely that of a man who removes a chair which obstructs his path.

"Stranger," said the titanic fellow, with a pleasantly drawling intonation, "I think I heard ye say ye wanted the landlord. Ef ye'll come with me, I'll find him fer ye. A decent feller wouldn't hardly relish this company, nohow."

There was in his form of address no masculine patronage proffering rescue to the beset feminine. Looking up into a face which was smiling with an engaging radiance of white teeth, Alexander nodded.

"I'd be right obleeged ter ye!" she said.

Through a path that silently opened itself for them, they went out of a back door. When they had gone, Brent saw in astonishment that Bud Sellers was crouching with defiant eyes over Lute Brown as the discomfited ruffian slowly regained his feet.

"Hev ye done hed enough?" demanded Bud, in a voice of deadly calm and absolute sobriety. "Because, ef ye hain't, I'm hyar ter finish hit up with ye!"

"Air ye one of her beaus, too?" came the surly question.

"She don't tolerate no sweetheartin'," Bud answered deliberately; "but whilst I was crazed with licker I hurt her paw, an' I reckon I owes her somethin'."

When the giant had returned, he went nonchalantly back to his table, as if nothing had occurred. Brent followed and joined him there.

"How do you come to be here, Halloway?" asked the city man, in a guarded and incredulous voice.

The tall man looked about him, and then, since the drone of voices was again gathering volume, he replied:

"Oh, ye're right liable ter meet up with a driftin' lumberjack anywhars at all!"

After filling a disreputable pipe with tobacco crumbs, he leaned a little forward. Then, in lowered tones, from which every trace of mountain dialect had abruptly departed, he added:

"By gad, Brent, an episode that gives a man a new sensation—a new thrill, in a world of threadbare ones—is worth a king's ransom! I've seen the beauties of Occident and Orient, but until now—"

A figure drifted near enough to overhear.

"Waal, stranger," concluded Halloway, rising slowly, "hit's mighty nigh my bedtime. I reckon I'll santer up ter my room an' lay down. I hopes ye gits took keer of yourself; but ef ye don't, ye're right welcome ter bunk in with me."

"I'll go with you now," declared the timber-buyer.

VI

IN a squalid room above-stairs, Halloway sat, coatless, with his flannel shirt open on a throat that rose from the swell of his

chest as a tower rises from a hill. His hair was rumpled, his whole aspect disheveled, but when he grinned there was the flash of strong teeth as white as a hound's and as even as a professional beauty's.

"Now tell me," he demanded with manifestly sincere interest, "who is this barbaric and regal creature in whose train I find you? Do you assert any claim of prior discovery, or is it a clear field and no favor?"

When Brent answered, it was with challenging decisiveness.

"A clear field, yes—but certainly no favor for either of us. She is primitive enough to hold fast to a wholesome code. I wouldn't advise any philandering!"

Halloway bent his head backward and gazed meditatively at the cloud of smoke that he sent ceilingward.

"So the faithful and chivalrous friend is giving me the benefit of his experience touching the stern virtue of an almost Druidical life!" he commented. "Yet I know these people as few outsiders do."

"Nevertheless, you *are* an outsider, Jack. When we last sat quarreling in your rooms, your windows overlooked the rhododendrons of Central Park and the bronze horseman in the Plaza. She could be only a reckless adventure in your life—and in all likelihood a fatal one."

Halloway received this gratuitous counsel with quiet amusement in his eyes.

"I begin to think that as an adventure she'd be worth fatality!" he said.

With the license of old acquaintance, Brent went on with his lecture.

"I happen to know you in real life as well as in masquerade. Whether your whim calls for this fantastic and shaggy disguise, or for the impeccability of evening dress, you are still only a handsome beast of prey. You are so incorrigible, and so devoid of conventional morality, that in being fond of you I wonder at myself!"

"Don't mention conventional morality—I repudiate it utterly," declared the giant calmly. "But tell me about this girl."

"I never saw her until a few days back," Brent enlightened his inquisitor. "Her beauty and her dauntlessness have laid a sort of spell on me, though I'm a fairly conservative man. You are not. You're a plunger—a gambler in emotions. That's why I'm hanging out a warning signal."

The big man laughed with the full-chested mirth of a viking.

"Why, my dear fellow, you would like me less if I were changed from what you call a beast of prey to such a house-dog as are most of your acquaintances. I refresh you in a life of drab monotony, because of my outspoken repudiation of things that life's copy-cats accept so slavishly. I interest you because, though I am educated and disreputably rich, I remain at heart a savage; because I like to break away from the tawdry glitter of social pretense and run baying joyously at the head of the wild pack. And in fairness you must admit that when I revert to feral instincts, I don't have to ask odds as an amateur!"

The great fellow came abruptly to his feet, not with the ponderousness of most giants, but with a pantherlike agility and smoothness.

"I am idle—yes, so far as it is idle for a man to refuse to go on despoiling weaker men for gain; but why should I not be idle? I can spend a fortune every year for a long life-span, and still leave loot a plenty behind my taking off. And my idling is not mere slothfulness. I know the Orient, not as the ordinary white man knows it, but as one who has become a brother to the yellow and brown. I know these hills. No man in this town to-night, save yourself, suspects that I am not a native, or even that I have ever participated in any other life."

"All of which I admit. The wolf may be more interesting than the collie—but for the sheepfold the collie is safer. I'm thinking of Alexander!"

Halloway reflectively knocked the nub of ash from his pipe, and went on more slowly.

"Civilization stifles me," he said seriously; "but when I turn my back on its dusty theologues and dogmatists, I still hold tight to the poets. To me feeling means much, but cold thought is like a fireless hearth."

The speaker was standing before the frame of the dark window. The wild capriciousness of the weather had brought rain, and flashes of untimely lightning flared now and again into momentary whiteness. Brent looked at the mighty proportions of his companion and thought of the girl who slept in another tawdry room opening on the same narrow hallway. Each of them was unusual; each of them insurgent; each without fear. If their two natures should strike the spark of attraction, he trembled

to think what a conflagration might blaze from the kindling.

"I'm not discussing theories," he said a bit shortly. "I'm talking about a mountain girl whom I take it you would never marry; and if not—"

Brent spread his hands and left the sentence unfinished.

"And if not?" Halloway caught him up. "What has marriage necessarily to do with love? There is more stimulation in the adventures of any *grande amoureuse* than in the life-story of a dozen of your stodgy *fraus*!"

"I'm going to bed," declared Will Brent. "I advise you to leave Alexander alone. I don't think she'd see eye to eye with you on the subject of the *grande amoureuse*."

"That only foreshadows a duel of wills—conflict—drama!" Halloway paused and laughed. Then he went on, with eyes that glowed admiringly: "I dare say she never

heard of an Amazon—and yet she's a splendid specimen of the type. She dares to live a man's life in a country where other women tamely accept thralldom. Perhaps it is a great adventure. I have seen a meteor, and I shall stay!"

"Of course you know," Brent reminded him evenly, "the first hint that you are a millionaire masquerading as a native will engulf you in local suspicion."

"I don't mean that they shall learn that." Suddenly Halloway's head bent forward a little, and his brows contracted. "They *can't* learn it except through you!"

"Precisely," said the smaller man, with dry brevity.

If the short answer brought a cloud to Halloway's face, it was one that cleared immediately into laughter.

"We haven't reached that bridge yet," he announced. "We needn't open up a Brent-Halloway feud until we get there!"

(To be continued in the December number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)

WHAT KIND OF MOTHER?

I SEE about me in the throng
The nation's mothers, thousands strong;
I see them smile to hide their tears,
I see them pray to still their fears;
And humbly wonder, as I see,
What kind of mother I should be.

Should I be one to shun war's frowns
By buying fashion's gayest gowns?
Or should I yearning, eager, press
To double tasks, in last year's dress?
Should I be one to shirk my part
And stop to nurse my tortured heart?
Or should I daily skimp and save
To buy a bond and cheat a grave?

Should I be one whom love would tempt
To wish my darling son exempt?
Or should I thrill with strange, new joy
To kiss my just-enlisted boy?
Should I be one on parting-day
To cheer him bravely on his way?
Or should I frantic cling and cry
In that last moment of good-by?

I see about me in the throng
The nation's mothers, thousands strong;
I see them smile to hide their tears,
I see them pray to still their fears;
And humbly wonder, as I see,
What kind of mother I should be!

Marion Hicks Dexter.

The Odd Measure

American
Chivalry and
German Kultur

*The True Story
of a Battle
Fought Some
Years Before
the War*

HARVARD has had some pretty good men on her football teams in recent years. Yale and Princeton players who faced them on the gridiron can testify to their grit, speed, and ability to buck the line hard. One such man, famed in his college days for all three of these characteristics—we will call him Holworthy in the present chronicle—graduated from Harvard three years before the beginning of the world war, married, and went to Europe on his wedding-trip.

In the course of their travels Mr. and Mrs. Holworthy found themselves in one of the large cities of Germany. A morning stroll took them to the bridge spanning the river which intersects the town. As they started to cross the bridge they saw a German officer approaching them, striding along with the military strut which betokens that class. The pathway was wide, and the American couple left space, on the proper side, to permit of his passing them; but the officer plowed between them, knocking the lady over, and proceeding on his way without stopping.

Such proceedings were foreign to all the Harvard athlete's experience. As he helped his wife to her feet, he called peremptorily to the officer:

"Come back here!"

The German stopped, turned with a look of amazement, and said in good but somewhat heated English:

"What the devil do you want?"

Thereupon Holworthy explained, in still more heated English, that he was an American citizen, that the lady who had been knocked down was his wife, and that in the country from which he came it was not the custom for men to knock women into the gutter. If such an event should accidentally occur, he added, an apology would be quickly forthcoming; and this was the least that was expected on the present occasion.

The officer's response to this suggestion was to whip out his sword and remark:

"What right have you to talk like that to a German officer? Why didn't the woman get out of my way?"

The officer was big, his sword was keen, and hitherto, in his strut through life, his present methods had evidently prevailed. In this particular case, however, he had made a mistake.

All the antecedents of the Harvard man had taught him respect for women. To have his wife knocked down by a brute in a public street, even though both the street and the brute were German, was not in accord with his idea of what was right and proper. Indeed, the occasion called for immediate action. Holworthy gave one leap for the officer, grabbed his sword with both hands, and, before the astonished man could collect his wits, broke it in two on his own knee and threw the pieces into the river below. Then, giving the officer one mighty lunge, he sent him on his back at about the spot previously occupied by Mrs. Holworthy.

By the time the fuming, swearing German had gathered himself together, Holworthy was in the hands of two policemen, under arrest for assaulting one of the Kaiser's officers. The young American knew enough about the halo that surrounds a German officer to realize that he was in a serious predicament. Again it was time to act swiftly, and he at once instructed his wife to go at once to the office of the American consul and tell that official the whole story. This was done, and the consul, of course, appreciated the situation. He said that while the offense was a serious one under German law, he would make it his business to see that Holworthy was released, if he had to call in the authorities at Washington to accomplish it.

Repairing with Mrs. Holworthy to the police-court, he found the prisoner and the officer telling their respective stories. The consul thereupon made his presence and position known, and entered so strong a plea that, somewhat to the surprise of all concerned, the sitting magistrate dismissed the case.

On leaving the court-room the consul warned Holworthy that there would probably be another chapter to the affair. The prediction proved correct, for that night, at his hotel, Holworthy was waited upon by another German officer, who handed him a letter from his adversary of the morning. The missive proved to be a challenge to a duel.

Tearing the letter into bits, Holworthy told the officer that he would not accept the challenge. He said he had whipped the man once, and that was sufficient for his purpose. The surprise exhibited by the German was unbounded.

"What? You the challenge of an officer do not accept? It is *necessary* for you to fight!"

Holworthy's reply was succinct, forceful, and clear—so clear, in fact, that the German emissary did not parley further.

The following morning found Holworthy at the consulate, seeking advice as to his next move, and that afternoon saw the American couple quietly leaving the city. It was indeed a strategic retreat—not the sort of move that Holworthy liked to make, but it was made for the peace of the consulate as well as for his own interests.

* * * * *

**Théodore
Botrel, the
Minstrel of the
French Army**

*A Balladist
from Brittany
and His Stirring
Songs of War*

ON August 30, 1914, M. Millerand, who was then the French minister of war, issued the following official document:

M. Théodore Botrel is hereby authorized to go to all cantonments, camps, and hospitals, there to recite or sing his patriotic poems. All military authorities are requested to give him welcome and to help him in every way to accomplish his mission. He is authorized to travel on all trains.

It was a gracious act, and one of good policy, as well, this grant of special privileges to Théodore Botrel. It raised to the rank of minstrel of the French armies the Breton singer of simple lays, the French poet whose power of combining popular appeal with a classical sense of form, had long since made him the favorite *chansonnier* of the people.

When he found, in the first days of the great war, that his age disbarred him from actual military service in France, M. Botrel went into Belgium and offered himself there as a "simple soldier." His application was refused by the Belgian minister of war, M. de Broqueville, who, however, wrote to him that, although he would return to France, he would never quite leave Belgium, for many of her soldiers would cheat fatigue by singing Botrel's songs "that exalt and comfort."

The most famous of his earlier war-songs is that about the bayonet, which the poilus call "Rosalie"—a name of which they are extremely jealous, resenting it in the mouth of any one but a real fighter. Henri Lavedan, of the French Academy, says:

Rosalie—*c'est la baïonnette*. Where did it get this name? I don't know. From an unknown father. It must have been born with a burst of laughter from the mouth of some corporal, whistling while he was cleaning "the child." Immediately it took fire, like guncotton under the hammer, and it glowed, it burned, everywhere along the line.

Rosalie! The men are not dull. They understood. They guessed from the first, without asking, what the name meant. And just at that moment, Botrel, as the old rimes say, "came passing by." He pounced upon the pleasing Rosalie and made her his own, as quick as a wink, in the song which carries high the name, and which you all know. It is a very fine song indeed!

There are plenty of Botrel's ballads imbued with a fine spirit of patriotism, and much superior, as literature, to the flag-waving compositions that some of our music-publishers have brought forth since we entered the war. And there are songs that parallel the German songs of hate, but with such a difference! They show no downright hatred, no bitterness, but an implacable resolve to go on to victory, and never to forget the crimes of those who plunged the world into war. They don't talk of quartering the Kaiser and stringing up the crown prince, but they ridicule both in humorous fashion; and in France *le ridicule tue*, according to the saying.

Botrel has done some brave work toward detaching French socialists from their imagined brotherhood with the Teuton Social Democrats, the great majority of whom, during the past few years, have proved themselves as Prussian as the Junkers. His parody on "L'Internationale," entitled "La Terre Nationale," is now sung up and down the line, and among the soldiers it is a mighty weapon to combat the forces of pacifism—such forces as have still survived in France since her fair provinces were so ruthlessly despoiled.

Botrel carries no *pétard* (rifle), nor the Rosalie that he has sung, and yet, despite his advanced middle age, he is one of the best fighters of France.

* * * * *

The Revival of the Old-Time Sea Chantey

*The Shipping
Board Has
Undertaken to Set
Our Sailors Singing
Again*

THE sailor, like the soldier, is not insensible to the power of song, and the fact has recently received recognition from our government. There is an official movement to revive the chanteys of the gallant tars who roamed the seven seas before steam and electricity practically drove the old-time mariner from the ocean highways. After two generations of neglect, the old choruses are coming back in answer to the call of war's bugle.

Like the soldier's ballad, so the sailor's chantey is an aid to man-power; it lightens work, dispels despondency in the hours of idleness, and helps powerfully to build up and maintain the spirit of comradeship. A factor of such importance—for it seems trivial only to those without understanding of the psychology of individuals and crowds—could not be overlooked when the country is straining every effort for the winning of the war. Not only does the Navy Department encourage song of every kind and form among the enlisted men, but to foster it on board of every ship flying the Stars and Stripes, the United States Shipping Board Recruiting Service has appointed an official chantey-man for our new merchant marine, to teach the youngsters going out to sea the songs that helped their grandfathers to work and fight with a spirit as fresh and keen as the ocean winds.

The old chanteys of a hundred years ago are all but forgotten. Only snatches of a few have been transmitted to us, for they belonged to the very masts and sails of the ships, and rarely had a place in print. Some were sentimental, some dramatic, most of them rollicking absurdities, frequently as unfit for "polite society" as the men who delighted in them. There seems to be only one of the original chanteys handed down to us in its entirety—an endless piece, full of wit, and sung to a brave marching-tune, but unfortunately quite unprintable.

Our young sailors will soon enough make up new chanteys to rival the old ones in spirit and form. It probably needed no more than the tactful encouragement they are now getting to start them; for in both spirit and form the typical chantey is characteristic of the seafarer's turn of mind—an aimless, rambling, interminable tale sung by the chantey-man and interrupted at every line or so by a totally irrelevant chorus, as for instance this famous one:

Fourteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yeo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

Meanwhile, our sailors make up for the shortness of their favorite songs by repeating them over and over again. Perhaps at the head of the list

stands familiar old "Nancy Lee," which has, more than the others, the true chanterey touch:

Of all the wives as e'er you know,
Yeo-ho, lads, ho! Yeo-ho, yeo-ho!
There's none like Nancy Lee, I trow,
Yeo-ho, lads, ho! Yeo-ho!

"Out on the Deep," "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and "The Sailor's Life is Bold and Free" are among the other songs that have our sailors' suffrage, and that have been gathered in a pocket-size booklet printed by the government and distributed to the men as part of their equipment.

* * * * *

A Romantic Episode in the History of the World War

The March of a British Detachment Through Persia to Baku

THE Turks have taken Baku from the handful of British troops who marched more than five hundred miles from Bagdad and startled the world by announcing that they had occupied the city that is the center of the rich Russian oil-field on the Caspian. The latest reports were that the town was burning.

The Bagdad-Baku expedition was one of the strangest of the many strange journeys that British soldiers have made during the great war. Baku is on the western coast of the Caspian, and from it a railway runs by way of Tiflis—through what was once Russian territory, but is now, as the Germans call it, "Independent Georgia"—to the port of Batum on the Black Sea, which is understood to be held by a German force. Before the war, the oil from Baku was carried by pipe-lines to Batum, and was then shipped in tankers to the markets of the world.

Baku is so named from a Persian word meaning a gust of wind, and travelers tell us that it has a well-earned right to be known as the Windy City. There are really three towns—old Baku of the natives, new Baku of the Russians, and the Black Town, where the oil-refineries are. Russia annexed the place in 1806, but the Arabs and the Persians had held it for ten centuries before that, and the town shows evidence of their architectural exaggerations. Fifty years ago its population was only about fourteen thousand, but the development of the oil industry roused it from its age-long sleep, and when the great war broke out it housed a quarter of a million people, including an Anglo-Saxon colony with a church of its own.

That restless nomad, Edmund O'Donovan, the war-correspondent—"a red Indian in patent-leather boots," as they called him—knew the place well, and tells us about it in his "Ride to Merv."

"I left Trebizond at sunset on Wednesday, February 5, 1879, *en route* for Central Asia," he writes. The first stage of the journey was by steamer, the second by train, which at that time went only as far as Tiflis. From there to Baku he traveled in a primitive cart. After waiting at Baku for some months, he crossed the Caspian to Tchikislav, only to find that the Russian army did not want him in its train; but after many adventures he set out for Astrabad, in Persia, "with its picturesque towers and ramparts gleaming yellow in the noonday sun." The story of O'Donovan's ride to Merv, as he tells it, is one of the real romances of war-correspondence.

But the British ride from Bagdad to Baku is one of the romances of this great war. All who know Mesopotamia and Persia will know the prodigious difficulties it must have involved. Transport seems to have been done on donkey-back. Bagdad swarms with donkeys, and probably thousands of them were mustered for the expedition. The soldiers' kit, with some sweet water and a little barley for the ass itself, would make up its burden. When the caravan halted in the evening, the humble beast would be set free to graze on the coarse grass that sprouts up here and there in the wastes of a once fertile empire.

The British soldier has long been accustomed to strange sights in the many lands he has been policing, but none stranger than those he saw

on the long trail from Bagdad to the shore of the Caspian. So far, no correspondent has described the adventures of the little expeditionary force, but it may be that there was another O'Donovan in its ranks to write of the ride to Baku.

* * * * *

**They Came to
Stay in the
St. Mihiel
Salient**

*Six Thousand
German Graves
That Contradict
Ludendorff*

THERE can be no doubt about it—the Germans came to stay, at least in that part of eastern France that was for four years the St. Mihiel salient. Now that our splendid troops have swept it clean of the living foes, the dead still remain in their pompous German-made housings, an unanswerable denial of Ludendorff's official tales about long-laid plans of evacuation and strategic retreats successfully accomplished.

Six thousand German sepulchers scar the breast of the hill that looks down upon St. Mihiel from the north, an insolent expanse of glaring marble in the gentle mellowness of the land of Lorraine, a crude avowal that this was looked upon as German soil without question or recall.

The Teuton has a care for his dead—a surpassing care for his titled dead, who must not be left in foreign earth, for there they could rest no more than the Chinese can join their ancestors in peace unless Chinese earth touches their coffins. The bodies of their princes and nobles they have taken back to their own family vaults; even those of plain officers have had burial in Germany whenever it was possible. Funeral trains have constantly reached the Fatherland—from Flanders, from Picardy, from every point, it would seem, but the St. Mihiel salient. Here the Germans were so sure they would stay that their dead have remained.

This burial-ground on the hillside above the Meuse is an amazing spectacle. It stretches from the road at its foot to an enormous black iron cross at the top, symmetrical, orderly, monumental, and hideous as only a mass of white marble can be hideous when it is treated in the "artistic" manner favored by the Kaiser. In one corner a colossal lion, twenty-five feet high, lifts his paw possessively in the direction of Paris, looking as a conqueror should over the land below. The dates on gorgeous mausoleums and more modest headstones range from 1914 to 1918, and loving phrases or gallant tributes accompany every one. The soil is French, the marble from French quarries—but how significant this graveyard is of the land of *kultur*!

There are other German cemeteries in France and Belgium, but simple soldiers are buried there, and they are more modest, less obviously intended to be permanent; always unmistakably German, however. One, at Beaumont Hamel, in Picardy, is a blurred sort of enclosure with rows on rows of large, low, wooden crosses amid a sea of brilliant flowers. In it stands a chapel, only half completed and already in ruin from shell-fire. Within stands the remnant of a large, pagan-looking altar, with eagles carved on it in relief and the beginning of a German inscription. Memorial tablets are let into the walls of the chapel, and none but German names are on the crosses. Perhaps this, too, was a *denkmal* intended to stand forever, but even before it was finished came the end of its eternity. The guns of our Allies drove the living from their pious job and left the dead among the tall grass and the daisies and the asters, where the sun and the rain will deal with the names on their crosses.

No one in France finds fault with German graves if they be humble; indeed, many a village child has been seen tending such tombs with the instinctive reverence that the majesty of death inspires. But the arrogant and ostentatious occupation of a field that is meant to remain forever Germany is an insult to the French sufferers in the invaded districts, and intolerable. How much more peacefully those Teuton dead would dwell in France, if their brothers had buried them simply! But had they felt that, they might have felt other things as well, and the world might have been spared this war.

The Star Is Here to Stay

A WELL-KNOWN MOTION-PICTURE PRODUCER TELLS WHY THE FILM DRAMA
ATTRACTS THE CELEBRITIES OF THE SPEAKING STAGE AND
CREATES OTHER STARS OF ITS OWN

By Thomas H. Ince

SO far as the motion-picture industry is concerned, the star is, and always will be. In the beginning, when the manager created the star, and offered his creation to the public, the multitude said:

"Fine, give us some more!"

And ever after, the star was.

Every once in a while some learned gentleman who has no practical knowledge of his subject writes in a more or less erudite manner to the effect that the star system, as known to the speaking stage and the motion-pictures, is all wrong—and he finds some publisher complaisant enough to print his plaint. Nevertheless, the star system continues, in spite of all that is written about its pernicious effect on the new art. The public apparently finds the unusual personality that we call the "star" so much to its liking that it spends its money freely and generously whenever the star is in evidence on the screen.

In the early days of the motion-picture industry—is it worth while to recall that it now is the fifth in importance in this country?—when the cinema product threw off the swaddling-clothes of motion-pictures and adopted the more distinctive, distinguished, and elegant garb of the photoplay and photodrama, there was no advertised star. The star came immediately after the first rush of the camera pioneers, when somebody suddenly discovered the very important fact that here was a new art—that there was, after all, something new under the sun, and that this new form of

expression offered to the actor greater opportunities than the speaking stage.

If my memory is correct, Sarah Bernhardt, the greatest luminary of the legitimate stage in our day, was the first star of the motion-pictures. She may have been antedated by James K. Hackett or some other native player of note, but the grand young lady of seventy-four years was the earliest star of the first magnitude to pose before the camera that clicks off sixteen pictures every second. With such a distinguished example it was not long before the motion-picture studios were inundated with applications from the legitimate stars of the native stage for opportunities to earn unheard-of—even undreamed-of—salaries. I believe that in the beginning it was the altitudinous wage that caught the fancy of the player folk.

As much as seven or eight years ago the speaking stage was commencing to show a sagging in its box-office receipts, and this indifference on the part of the amusement-loving public to theatrical entertainment has finally reached a point where the managers of the regular stage are in what might be very truly termed a panic. At any rate, they have been frightened to the extent of making a material reduction in the prices of their wares; and many of those who have studied theatrical conditions feel grave doubt whether there ever will be, outside of New York, a return to the recent two-dollar and two-dollar-and-a-half scale of prices for stage shows.

EDITORIAL NOTE—The author of this article was formerly an actor, and appeared with the late James A. Herne in "Shore Acres." He went into the motion-pictures under D. W. Griffith, and rapidly became a prominent film-producer on his own account. In the present article Mr. Ince takes a view of the relation between the speaking and the silent stage which in many respects presents an interesting contrast to the opinions expressed by Mr. David Belasco, in a paper printed in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE last April.



THOMAS H. INCE, PRODUCER OF "CIVILIZATION" AND OTHER WIDELY POPULAR FILM DRAMAS

And all the while this panicky condition has been in evidence in theatrical circles the motion-picture has marched steadily on, has become more and more important in the matter of productions, has enlarged its circle of patrons, and has become what might be termed a necessity and not a luxury. The influx of stars from the old stage has gone on, too, as if the speaking stage were the proverbial sinking ship.

The advent of the theatrical stars at once caught the fancy of the motion-picture public. The very fact that Miss So-and-So, the distinguished star, might be seen in an elaborate five-reel production for twenty-five cents, or even for fifteen cents, was sufficient in itself to attract the attention of a large class of amusement-lovers, who had never felt able to pay the customary tariff of two dollars to see the popular actress.

The result of all this was that the star system, as regards the motion-pictures, leaped into instant popularity. It was not long before former stage favorites were receiving from the motion-picture managers more money for a single month's work than they had ever received for an entire season. There was a rush of players of national and international fame to the studios—a rush that made the theatrical manager wonder where he was to get players for his forthcoming productions.

The actor at once took on an importance he never had known

before. He was in demand. Everybody wanted him—at any rate, the stage wanted him, and the producer of photoplays wanted him. It was a new sensation to the Thespian. He distinctly liked it. The incense was soothing and comforting to his nostrils and delightful to his senses. And it was not long before everybody who was anybody in the stage world was in motion-pictures—and the stars, the sacred ones,



VIVIAN MARTIN, FORMERLY AN ACTRESS OF THE SPEAKING STAGE, NOW A FILM STAR—"HER COUNTRY FIRST" IS ONE OF HER RECENT RELEASES

were enjoying a popularity by reason of extensive advertising that they had never before experienced.

Of course there were exceptions—not

been reached by any producer, but it is almost certain that this great portrayer of character will not be content to say farewell to the stage, either by retirement or other-



HAZEL DAWN, WHO MADE HER FIRST IMPORTANT SUCCESS IN A MUSICAL COMEDY, "THE PINK LADY," BUT WHO PREFERS THE PICTURES, IN WHICH SHE HAS BECOME A STAR

From a copyrighted photograph by Ira L. Hill, New York

many, but a few—as was to be expected. To-day there are just three notable American exceptions—David Warfield, John Drew, and Maude Adams. In the case of Warfield, perhaps his price has not yet

wise, without leaving for posterity a celluloid record of his achievement in the line of creative endeavor, as especially exemplified in "The Auctioneer" and "The Music Master." Warfield is a famously good



WILLIAM S. HART, ONCE LEADING MAN WITH MME. MODJESKA, LATER WITH FAVERSHAM AS CASH HAWKINS IN "THE SQUAW MAN," AND NOW RANKED AS ONE OF THE "BIG FOUR" OF THE FILMS, THE OTHER THREE BEING MARY PICKFORD, CHARLIE CHAPLIN, AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

From a copyrighted photograph by the Evans Studio, Los Angeles



CHARLES RAY, A STAR OF THE PARAMOUNT PICTURES—AMONG HIS RECENT RELEASES ARE "A NINE O'CLOCK TOWN" AND "THE LAW OF THE NORTH"

business man, and one of these days some producer will offer him a contract that will call forth his signature on the famed dotted line.

In the case of Maude Adams another sort of problem presents itself. Miss Adams is unlike any other member of her profession. She has done many things that no other actress ever has done. For instance, she has refused to be interviewed, save on one historic occasion—in St. Louis, I believe it was. She has never married. She is a rich woman, even as rich women go in this country of rich women. Miss Adams is by all odds the most unique personality in the American theatrical world, and it is possible that she means what she says when she emphatically declares that the motion-pictures will never "get her." In arriving at this conclusion, I think she has been

guided to a very considerable degree by the wishes of the late Charles Frohman, who advised her never to consider appearing before the camera.

Personally, I know that offers of a most alluring character have been made to this fine actress to induce her to lend her splendid artistry to the motion-pictures, but she has steadfastly declined them all. Considering Miss Adams's wealth and her inclination to heed the advice given to her by her late manager, friend, and counselor, I am of the opinion that of all the prominent stars of the American stage, she is the one who will never be found in the realm of motion-picture celebrities, and who will not realize and accept the tremendous advantages of having her fine art known to another generation.

THE DEMAND FOR YOUNG STARS

The screen screams for youth. It clamors for the unlined face. It demands that middle age and ma-

turity should stand aside when its stars are being made—a fact that accounts for the preponderance of young men and women in the list of cinema luminaries. There are exceptions, of course, but they are rare, being found only where a star has some individual characteristic that commends itself above the matter of mere years.

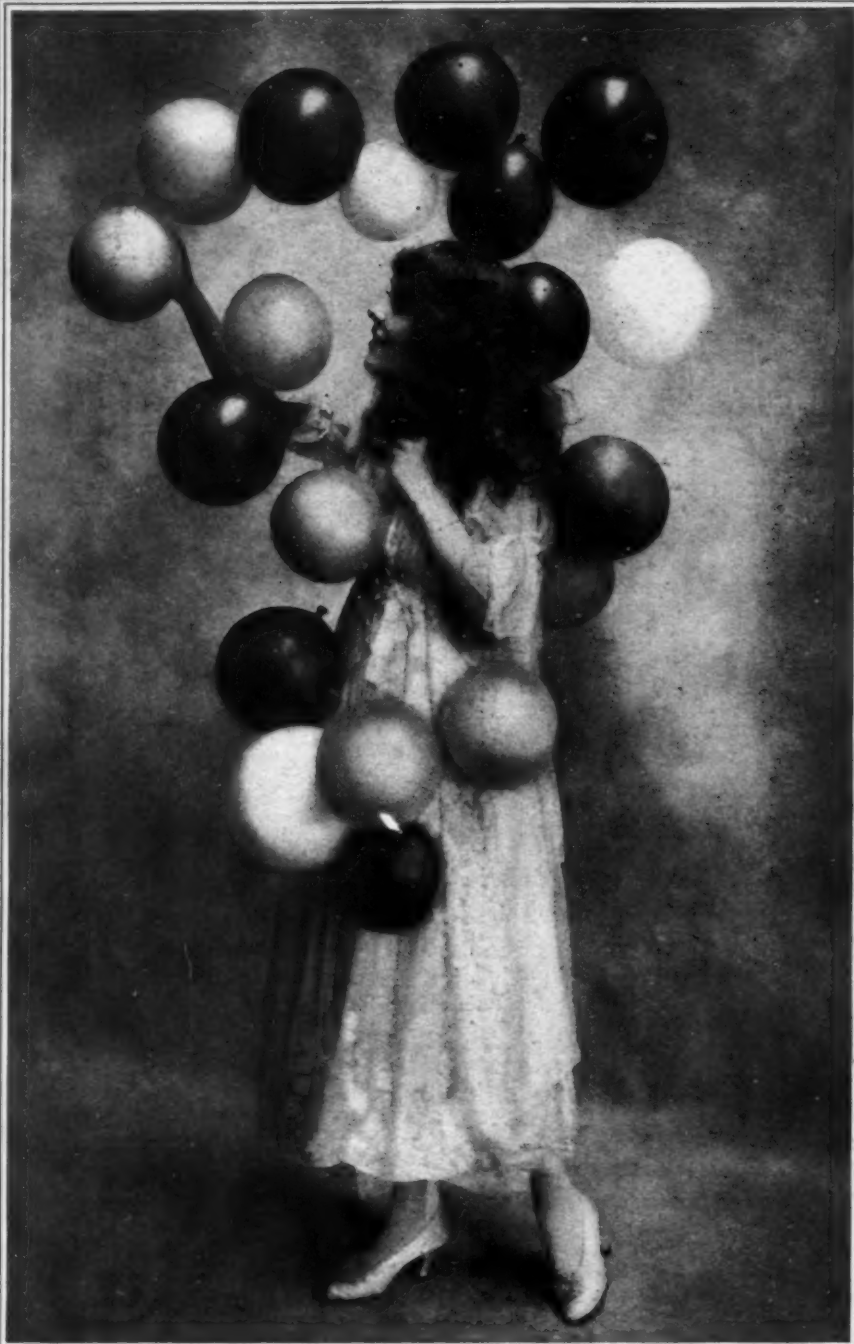
Screen matronliness is a mishap; middle age is pathetic; half a hundred years is a camera crime.

The stage, with its friendly glare of the footlights and border-lights and a generous use of grease-paint, will accept the telltale lines that years bring about the eyes and neck and mouth; but these must be absent when the star faces the camera, for the "close-up" is inexorable. It ruthlessly tears aside all the facial camouflage of the make-up box, and shows up the signs of



MARY MINTER, A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD FILM ACTRESS WHOSE SALARY IS SAID TO BE ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS A WEEK

From a photograph by the Campbell Studios



JUNE CAPRICE, OF THE WILLIAM FOX FILMS—SHE WAS DISCOVERED IN PRIVATE LIFE BY A MOTION-PICTURE PRODUCER AND MADE A STAR OVERNIGHT

age with a hideousness that precludes the possibility of the subject ever achieving a great popularity with the mass of the patrons of the motion-pictures.

There never was a time, either in the

while amusement-lovers of a later English day applauded such famous stars as Garrick, the Kembles, Edmund Kean, Macready, Samuel Phelps, and Irving. In this country, the public has set up as stars



PAULINE FREDERICK, FORMERLY OF THE SPEAKING STAGE, NOW A PARAMOUNT PICTURES STAR—AMONG HER RECENT RELEASES ARE "FEDORA" AND "ZAZA"

history of the speaking stage or in the briefer career of the cinema product, when the public did not demand the star. Harking back to the Shakespearian period, we find Burbage and Betterton and Quinn,

such fine actors as Burton, Forrest, Owens, Florence, Raymond, Booth, Barrett, Wallack, Jefferson, Charlotte Cushman, and a host of others of another day.

When the first crank was turned on the

first camera in this country, right then and there was made the first motion-picture star in screen history. I don't happen to know his or her name, but I know quite well that the actors who played in the pioneer picture-plays were stars—unsung, unadvertised, unheralded stars, but stars just the same. As soon as the public became acquainted with the features and personalities of these players it insistently demanded their names, and with this request came the period of the advertised star—with the development of which we are familiar to-day.

As in the case of the star of the speaking stage, the star of the screen has had to prove his or her worth—to prove it to the public, and not to any producer or manager. It makes slight difference how much advertising or hurrahing may be done in the effort to boost a player to stardom; if the public is irresponsive, all the advertising is merely just so much lost effort and wasted printers' ink.

Now, what is a star?

THE DEFINITION OF A STAR

Some actor or actress who can portray a certain type better than any other actor or actress—some player who has an individuality, or a personality, if you like it better that way—some actor or actress whose work "gets over" the footlights or appears on the screen so as to make that particular player seem to dominate the scene.

The same thing that makes a player a star on the speaking stage generally is responsible for the same actor becoming a star in the pictures.

Of course, the established star who invades the field of the films after having achieved a share of success on the stage comes with an advantage over the actor whose popularity with the picture patrons is, at first, an unknown quantity. Many of the screen stars are players who have risen from the ranks, clever young people who have entered the film world as "extras," and whose personality and perseverance have resulted in their being elevated above their fellow players.

As brilliant an example of the screen star as I can think of is William S. Hart, famed as a portrayal of Western characters, of bad men of the mining-camps, of grim-visaged humans of the old-time gambling-places of the big Western country. There are scores of actors who play what we of

the screen call "Westerns" but Hart seemingly has a personality better adapted to this type of cinema endeavor than any of his fellows. Perhaps it is on account of a boyhood spent in the West that he so well understands the class of characters he enacts on the screen, or perhaps it is on account of twenty-five years' experience on the stage, during which time he played a round of rôles ranging from *Romeo*—to the *Juliet* of Julia Arthur—to *Cash Hawkins* in Faversham's original production of "The Squaw Man." Whatever it is that gives Hart an admitted advantage over other portrayals of Western types, he possesses the peculiar quality so essential to stardom to a greater degree than any of his confrères.

Just so, too, Charles Ray has the peculiar knack—call it that, if you will—of interpreting boyish characters better than almost any other actor who essays this particular type. There are various young men of the film world who are more than commonly clever. They seem to be able to go just so far in their screen work, and then this young star, Ray, comes whizzing by and speeds on to farther heights.

That's what a star is—the player who does a certain line of work just a little better than any other player; just as Booth Tarkington is a star of the literary world, because he happens to have a keener insight into boyish character than any of his fellows; just as Kipling gets a higher price for his product than any other English author; just as any play that Augustus Thomas, Eugene Walter, or George M. Cohan writes is surer of a Gotham production than the product of a less-known dramatist whose work has yet to stand the Missourian test.

And any time that one of these stars of the screen fails to satisfy the great amusement-loving public, any time a screen luminary does not come up to the one-hundred-per-cent mark with every output, then that particular star is in great danger of losing his or her popularity—and popularity on the screen is a singularly sensitive thing, hard and difficult to achieve, but tremendously easy to injure.

When the leader in any walk of life is not a more important person than his less successful fellows, when mediocrity takes the place of superiority, when old age is more attractive than youth, when beauty is less alluring than ugliness, when effort gives way to inertia—then, and only then, will the star cease to be.

The Yellow Streak

BY MIRIAM MICHELSON

Illustrated by M. Stein

THERE came a tap at the door of the shabby dressing-room. The old Frenchwoman within did not hear it, so absorbed was she. She had slipped the waist of Yvonne's ballet-frock over her own rusty black, that she might better arrange the lace at the neck. Profoundly unconscious of the bizarre reflection that faced her, her near-sighted eyes were fixed on her work, which she handled with delicate skill. That spare old figure with the keen, lined face above the girlish bodice was not in her picture; she saw instead her granddaughter's young body and glowing face, making of the perishable chiffon and ruffles the eternal charm that is *Columbine's*.

But the second knock she heard, and without turning she cried gaily:

"It is you, Yvonne?"

"No, ma'am, it's me—Sands."

"Ah, Monsieur the Seals!" Carefully she drew off the waist, smiling at the little man who entered. "And 'ow are you this evening?"

"Fine. How's yourself?"

In his shirt-sleeves, with a round, close-cropped head thrust forward and little eyes blinking, the seal-trainer stood a moment looking at her. He had a difficult thing to say to her. He wished she had not been quite so radiant, so gallant an old figure of confidence.

"Miss Yvonne ain't on deck yet?" he began nervously.

"On deck? Ah!" She laughed. The exotic idiom of the Americans was perennially amusing. "No, but she will be ver' soon."

He nodded.

"Ye're sure ye want the girl to be a dancer, ma'am? Ye're sure she's got it in her?"

"In her?" The strong old figure became even more erect. "*Monsieur*, I was dancer at eight years. I make my *début* at fifteen.

I am *prima donna assoluta*. I dance at the opera in Londres, in Vienne, in Madrid—yes, in Madrid, where they know to dance, and—"

"Yes, yes," the man interrupted, not without sympathy; "but that was you, ma'am. I'm speaking of your granddaughter."

"The daughter of my daughter, *m'sieur*, who herself was *prima donna* at seventeen. She dance, Monsieur the Seals, till *bébé* come, when she die."

"Don't I know? Warn't I there?"

"You were, my friend. You came to our 'elp, you and *madame*, your kind wife, when we 'ad not a friend in the world. We owe you much, *monsieur*—not the least, this chance for the little Yvonne to dance here to-night, to make her *déout*."

"Aw, that's nothing!" He sweated visibly over the task Yvonne had set for him; it was going to be even harder than he had anticipated. "What a blackguard that poor girl's husband was, to keep her dancing so near her time!" he added.

"As you say." The Frenchwoman nodded sorrowfully. "He had what you Americans call the yellow streak, is't not? Never did he succeed. Always did he fail. Many, many times I tried to give him confidence. No use!"

"P'r'aps, after all, he just couldn't, ma'am," Sands said, thinking he had found his way. "Still, we warn't talking about him, but"—he paused—"of his daughter."

Her eyes turned full upon him. Her busy hands, which had been placing jars of powder, rouge, and grease-paint on the dressing-table, shook as she set down a tiny vial.

"What makes you say that?" she demanded. "*His* daughter! Has Yvonne—"

But now that he had his opportunity, Sands found his courage lacking. This method was too forthright, too brutal.

"Oh, I just thought I'd put it to you," he stammered. "Have—have ye ever thought of working with seals, ma'am? They're mighty smart! Training seals brings good money; and you've got the patience for it. You could do a heap with 'em. You're a born teacher, ma'am."

"'Tis a compliment. Thank you, *mon-sieur*," she returned tranquilly, drawing a strong, slender foot out of the satin slipper she was "breaking in" that her girl might dance the more gracefully in it. "But no, thank you."

"Course, you know best," he said with a perplexed sigh.

"I should know," she returned with dignity. "For thirty year I have taught the dance. She 'as it, my little Yvonne, talent—no, genius—in the leg. Wait, sir, we shall show you that you have not made a mistake in begging for her this chance." She nodded confidently and repeated: "We shall show you! Ah, here she is now!"

II

THE girl who entered—a slight, tense little creature—immediately fixed questioning eyes upon the seal-trainer.

"Have you done it?" was their agonized query. "Have you broken it to her?"

To Sands it was as if the words had been spoken, cried out. Behind the older woman's back he lifted both hands in a clumsy gesture of failure. He saw the girl's face go white, saw desperation in those pretty, dark eyes that followed him as he hurried to the door, glad to leave such a situation behind.

For a moment Yvonne stood gazing after him. Then she turned, and, setting down her satchel and slowly taking off her hat, she moved with almost unconquerable reluctance toward the dressing-table.

"But you are a little late, my child!" the grandmother said briskly.

"Don't I know it?" cried the girl, falling into the chair before the glass.

"Eh?" The prolonged interrogation caught Yvonne and shamed her. "One must be ver', ver' early the first time. But I 'ave everything ready. And see—a surprise! New underthings, everything new. Those others in the satchel are not good enough for so grand a night!"

A sob shook the girl. She caught those faithful old hands to her lips. She buried her hot little face in them, while, struggling for composure, she murmured her thanks.

Such tempestuous, remorseful gratitude struck the old woman.

"You are all right, my little Yvonne?" she questioned.

The girl could only nod, turning her back while slipping out of her street gown, so that her trembling lips might not betray her. Protesting all the time to herself at the folly of this useless preparation, yet plunged anew into an agony of indecision, she got into the dainty new garments, the very donning of which was a promise to do what she could not do.

"You 'ave been crying!" The grandmother peered at her with solicitous eyes. "A drop of belladonna, yes?"

Petulantly Yvonne shook her head.

"No? Ah, when youth weep, it but makes the eye brighter! Why should you cry to-night, *petite*, this grand night of your début?"

The girl shrugged.

"Oh, I'm a fool, I s'pose," she said huskily.

"You will not tell the old *gran'mère*?"

The old woman waited, but no answer came. Ah, these nerves of youth—youth which should be but another name for courage and strength and audacity! One must ignore these terrors of the début, she said wisely to herself; to notice them is to exaggerate them. She took up a saucy little wig that she had ready.

"Look, Yvonne, how pretty the wig! By the time of the encore, your own hair would be too much mussed."

Yvonne lifted heavy eyes.

"There won't be any," she said hopelessly.

"Any?"

"Any encore. They won't want me."

"Ah, *là, là, là!*" The absurdity of such a thing! "Come, try on the wig."

But the girl had reached the stage of unreasoning objection.

"No, I won't wear a wig. I'm sorry for your trouble and the cost of it," she added miserably, "but—but—"

"Ah, the *prima donna*!" Merrily the grandmother nodded, as with quizzical understanding of an artist's moods. "Then I must curl your own. Ver' well!"

Before the mirror Yvonne sat, her eyes downcast, praying for courage; she dared not meet those keen old ones fixed upon her in the glass. It was all she could bear to feel the tender skill of the hands upon her head, as they transformed her bobbed,



YVONNE'S HEAD WENT DOWN ON THE DRESSING-TABLE

boyish coiffure into a riot of curls. But once the hands touched the girl's bare shoulder.

"You are cold, my little one!" The old face bent close to the young one. "What is it?"

"N-nothing," whispered Yvonne, her teeth chattering. Then she turned with a cry, and, throwing her arms about that devoted old body hovering over her, burst into a passion of tears. "Oh, *gran'mère*," she cried, "my darling old *gran'mère*!"

"What—what?"

The curling-iron fell to the floor.

"Do you care—do you care so very much?" the girl begged through her sobs.

"Care!"

The hands that picked up the iron were trembling.

"That I should be a dancer?"

"But, child, it is all the future!"

There came a stillness in the dingy dressing-room. Into that stillness the voices of assembling performers outside penetrated.

"I'm so s-scared, *gran'mère*," the girl stammered, covering her face with hot hands. "I'm 'fraid—I'll fail!"

A gray shade fell on the old woman's face, but she spoke with a voice vibrant with gaiety.

"Eh, who is not the first time?" she demanded. "But the audience will 'elp you, lift you, encourage you; and the music, too—that lifts one, plays upon one. Take the old *gran'mère*'s word for it, never 'ave you danced as you will to-night with your audience and the orchestra playing with you. Yes, little one?"

In spite of her gallant pretense, the question was almost imploring. Yvonne's head went down on the dressing-table. Piteously she threw out her arms.

"I can't! I c-can't!" she sobbed.

The old woman's hands fell clasped before her.

"The father!" she moaned under her breath.

"Oh, tell them I can't, *gran'mère*—tell them!" the girl begged.

The figure standing over her was rigid, the eyes stared as if terrified, but a brave old voice, dissimulating still, said lightly:

"Ah, *là, là, là!* And the fine future? And the good Monsieur the Seals who has asked for us this great chance? And *monsieur le directeur* who will storm and stamp his foot, so American! And the baker's bill? And to pay for the costume? And—"

But it was in vain.

"I'll go into the factory," said the girl, drying her eyes. "I'd rather. I'll—I'll pay it all up. Yes"—and she pushed from the lounge beside her the fluffy little ballet-dress, that she might emphasize her decision—"I will work in a factory!"

"And I—I will train seals!"

Yvonne lifted her head in astonishment. She saw a tragic old woman. It was her first glimpse behind the mask worn gallant-

ly for years. The girl shivered; and suddenly she felt another sort of fear—the fear of standing alone without this dauntless being to uphold her.

It was at this moment that the door was pushed open and their friend the seal-trainer came in.

"Time!" he called. "A little early, but better too early the first time. Put in your best licks, Miss Yvonne, and—" His voice faltered. Nervously he looked from one to the other. "Anything wrong?" he asked weakly. Too well he knew what was wrong. "Say!" he protested.

It was the old woman who responded; the girl was past heeding protests.

"My friend," said *gran'mère* slowly, as if words came with difficulty, "you 'ave been mos' kind. I thank you with all my heart. Yvonne—she, too, thanks you, but—but—ah, *mon Dieu, mon Dieu!*"

She turned away, her body shaken with sobs.

"Jehoshaphat!"

The seal-trainer had much the same sense of catastrophe that Yvonne had felt. He appealed to the girl. He begged. He argued. She only shook her head.

"I'm sorry. It's all up. I—can't. I told you, and now I've told her. I can't!"

"Nonsense! You've got to," he declared, at his wit's end.

"I can't, I tell you!" she gasped. "I'm scared stiff. If—if she makes me go out there"—her trembling hand indicated the direction whence came the sounds of an acrobatic number reaching its climax and close—"I'll—I'll faint on the stage!"

Sands gave a long, low whistle.

"The yaller streak!" he muttered.

III

IN the pause that followed the three realized the situation, surrendered to it.

"What 'll Terkelson say?" The seal-trainer broke the silence. He was thinking aloud. "Gee, it lets me out, too, I shouldn't wonder! Such a fall-down! If only—" He turned to the one who had never failed. "They ain't anybody you could think of in a hurry, ma'am, to take her place?"

She shook her head.

"One o' those girls you teach? Some o' them's waited for the performance. I give 'em seats."

A piteous grin distorted the old woman's lips.

"They 'ave no legs, *monsieur*," she said,

not without humor. "They 'ave not the intelligence. They are barrels—stoves—seals!"

An electric buzzer broke peremptorily

What is it, after all? A nothing—not of importance. A bad quarter of an hour with *monsieur le directeur*. A regret to the kind Monsieur the Seals. Then 'ome for us two, *ma petite*, and—and soon forget, *chérie*, soon forget." Tears were falling down her cheeks, but she snapped her fingers in defiance of fate. "*Pouf!*" she said. "It is nothing. *En avant!*"

She turned to gather up their belongings—shoes, wig, the garland for the hair, the ballet-dress. Her careful hands held out the little costume preparatory to fold-



"BEGGARS THAT HAVEN'T EVEN AN EXTRA RIBBON FOR AN ACCIDENT!"

upon their perplexity. At the sound, Yvonne started in terror to her feet.

"Don't—don't make me, *gran'mère*! I'll die!"

"*Non*—no, my little one!" Tenderly she took the girl to her, and Yvonne's world was normal once again with those protecting arms about her. "There, there!

ing it, when suddenly she caught sight of it, and of herself with the dress spread before her, in the mirror opposite. Eagerly she bent forward, a hand half-concealing her face—that tired old face.

"I guess it's up to me to break it to Terkelson," said the seal-trainer, turning reluctantly toward the door. "Won't he

just rip things open?" He made a last appeal. "Miss Yvonne, ye couldn't—"

She shook her head in a passionate, terrified negative.

"Not even a try?" he pleaded. "Just a little try? Even if ye did fall down, 'twouldn't be so bad then. Terkelson 'll raise the devil if ye don't even try."

But she fled from him, as if she feared his persuasion might become physical. Sands drew a long breath.

"It's me to the lions," he said, as he moved slowly toward the door.

"*M'sieur!*"

The wig in one hand, the dress in the other, *grand'mère* barred his way. Her eyes were glittering, her flat breast heaved with emotion.

He misunderstood that emotion. He shook his head, grumbling, as he still made for the door.

"They won't be enough left of yours truly to—feed seals with. Ye'd better light out, ma'am, you and the girl. Terkelson ain't pretty with blood drippin' from his jaws. Ye've just got time to skip."

"And I will! I will skeep!" The old woman's voice rose with a hysterical giggle. "How much—how much time? Quick, *m'sieur!* How much?"

Feverishly she was pulling off her stockings. The seal-trainer stood aghast.

"Time!" he exclaimed. "They ain't any. For what?"

"Why, to dress—to don the wig—to—to—" Even as she spoke, she pulled over her trim head the coquettish wig of curls. Her bare, strong old feet twirled in a pirouette. "To skeep—to skeep!" she cried. "To be Yvonne!" And her fingers flew at her straight, buttoned gown.

The seal-trainer gaped. Had she gone mad, the poor, plucky old creature?

"*Gran'mère!*" cried Yvonne, roused at last from her self-centered terrors.

But the old woman waved her aside.

"Wait—wait!" she cried, moving rapidly toward the dressing-table. "It is only an affair of some grease-paint, some drops to make the eye bright, some rouge, a bit of black, powder—here, and here!"

She worked quickly, with precision, as experience works when emergency drives. In her turn, she was absorbed. Nothing in the world mattered but that old face in the glass, out of which a young face—extravagantly artificial, exaggeratedly artful, but a young face, nevertheless—began to

grow. And all the time she was murmuring, though she did not listen for an answer:

"How much time? How much, kind friend, if you please—how much time?"

Confounded, the seal-trainer leaned against the door.

"The old battle-ax!" he exclaimed, half pitying, half admiring. "She's clean daffy!"

"*Non—no!*" She did not turn from her work, but her eyes, their pupils enlarging with the drug, blinked, searching in the mirror for him. "No, I shall dance. You will be proud. The *directeur* will be satisfied, upon my honor as a Frenchwoman. Oh, I beg of you, how much time?"

"Ye can't make it," Sands protested. "Ma'am, they ain't a chance on earth. Talk to her," he said to Yvonne.

The girl came forward, her hands outstretched, a flush of shame in her cheeks.

"Don't, *gran'mère!* Don't try. It's too—too—"

"You are my maid! Quick, child—we have not a second to lose. Here!"

She thrust out a bare foot and stuffed into the girl's protesting hand a long silk stocking. Mechanically Yvonne sank to the floor. She was accustomed to obey that authoritative voice.

"Good!" cried *grand'mère* sharply, as the girl tied the cross-garters. "Here!"

She thrust out her other foot. The electric buzzer over the door sounded twice. *Grand'mère* gave a whispered "*Mon Dieu!*"

"Tain't no use, ma'am," the seal-trainer said gently, as if this dictatorial French grandmother were an unreasoning child.

She did not hear. She had slipped behind the screen to dress, and from there, while the prelude of "Columbine's Dance" was already playing, she argued disjointedly, persuasively.

"*Mais, oui—yes*, there is time. They will play it through—the whole of the piece. Oh, I implore you, arrange that they will play it all through! Quick, Yvonne, make your fingers fly, child! Monsieur the Seals if you can make that the orchestra will play the whole dance through slowly once—just once—I will be on the stage before—"

The entrance of the stage-manager cut short her appeal.

"What's up?" he demanded. "Would the ladies like a notification committee? What in thunder d'ye mean by keepin' us waitin'?"

His exasperation struck Sands dumb. From Yvonne, cowering behind the screen,

there came a quick, audible gasp. She was hooking the corsage, stuffed where grandmothers are lacking and pinched tight about a waist to which the years had been too generous. She had no tongue, no will; she was merely fingers for the imperious *grand'mère*, who directed with gestures now, her breath was so short. But she did find breath at Terkelson's summons.

"A—a thousand pardon, *monsieur le directeur!*" The words came with cloying sweetness from behind the screen. "The ribbon on my little one's shoe broke, *monsieur le directeur*. In a moment—in a little moment!"

"Oh, in a little moment, hey?" The manager was beside himself. "Beggars," he raged, "that haven't even an extra ribbon for an accident! Now, you—"

He plunged for the screen and thrust it aside. The seal-trainer, his hair on end, saw *grand'mère's* quick hand push Yvonne under the dressing-table; saw *grand'mère* herself, a slender, lithe *Columbine*, her back to the outraged Terkelson, bending down, far down, as if busy with the ribbon in her slipper. Her curly wig and fluffy ballet-skirts quite obscured her.

Then desperation inspired Sands. He rushed forward, actually laying a hand upon Terkelson's august coat.

"May I tell them to play the piece through, sir?" he gasped.

The manager turned upon him in stuttering rage.

"W-will you mind your own dirty business?" he demanded.

Sands nodded. He was ashen, but he placed himself resolutely between the manager and that bending figure of *Columbine*.

"It's—it's the only way, sir," he insisted doggedly.

Terkelson glared at him.

"It's you that got me in for this!" he panted, but he was already on his way to the door, that he might himself give the word to the orchestra. "There'll be no seal-trainer on next week's program!"

With a parting oath he slammed the door behind him.

IV

THE slamming of the door released that stooping figure as from a spring. It came forward—gay and alert in its absurd, charming dress, light and buoyant as if just touching earth, not really of it. Oh, fearfully and wonderfully painted the face

was, it is true, but the eyes beneath the curly wig were black, and the whole figure was so pervaded with excitement, with daring, that Yvonne could only stammer:

"*Gran'mère! Gran'mère!*"

"Not at all—not *gran'mère!*" declared *Columbine*, arranging her wreath. "You 'ave 'eard that a man is as old as he look, a woman as old as she feel? Well, she feel young as her legs, I say it to you; and if her legs be strong, trained, what then? If I live to be one 'undred, still my legs will be but twenty-five!"

"But you can't—"

"I am thy sister, child. My legs, I tell you, are twenty-five. Not another word! 'Ark! 'Tis the cue."

She leaped out of the door. To his own amazement, the seal-trainer had opened it for her.

In the disordered little dressing-room—which the music of "*Columbine's Dance*" filled, now that the door was open and the two left behind held no speech—Yvonne threw herself on the battered lounge, sobbing hysterically. There was time now for the girl to cry her heart out.

In stupefaction Sands stood and watched her, listening dully to the smoothly rippling dance-music, so utterly at variance with the mood of both, punctuated with the girl's passionate sobs. When presently another sound was borne to his ears, he was too closely occupied with his own emotions to realize what it was. Even when it was repeated, emphasized, it did not at first occur to him to connect it with its cause. That was too incredible. But it did rouse him, and, mechanically, he walked to the door.

As he passed Yvonne, her young body prone, abased in her misery, he put a kind hand on her shoulder.

"Hush that, Miss Yvonne," he murmured. "That don't do no good!"

She did not look up. She did not cease her sobs, and her voice came gasping through them.

"Dirty little coward!" she stammered in vehement self-indictment. "That's what I—am. Coward! C-coward!"

From without there came that pulsing sound again—the sound of applause. No mistaking it now; it was the thing for which artists live and work and die. Sands's body grew tense.

"Hush!" he cried, his eyes turned from Yvonne, fixing themselves upon a section

of the stage which he could just glimpse from where he stood.

His voice was so

sort of incantation, as he gazed spellbound upon the stage.

"Oh, *gran'mère*! You daisy! Peach! You—you chicken! Young as your legs?



THE LITTLE DANCER RODE STRAIGHT TO SUCCESS

charged with astonishment that the startled girl ceased her sobs.

"Well, would you believe it? The gold-darned old battle-ax!" she heard Sands exclaim with a chuckle.

Then he was off, fairly running toward the wings.

His tone lifted Yvonne bodily. She was incredulous, yet she found herself stealing after him to where he stood muttering a

Well, I wonder!" He slapped his own leg with ecstasy. "You great old dame!"

There came shrill whistles of delight from the gallery and a burst of applause that shook Yvonne like a leaf. She reached the seal-trainer, only to cling to him.

"You—you don't mean that *gran'mère*—" she began.

"Oh, don't I just? Just don't I? Look out there, ye darned little 'fraid cat!" He

pushed her in front of him. "An' listen—listen to that!"

A burst of applause filled the house. In a passion of pride and delight, the girl clutched her old friend's arm. She did not know that she was jumping up and down for joy.

"Isn't she—isn't she—" she whispered exulting. "Oh, *gran'mère*! *Brava! Brava!*"

The music ended with a crash. Light as a thing of air, the dancer leaped and came to earth, bowed, bowed again and again, and came stumbling to the wings, where, panting, she fell into the seal-man's arms.

"Oh, the heart—the heart!" she murmured with dry lips. "It is not—so young—as—as the legs!"

V

THEY hurried her to the dressing-room, where she lay upon the lounge, gasping for breath. Yvonne, on her knees, was squeezing the old woman's hands, kissing them.

"You dear! You dear!" she cried.

Sands pushed in between them.

"Listen, ma'am," he said. "D'ye hear that?"

She nodded. Such applause was not difficult to hear.

"I did it—eh, my friend?" she demanded, laughing, her hands still over her heart.

"You bet your sweet life you did! And, by Jehoshaphat, you've got to do it again!"

She sat up protesting, a painted, panting figure.

"*Non*—no, I have not breath. *Non!* No more!"

"But you've got to. Terkelson 'll dance a war-dance over such a recall. You got to—unless—"

He had not so intended, but involuntarily his eager eyes sought Yvonne.

A light leaped into the girl's eyes. It was as if they caught fire, as if her little body quickened, while her face shone with elation at this, her wonderful opportunity, taken away and given again so miraculously.

In a moment she had flown to the mirror and was brushing her hair. In that same moment the seal-trainer bent, absorbed, over the hooks and snappers that held *grand'mère* enclosed. *Grand'mère* herself forgot her pounding, protesting old heart, her drug-dazed eyes. Indeed, she could have dressed her darling without sight, without light to guide those capable fingers that knew every inch of the *Columbine's*

costume that they had created so adoringly, so hopefully.

When, with not a hint of stage fright, the happy-faced little dancer bounded out of the room, *grand'mère* caught sight of herself in the glass. She laughed. She laughed at the spare, scarecrow figure, its padding gone, at the bedizened old head still topped by a pert wig all awry, at the ever-blooming roses on withered cheeks, at her stripped, gaunt legs and whitewashed arms.

She laughed so long that Sands thought her hysterical. To divert her he suggested:

"Want to watch her from the wings?"

She caught up the dusty cover from the couch, and, draping it about herself, prepared to follow; but when he stopped at the door, and besought her to "just get on to that pretty creature out yonder, who has 'em already feedin' out of her hands," *grand'mère* gave a wail.

"I cannot see—I cannot see her yet! The *belladonna*!"

There came the first delighted ripple of applause, and the wail changed to a glorified smile on those old rouged lips.

"Ah!" she drank it in. "My *bébé*! My little one! Ah, 'tis all right, 'tis all right. One need not to see. 'Tis good enough to hear!"

Proudly she beat time to the strains of music upon which the little dancer rode straight to success.

"Ha!" *grand'mère* challenged her old friend. "What do you say now, Monsieur the Seals? What do you say now?"

"Aw, anybody can take an encore," he said with a grin.

"It shall be all encores for her now, my little one! Quick, your arm, my friend—ah, the bad old heart!"

She collapsed.

"Ye ain't hurt yourself, ma'am?" Sands asked anxiously, when he had got the old woman back upon the lounge.

Prostrate, exhausted, *grand'mère* shook her head.

"*Non*—no, *monsieur*, thank you; but the wig—'tis hot, eh?"

She pulled it off, tossed it in air, caught it on the almost prehensile toe of a foot sent up to meet it, and spun it gaily round and round. Gravely, impersonally, quite as one gives credit where credit is due, she patted that stanch left leg.

"Thou wert brave!" she said. Then she patted the right one, wig-crowned. "And thou—*magnifique*!"

THE STAGE

WHEREIN OUR DRAMATISTS EXCEL OUR NOVELISTS—A BOMBARDMENT OF WAR PLAYS—STAGE CHILDREN TO THE FORE

By Matthew White, Jr.

"DON'T you think that the stage has, to a great extent, deteriorated morally in recent years?" apt to be offenders in this respect than men—perhaps because they want to prove that they have the courage to call a spade a spade. As I write, the new theatrical season has seen its first dozen productions in New York, and the only one of them to shade toward nastiness was written by a woman.

This question was put to me last summer.

"No," I answered promptly. "The novelists, in my opinion, have taken backward steps, not the playwrights."

I proceeded to instance "The Tree of Heaven," by May Sinclair, proclaimed in certain quarters as the finest story of the war after "Mr. Britling." Starting out with groundwork on which she might have reared an admirable literary structure, Miss Sinclair, with deplorable lack of taste, introduces revolting sex problems which have no bearing whatever upon the mightiest conflict of history. Why, in "The Tree of Heaven," a woman character makes a remark to her husband which I am sure would not be tolerated on the stage of a fourth-rate burlesque house.

Women writers, sad to say, seem more

leged perfect technique is now under the ban, as partaking too much of the machine-made. "Where Poppies Bloom," the season's seventh war drama, while offering an

But to return to the matter of present-day stage superiority over books. Take "The Copperhead," which in story form was a hopeless chaos of unrelated incidents. Poor play as it made—only redeemed by the acting of Lionel Barrymore—Augustus Thomas at least contrived to put two or three thrills into the thing. Cast your eye back to the golden era of the Victorian novelists. What has the new Georgian period to offer in comparison?

In plays even Sardou's once al-



MARGARET LAWRENCE, IN ROY COOPER MEGRUE'S NEW COMEDY, "TEA FOR THREE"

From a photograph by Sarony, New York

son's seventh war drama, while offering an

interesting story, was severely criticised because of its adherence to conventional forms in alternating emotional scenes with comedy relief. My older readers cannot fail to recall, too, the youthful pair of lovers considered indispensable to every theatrical evening as a contrast to the leads. With the passing of the stock company they vanished from the scene, to the infinite betterment of drama.

In justice to "Where Poppies Bloom," I should add that Mr. Woods does not hesitate to label it melodrama. Roi Cooper Megrue adapted it from the French of "A Night at the Front," by Henry Kistemaekers, author of "La Flambee," which Otis Skinner played here as "The Spy," a few seasons ago.

In the new piece the spy is the German husband of the heroine (Marjorie Rambeau). Living in France, he enlists in the French army when war breaks out, and is later reported as dead. She goes into mourning, and falls in love with a French captain. It develops later that the German is not dead, but is serving the Fatherland in the uniform of a French officer. Ardent Frenchwoman that she is, the result of *Marianne's* discovery of the fact may be imagined. What you can't imagine, however, is how poorly Miss Rambeau played it. After her big hit last year in "Eyes of Youth," her failure was the more surprising. It was not the mere fact that "Poppies" is being played in the Republic, once the Belasco, that caused a man next me to exclaim:

"What Leslie Carter could have done with an opportunity like that!"

The honors of the show are run away with by the two exponents of the comedy relief interludes to which I have already referred. These are Percival Knight, whose corking work in "Getting Together" was so much admired last spring, and Will Deming, the unforgettable press-agent of "It Pays to Advertise." Quartered in a half-ruined French château, the two fight the American Revolution over again as it ought to be fought in these days when the Tommies and the Yanks are lining up shoulder to shoulder against a common foe. It's worth the war tax on the admission to hear Knight, a former taxi-driver in London, explain to Deming, from New York, how George III, a German himself, had to hire Hessians to do battle for him against the Americans. Pedro de Cordoba is the



TAVIE BELGE, PRIMA DONNA IN THE NEW OPERETTA,
"FIDDLERS THREE"

From a photograph by Apeda, New York

lover, giving a very good account of himself, while Lewis S. Stone plays the spy so effectively that on the second night he was rewarded by a hiss. The former acted all last season in "Tiger Rose," while Stone was another villain, in the spring, with Charlotte Walker in "Nancy Lee."

By way of an exception to what I have stated as a general rule, the dramatization of Frank O'Brien's short story, "The First Woman on the Index"—originally printed in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for December, 1913—proved a disappointment. Here the play-builder's work was not nearly so clever as that of the fiction-writer. The former handled the thing from the wrong angle, making his first mistake in eliminating the word "first" from the title. That suggested the nub of the whole story, which told how two professors, interested in criminology, just to decide a discussion, determine to trace down the career of one human being listed in a tabulation of police conditions in New York for the year 1894.

"Take a woman," suggested one.

"So be it," said the other. "The first woman on the index!"

Running his finger down the column, he pitched on the name "Sylvia Angot." In the outcome it proved that this woman was none other than the professor's wife, sitting so calmly beside him when he proposed the scheme; but only the reader knows this, and he not until nine lines before the end of the tale, the subtlety of which was one of its chief charms. But this attractive factor in the story was slaughtered in the play to make a war-time holiday, thus listing the production as the eighth show of the season bearing on the world conflict. We can, however, console ourselves with the fact that instead of a German spy we this time have a Turkish one—acted, it may be noted, with consummate ability by George Probert. Probert, who hails from Erie, Pennsylvania, was *John Lennox* with Crane in "David Harum," and more recently a harassed husband or lover in "The Blue Envelope."

Julia Dean served as the woman in the case, back on the stage after a term in pictures. Four years ago, at this same Forty-Eighth Street Theater, she acted another strenuous rôle—the murderer of her husband in "The Law of the Land," which ran for an entire season in New York. In the play now engaging her attention she is required to wrestle with such

outworn theatrical properties as "the papers," allowing a spy to love her under her husband's eyes, and deciding between service to country and her own personal happiness. I am sorry not to have been able to see an actress of her abilities in a dramatization of "The First Woman on the Index" that left out the war and confined itself to her hidden past.

I have nothing but praise for another of the three offerings Mr. Broadhurst has made as manager in the new theatrical year, although its New York career lasted only from August 20 until September 7. This was the musical play "He Didn't Want to Do It," based on a farce written by himself and Walter Hackett, and once acted in London. Some very charming tunes have now been set to it by Silvio Hein. I found the story really intriguing my attention, and the cast one of the best that musical comedy has recently given us, despite the fact that the men were all better known than the women.

Ernest Torrence, whose canny Scot in "The Only Girl" playgoers will not soon forget, is another Caledonian. Percy Ames, past master at doing silly-ass Englishmen, is again one of them; while Ned Sparks, whose drawling speech first brought him fame in "Over Night," uses it to excruciatingly funny effect as a detective. Surely the managers are not permitting these three gentlemen much chance at acquiring versatility! If they have any ambition to broaden out, they must envy De Wolf Hopper, who in the new Hippodrome show, "Everything," comes pretty close to embodying the title in his own person, being in turn circus-proprietor, toy-maker, *Uncle Sam*, *Mr. Broadway* on the Atlantic City board-walk, and one of the Bolsheviks. It was strange to see this long-legged, big-voiced comedian, whom I last heard singing Gilbert and Sullivan's delectable melodies, stretching himself out on the trunks of elephants and marshaling the big beasts around the ring as if he had been brought up to do nothing else.

In the spring of 1915, when Hopper left the highest type of light-opera work to go into the movies, he said he hoped the pictures would send him back to the stage a better actor. Well, after what proved very much like a fiasco in the film field, he has returned to New York's widest stage, where he works harder than any other one person on it. I venture to say, however, that it's



MARJORIE RAMBEAU, STARRING IN ONE OF THE SEASON'S MANY WAR PLAYS, "WHERE
POPPIES BLOOM"

From her latest photograph by Abbe, New York



DESIRÉE LUBOVSKA, PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE AT THE HIPPODROME IN ITS GREAT NEW SPECTACLE,
"EVERYTHING"

From a photograph by Abbe, New York



FAY BANTER, WHO MADE HER FIRST HIT IN "ARMS AND THE GIRL" TWO YEARS AGO—WILLIAM HARRIS, JR., PLANS TO STAR HER IN A NEW PLAY NOT YET NAMED

From her latest photograph by Abbe, New York

work Hopper enjoys to the full, even though he has to do it twice a day; for it gives him a chance to hear the applause which he said that he would miss so much in the silent drama.

As it happens, while some of the catchiest music in "Everything" is by Lieutenant John Philip Sousa, none of it falls to Hopper to sing—which reminds me that Mr. Dillingham should resurrect for him Sousa's most popular opera, "El Capitan."

I think, in these war-times, it would be a winner with its martial strains.

Regarding the Hippodrome show as a whole, it is voted the best one Dillingham has put forth. Besides Hopper, there are Houdini, Charles Aldrich, and the clown "Bluch" as features in people. In place of the ice-pond and the tank we have roller-skating frivolities and a wonderful patriotic finale called "The Hall of History," no doubt suggested by the well-



BEATRICE NICHOLS, LEADING WOMAN IN ONE OF THE SEASON'S BEST COMEDIES, "LIGHTNIN' "

From a photograph by Campbell, New York



ELIZABETH RISDON, LEADING WOMAN WITH OTIS SKINNER IN HIS NEW PLAY FROM ENGLAND,
"HUMPTY DUMPTY"

From a photograph by Charlotte Fairchild, New York

known advertisement of a still better-known talking-machine, but none the worse for that.

By the bye, Hopper is not the only echo of light opera in the Hippodrome company. William G. Stewart, resident stage-director of the organization, sang leading barytone rôles with the Castle Square forces in their heyday at the American

Theater just twenty years ago, and was *Johnny* in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," when it was first produced in 1902. That same part was sung by Edward Basse, now at the Winter Garden, on the revival of the piece at the New Amsterdam in 1916.

Colonel Savage, who used to bring out a different opera every week in his Castle

Square days, now produces no more than one a season. His latest contribution to the series is "Head Over Heels," for his clever little star, Mitzi, as a successor to "Pom Pom." It was heralded as a circus affair, but I confess to a feeling of disappointment when I picked up the program and saw that not one of the three acts was laid any closer to the sawdust ring than the hotel where the acrobat was domiciled; and the acrobat, after all, did not belong to the circus, but to vaudeville. However, she was the only *Mitzi*, so I speedily became reconciled.

This little actress, first heard here in "Sari," has distinction. I know you usually associate that quality with a much taller person than Mitzi, but I am using it in the sense that there is nobody on our stage quite like her. She is not pretty, and doesn't possess a voice that is in any way remarkable; but, better than either, she has a magnetism which reaches over the foot-lights and captures you. In "Head Over Heels" she obtains her best help from Robert Emmett Keane as an indefatigable press-agent.

The music is by the untiring Jerome Kern, from which you may imply it is catchy. The most popular number seemed to be "The Big Show," sung by Mitzi, while "Me," representing the apotheosis of conceit, is put over in great shape by Charles Judels as *Bambinetti*, head of the acrobatic troupe.

I trust the public support of "Fiddlers Three" will reward John Cort for going a bit afield in these days of syncopation and rag-time to find so worthy a representative of modern operetta. I've never heard before of either librettist or composer—William Cary Duncan and Alexander Johnstone—but what they have turned out is a neat union of story and song, and Mr. Cort has found capable interpreters for it. It seemed like getting back to the nineties at the Casino to glance at one's house-bill and read "A Public Square in Cremona" and "The Grand Ballroom in the Palace." It was refreshing to get back there, too.

For his prima donna Mr. Cort selected Tavie Belge, who, under the name of Rosa Lind, has sung at the Strand between pictures. Her first appearance on any stage was as *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, when she was only a child, and she grew up to be the blind girl in "The Two Orphans"

before it was discovered that she could sing. She was born at Antwerp, and was prima donna at the opera-house there when the Germans attacked the city, driving her to seek refuge in London. She has a well-trained voice of much power—almost too much for a small house like the Cort.

The real find of the evening, to my notion, was Alexander Johnstone, the composer, and Hal Skelley, a young comedian who reminds one of Richard Carle. This, I believe, is Mr. Skelley's first New York appearance, he having been on the road last year with "Flo Flo." I am very much mistaken if you don't find his name in the featured list within a couple of seasons—that is, if the draft doesn't get him first. As a salesman for egg-beaters in Italy, to say nothing of his nimbleness of limb, he discloses a talent for quick patter that fairly takes the audience by storm. Another pleasing person in "Fiddlers Three" is the soubrette, Louise Groody, whom we saw in "Toot-Toot" last spring.

A WINNER OF THE FIRST WATER

It is said that lightning never strikes twice in the same place. That may be, but it is a striking coincidence that Smith & Golden, with a play called "Lightnin'," have more than duplicated the hit they scored at the same Gaiety Theater two years ago with "Turn to the Right." It is their second show to reach Broadway, and was written by Mr. Smith in collaboration with an actor, just as was "Turn to the Right."

Last month, you may recall, I spoke of an interview that I had in the summer with John Golden. Well, when I saw "Lightnin'," at its first Saturday matinée, I said to him:

"Look here, why didn't you tell me you had such a winner?"

"I didn't know it myself," was the prompt answer.

"Lightnin'" was originally called "The House Divided," and as such it was offered by Mr. Bacon to Winchell Smith three years ago. Offering a play to Mr. Smith in those days meant that he was supposed to join the author in rewriting it, for he wasn't as yet a producer on his own account. Smith thought the idea pretty good, but as he was busy with "The Boomerang" just then, he put off doing anything on it, and meanwhile Bacon continued with his acting.



JULIA SANDERSON, STARRING WITH JOSEPH CAWTHORN IN A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, "THE CANARY," WHICH MAY HAVE ANOTHER NAME BY THE TIME YOU SEE THIS

From her latest photograph by Lewis-Smith, Chicago



SIDONIE ESPERO, A NEW STAGE BEAUTY AND LEADING WOMAN IN THE MUSICAL PLAY FROM ENGLAND, "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS"

From a photograph by Ajeda, New York



REGINA WALLACE, LEADING WOMAN IN THE WAR COMEDY, "FRIENDLY ENEMIES," THE OPENING PLAY AND FIRST HIT OF THE CURRENT NEW YORK SEASON

From a photograph by Campbell, New York

Bacon is a native Californian—a fact which, if he reads this department, should have assured him that he was destined to arrive one of these days, even if he had to wait thirty years for it, as he has done. He uses no make-up, and is precisely as old as he looks across the footlights. Before the earthquake he had played more than six hundred different rôles in stock in his native State, remaining for seventeen years

in one company, the Alcazar. When the great fire put the San Francisco theaters out of business for a while, Bacon came East and secured a job with one of the road companies doing Winchell Smith's "Fortune Hunter," in which he played the druggist.

That is how he came to meet Smith; but Cohan & Harris liked him, too, and gave him the absent-minded old gentleman

to create in their next play, "Stop, Thief!" Later he appeared in "The Miracle Man." It was two years ago that he made his first hit as the old servant to Shelley Hull in "The Cinderella Man." Last season he was seen briefly with Marie Doro, as the gardener in "Barbara."

As *Lightnin' Bill Jones*, the lovable old good-for-nothing, Bacon has created a type that has only one drawback attached to it—the public will probably insist on his sticking to the part, just as they compelled Joe Jefferson to go on being *Rip* to the end of the chapter.

But this corking new comedy is by no means a one-part play. It boasts the best court-room scene the theater has staged in many a season, and an excellent cast sees that none of the good points in it are lost. Next to Mr. Bacon's, the longest rôle falls to Ralph Morgan, a young man who befriends the old one.

Morgan is one of the few players to be born in New York. You may recall him as *Jack Wheeler* in "Fair and Warmer." Opposite him, in "Lightnin'," is Beatrice Nichols, a native of Cambridge, Massachusetts, where Winthrop Ames gave her her first chance. After that she went clear to California to play for Morosco, and thence to Australia in "The Boomerang" and other hits from the States. Last year Winchell Smith placed her in a road company of "Turn to the Right" to keep her handy for "Lightnin'."

Mention should also be made of Jane Oaker, who enacts a divorcée with consummate comedy touches.

A RUN ON WAR AND KID PLAYS

With the closing of my record last month the season had reached its fifth war play. The sixth was "Why Worry?"—a question which, now that the piece has failed, may well be asked of Mr. Woods, its producer, considering that his other war drama, "Friendly Enemies," is still going big. To be sure, there wasn't very much war in "Why Worry?"—nothing more than a few German spies—but there was enough to offset the good work done by Fannie Brice and the Avon Comedy Four, so the piece, presented on August 26, was laid away on September 14.

The ninth war play, "Watch Your Neighbor"—the seventh and eighth having already been mentioned—flaunted high the banners of laughter, and may linger longer,

although, after the collapse of "Double Exposure" with only an eleven-night run, I shrink from prophesying.

This is the fourth play out of the twenty I've already seen in the new theatrical year to be written by an actor. Indeed, two of the gild were concerned in putting "Watch Your Neighbor" together, and both of them—Leon Gordon and LeRoy Clemens—are in the cast. Mr. Gordon actually gets away with a novel presentation of that much-worn stage type—the silly-ass Englishman. Evidently a British-made product, the scenes are laid in London and Geneva, and the smashing of the Kaiser's picture carries a real thrill along with it. As a relief from serious plays on the war, I can recommend "Watch Your Neighbor," for, after a first act much too slow, the other two are fairly athrob with happenings.

I'm not afraid to predict an all-season run for "Daddies," even though it is the tenth war offering, and though it slows down a bit in the middle act. Belasco, Cope, and the kiddies would save a far worse piece.

John W. Cope is distinctly the star, although not so nominated in the program. Even Bruce McRae is reduced to the rôle of feeder to him. Cope was *Sonora Slim* with Belasco in "The Girl of the Golden West" on its original production at what is now the Republic, November 4, 1905. He was the father in the farce "It Pays to Advertise," and the season before last he served as leading man with Mrs. Fiske in "Erstwhile Susan." In "Daddies" he is a father again, this time without a wife, through his reluctant adoption of a French orphan, who is supposed to be a boy, but who turns out to be a five-year-old girl. His disgust at the discovery, and his final surrender to the child's appeal to his dormant affections, are portrayed with an effectiveness that owes much, I think, to Cope's dry, nasal tones. His restraint, too, is as much to be commended as is that of Lorna Volare, who is a wonderful find for the part of the little girl.

In all there are five children in "Daddies," to say nothing of Jeanne Eagles, who is supposed to be Bruce McRae, who "orders" her, to be seven, but who proves to be seventeen. Of course, this is a stage-worn device, so it is little wonder that the piece owes its success to John Cope and Lorna Volare.

On the very next day after "David Harum" I saw another juvenile play, "Penrod." Three or four well-known dramatists declined a commission to transmute the Booth Tarkington small-boy tales into play form; but Edward E. Rose, who dramatized "David Harum," finally turned the trick. Few things funnier or more tense in interest are to be seen at the theater than the scene where first *Sam Williams*, and then *Pen*, are questioned by the latter's father as to the whereabouts of *Penrod* when the pistol-shot was fired. The efforts to gain time to think up further fibs, and the apparent relief at the putting over of each fresh Munchausen, are wholly realistic, and are capably played by the two boys, Richard Ross and Andrew Lawlor. Admirable, too, is the scene where *Pen* pretends to be in his office as the great detective, and addresses wholly imaginary clients to the utter mystification of his two colored pals, *Herman* and *Verman*. So good are these two acts that one may well be grateful that the intervention of Mr. Rose as a dramatizer saved *Penrod* from the movies, whither Tarkington was about to consign him when George Tyler stayed his hand with the announcement that somebody had accomplished the impossible.

I wish, however, that somebody else would tell the children not to shriek so. Their voices, shrill in any case, are sufficiently high to carry to the farthest reaches even of the Globe Theater, by no means an ideal house for such a play. The Princess, on the other hand, was just suited to the third kid piece of the season, "Jonathan Makes a Wish," but as this bit of autobiography by Stuart Walker promptly failed, it need detain us no longer.

The reviews were equally cold to "Mr. Barnum," another play founded on a real person, which at least possessed the merit of being entertaining, even if it was composed principally of disconnected episodes. For years, I understand, Tom Wise has cherished a desire to impersonate the famous showman, whom he chances to resemble; so he and Harrison Rhodes—a team of playwrights responsible for the delightful "Gentleman from Mississippi"—got together again and wrote a comedy of circus life, with two of the scenes laid in the South, one at the Bridgeport winter quarters, and one back stage at Castle Garden on the first night of Jenny Lind's American tour, the success of which was

destined to pull Barnum out of the financial hole into which his reckless business methods had dropped him. We see the invention of pink lemonade, the origin of the wild man, and the accession of Tom Thumb; and one of the leading characters is *Kid Bailey*, destined to be a member of the famous partnership that owned the Greatest Show on Earth. The old who can go back in memory to the Barnum days, and the young who dote on anything with a real circus flavor, will alike delight in the piece. Those who prefer war, crime, sex drama, and farces will pass it up, as New York did, the run lasting not quite three weeks.

THE RENAISSANCE OF OPERETTA

A little while ago, in connection with "Fiddlers Three," I mentioned the nineties at the Casino. "The Maid of the Mountains," staged there instead of at the Century, as was first planned, is another echo of the past in the very theater where pieces of the same type were wont to flourish long before automobile-horns honked on Broadway.

With a year and a half's steady run—still continuing—in London to its credit, this musical play came to us well heralded. Most of it is charming, the music, by Harold Fraser-Simson, being of a high order, while the book, although old-fashioned, is agreeably different from the hackneyed themes of the day.

A great help, too, is the cast, carefully picked by Elliott, Comstock & Gest, with practically a brand-new prima donna in Sidonie Esposito, seen here before only briefly in "Kitty Darlin'." An American girl of striking appearance and abounding youth, she will never need to go far from Broadway after this. For *Baldassarre*, the brigand chief, a non-singing impersonator was found in William Courtenay, positively his first appearance in musical environment, which he appears to enjoy immensely, as likewise does the audience. The last two seasons, you remember, he was paired off with Tom Wise in "Pals First" and "General Post."

The male singing end of "The Maid of the Mountains" is well looked after by Carl Gantvoort, from Holland, as *Beppo*, one of the brigand band. A year ago Gantvoort turned out to be the prince in "The Riviera Girl," and before that he served as chief of detectives with Mitzi

in "Pom-Pom." A young chap on whom you may well keep your eye is John Steel, a church singer from Brooklyn. He discloses a remarkable tenor in the interpolated song "Waiting," by Lieutenant Gitz Rice.

EVEN MERIT VERSUS HIGH SPOTS

The critics said a lot in favor of "Some One in the House," but, as sad experience has taught the managers, that isn't always what is needed to put people there. After the first act, laid in the inevitable pawnbroker's shop of crook drama, I found the other three glistening with comedy of the brightest brand put over unflinchingly by Hassard Short and Lynn Fontanne, both English players who have been with Laurette Taylor, Mr. Short in "Peg," and Miss Fontanne during the past two seasons. They are wonderfully true to life as a couple of brainless rich folk.

"Some One in the House" has had quite a history. Originated as a magazine story by Larry Evans, some two years ago, first Walter C. Percival and then George S. Kaufman were called in to help make a play of it. This finished, no fewer than half a dozen leading men, from E. H. Sothern to the practically unknown Robert Hudson, who finally played it on Broadway, were considered for the hero, who is of the *Raffles* type. It was acted by one of them, Cyril Keightley, under the name of "Among Those Present." The present title is a poor draw, to my notion. The piece should have been called "The Hollister Collar," or something of that sort, to suggest the fabulously valuable jewels that are at stake.

Speaking of titles, have you ever noticed how the word "purple" persists in getting into the head-lines of play-bills? We have had "The Purple Road," "The Deep Purple," "The Purple Lady," "The Purple Mask"—running in London—and now in the same week with the new thriller, "The Unknown Purple," the Palace comes out with a vaudeville skit, "The Purple Poppy."

As to "The Unknown Purple," every one else appears to fancy it more than I did. To me it gave the impression of a vast amount of shavings to very little timber; but both critics and public have acclaimed it as the novelty hit of the new season. This only goes to prove what I have more than once reiterated—given a piece

with one or two outstanding scenes, and another that maintains throughout the same high level of excellence, the one with the high spots will more than likely prove the box-office winner.

For example, there are three acts of exceedingly clever comedy in "Some One in the House," whereas in "The Unknown Purple" there are perhaps ten minutes of actual magic, with Richard Bennett becoming invisible through holding the crystal ball of purple ray clasped tightly in his hand. But to three people who will wish to enjoy the former, there will be twenty anxious to see how the latter is done.

"The Unknown Purple" was written by a vaudeville actor, Roland West, in collaboration with Carlyle Moore, author of the farce "Stop, Thief!" Richard Bennett is the featured player, and does mighty fine work in a rôle that possesses the wide range so dear to an actor's heart. "This is not a war play," boxed in the advertisements, is a straw showing which way the autumn winds blew up and down the Great White Way, which has now become the great black one for the first four nights in every week.

"Forever After," opening the Shuberts' new Central Theater, with Alice Brady, was the eleventh war piece. "Over Here," a very feeble affair produced by its author, Oliver D. Bailey, was the twelfth, and "Crops and Croppers" the thirteenth. The latter, having to do with farmerettes, was written by Theresa Helburn and put on at the tiny Belmont as the first offering of the Iden Payne repertory company, whose most brilliant lights were Georges Flateau, the Frenchman with Mrs. Fiske, and Helen Westley, from the Washington Square forces.

VERY DIFFERENT, BUT BOTH DELIGHTFUL

Having started out to number the productions of the season bearing on the war, I must not omit "The Girl Behind the Gun," lightly though it touches on the mighty conflict, and musical comedy though it be. "Crops and Croppers" lasted only nine nights, but the fourteenth war offering is very likely to measure its run at the New Amsterdam by the same number of months. It's the best piece of the sort since "The Pink Lady," by the same composer, Ivan Caryll, won all our hearts at the same theater seven years ago.

By the same token, John E. Young, who

used to sing about "The Girl on the Saskatchewan," is with us again, this time as a cook in the French regiment of which Donald Brian is a play-writing member. Provocative of much fun are the complications resulting from Brian's effort to get Ada Meade, a well-known Parisian actress, to read his play—complications delightfully set forth by the aforementioned players, plus Jack Hazzard as Miss Meade's husband and Wilda Bennett as Brian's wife. The best work of both Bolton and Wodehouse has been put into the book and lyrics, while Caryll's music has all the snap and lilt that distinguished the "Lady" of roseate memory.

Donald Brian, who returns to the stage on which he danced himself into fame on that October night of 1907 in "The Merry Widow," was seen last season in another military operetta, "Her Regiment." Ada Meade appeared with Julia Sanderson in "Rambler Rose," and Wilda Bennett was the *Riviera Girl*. Jack Hazzard, who does not need to act for a living now that he has the royalties from "Turn to the Right" to draw on, furnished most of the comedy for "Miss Springtime," of the season before last.

Nothing ages so fast as drama, fortunately for our new playwrights. Only talent closely akin to genius survives ten years on the stage. Of all the Victorian dramatists, Oscar Wilde alone seems likely to remain actable indefinitely. The keenest comedy delight of the new season is found in his "Ideal Husband," produced by John D. Williams with a close approach to an ideal cast, in which Norman Trevor has the name-part, Constance Collier is the conscienceless *Mrs. Cheveley*, and Julian L'Estrange the happy-go-lucky "fixer," *Lord Goring*. Cyril Harcourt makes an admirable *Earl of Caversham*.

He and Trevor, who was in Harcourt's "Pair of Petticoats" last season, are to direct the plays to be produced at the Comedy Theater under the Williams régime. Judging by the reception accorded "An Ideal Husband," they need do nothing new for months to come. The play has not been seen on Broadway professionally since its first production at the old Lyceum in the spring of 1895.

DELECTABLE HIGH COMEDY

Seeing "Tea for Three" the night after the Wilde piece, it did not strike such a

jarring note as one might have expected. Indeed, I found Roi Cooper Megrue's latest offering not only quite different from his others, but highly diverting, and not so many miles behind the brilliant Oscar in its quips on the foibles of man and woman-kind. To be sure, the piece owes much to the capital playing it gets from the three principals who, with a couple of servants, make up the entire cast.

Arthur Byron, at last released from two seasons in "The Boomerang," manages to get a constant variety of intonation into his lengthy part as the friend who wants to square the triangle, while Frederick Perry really makes you like an utterly selfish husband. Every one was charmed by Margaret Lawrence as the wife, and wondered why we have not seen her before. We have, but it was about seven years ago, in Philip Bartholomae's first hit, "Over Night," in which she was the bride who became separated from her husband. Miss Lawrence left the stage in the midst of the run, and now returns to it again in a blaze of glory.

OTIS SKINNER IN AN ENGLISH PLAY

New York was no kinder to Mr. Skinner in "Humpty-Dumpty" than it was to "Mister Antonio"—which, after all, served him well on tour. I doubt whether the Vachell play will do as much. It does not give him half the opportunities, and drags sadly in spots. Most of the applause goes to Beryl Mercer for an old-woman part somewhat like the one in which she won such praise a year and a half ago with the Barrie playlet, "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." Again she displays as her son a man who isn't any kin to her. Skinner is the son, a hair-dresser, who for an act and a half believes that he is a lord. Although he is supposed to be wholly English, the Italian accent of *Antonio* clings to him still. I should not be surprised to find him returning to the Booth Tarkington comedy on the road.

Elizabeth Risdon, Mr. Skinner's leading woman, is English, like Miss Mercer. Last season she played six months in "Seven Days' Leave," after starting the theatrical year as *Hypatia* in Bernard Shaw's "Misalliance." She was introduced to New York in "Fanny's First Play." In "Humpty-Dumpty" she has a brief but showy part as the hair-dresser's assistant, to whose affections his fallen fortunes restore him.

German Propaganda Lies

HOW GOOD AMERICANS UNTHINKINGLY SPREAD THE FALSE STORIES SET AFLOAT
BY ENEMY AGENTS IN THE UNITED STATES

By Frank Marshall White

WILLIAM F. CAMERON — thus known only for the purposes of the forthcoming foot-note to history, is head of a department in a government office in Washington. He was on his way homeward in a street-car rather late one evening last summer, when a man he had never seen before came aboard somewhere near the Treasury and took the seat next to him.

"Have you heard of the latest German outrage?" the stranger asked in an excited undertone as he sat down. Without waiting for a reply, he continued: "Well, sir, there were brought to-day to the Walter Reed Hospital, right here in Washington, twenty-five Red Cross nurses, each one *with both hands cut off at the wrists* by German soldiers who had taken them prisoners!"

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated Cameron. "Oh, but that seems incredible, even for Germans! Are you sure that you haven't been misinformed? Where did you hear about it? What is your authority?"

"It's all in the evening papers," replied the other. "They tell where the thing was done, and give all the details. I just read it at the Willard. Everybody is talking about it in there"; and he moved to another seat and stared out of the window, shaking his head and muttering.

When Cameron left the car to go to his home in Superior Street, he made a detour to look for a news-stand, but discovered that traffic in journalistic products was over for the night in his part of town. He told the story he had just heard to his wife, however, and both had bad dreams.

At breakfast the next morning, even before he read the head-lines over the war news in the *Post*, Cameron searched its columns for additional information in the matter of the mutilated nurses. Not a line

concerning such an occurrence appeared in the journal. On the way to his office he purchased the other morning newspapers, but not one of them had anything to say on the subject.

Cameron had been so much shocked by the story that during the day he went to the Walter Reed Hospital to ascertain what were the facts in the case. Here he was informed that the hospital management had never heard of any nurses whose hands had been cut off; that no patients having suffered such injuries were then in the institution, or had ever been there; and that the entire story had apparently been made out of whole cloth. He came to the conclusion that the man on the street-car the night before was insane, and that the martyr nurses existed only in a diseased brain. Wherefore he put the entire subject out of his mind, and forgot to tell his wife what he had learned at the hospital.

A few days later queries as to the mutilated nurses began to come in to the Committee on Public Information in Washington, not only from people in the capital but from newspapers and individuals in other cities. The members of the committee were aware that the story was a lie started by German propagandists, with a view to frightening nurses away from prospective service in the military hospitals at the front, for similar falsehoods were being reported to it at the rate of three or four per day.

THE LONG TRAIL OF A FALSE STORY

Harvey O'Higgins, the playwright and fiction-writer, in his capacity as associate chairman of the committee, has charge of the running down and refutation of these lies. As soon as it was seen that the story of the Red Cross nurses who had had their hands cut off possessed staying qualities, Mr. O'Higgins turned it over to the Intelli-

gence Department of the army, and a trained investigator was assigned to follow it back from its last known stopping-place in Washington to its source.

Only a day before this assignment was made the story had been told to a customer by a ladies' hair-dresser, who had narrated it with much detail in the intimacy of administering a shampoo. The hair-dresser was so badly frightened when questioned by the secret-service agent that she at first denied having ever heard the tale, much less having repeated it. Being persistently cross-examined, she finally recalled that she had heard such a rumor, and gave the name and address of her informant.

To Link No. 2 in the chain of chatter, also a woman, went the investigator, and again he had a long verbal struggle before being able to secure the information he was after. Link No. 2 referred the agent to Link No. 3, who was of the same sex, and a lodger in No. 2's house.

No. 3, it transpired, had got the gruesome story from a woman clerk in the War Department, who had heard it from still another woman, who had learned it from a man to whom she stood in the relation of landlady. The man in question had had it from another man, who was out of town, but who had told the other that his informant was a young woman whose address he was able to give. Link No. 8 had had her information from a trained nurse, unconnected with the Walter Reed Hospital, and the nurse's authority was her roommate. The roommate remembered that news of the mutilation incident had come to her from a woman living in an apartment-house in Superior Street.

Link No. 11 referred the investigator to a woman living in the same house, a Mrs. William F. Cameron, whose husband, a government employee, had told the story to his wife. Mr. Cameron related to the secret-service agent the incident with which this narrative begins, but told him that he would not know the stranger who had addressed him in the street-car if he were to see him again. And there the thirteen links in the chain of evidence completed a vicious circle—so far as the Intelligence Department was concerned.

A WIDE-SPREAD PROGENY OF LIES

There is no doubting the good faith of the man we know as Cameron. He went farther in the right direction than most men

would probably have done, in that he disproved the story of his own accord. His wife, however, passed it along also in good faith to a fellow occupant of the same house; it has gone thence all over the country, and is traveling yet. Doubtless each one of the other eleven links who admitted having repeated the story once, had given it a new start every time he or she ran across an acquaintance while it was fresh in mind.

The man in the street-car was not a lunatic, but a German propagandist, and there is no limit to the number of individuals through whom these fathers of lies may operate. The diseased progeny increases almost in geometrical progression. The Committee on Public Information is still hearing from the story of the mutilated nurses, which, traveling only from individual to individual, has already reached the Pacific Coast. It is the only one of all the German propaganda falsehoods that has been traced to what appears to be its original source.

"This is perhaps a unique instance of the determined pursuit of a rumor to its origin," comments an officer of the Intelligence Department of the army. "It seems impossible to get at the men who start these stories; but the guilt of those who pass them along is all the greater, seeing that a little investigation at the start will ordinarily disprove them. To be both credulous and garrulous in matters of such moment is an offense to the country."

And the worst of it is that specific disproof of such stories does not necessarily nullify their power for evil. There are plenty of fatuous—if technically loyal—fools to say:

"Of course the government would deny such an occurrence as the cutting off of the hands of nurses; otherwise they would never get another nurse to go to France."

That would be the psychology of the situation from the German point of view. The spirit already developed among American nurses at the front is sufficient assurance that if such a fate as mutilation had been that of the women of the Red Cross, their martyrdom would have served merely as a challenge to the rest of the noble sisterhood.

It should be borne in mind by all Americans, if only for the sake of their own peace of mind, that the dictum of the government may be absolutely relied upon in every

statement made about the war, or about any incident remotely concerning the war.

THREE FALSE STORIES OF TREACHERY

Three capital lies of the German propaganda that have been in circulation for months, traveling by word of mouth alone—they have been reported to Washington from each one of the forty-eight States, and are doubtless still creeping about in the remoter localities of American civilization—have led thousands to believe, for a time, that three eminently patriotic citizens have been guilty of the paramount crime and have paid the penalty. These made-to-order falsehoods called down temporary condemnation upon Mr. Joseph P. Tumulty, secretary to the President; Miss Ruth Law, the aviator; and Mme. Schumann-Heink, the opera-singer.

The most industrious effort on the part of the government has thus far failed to give the slightest clue to the creators of these cruel and utterly baseless fabrications or the places of their origin. No details have ever been given in the story that Mr. Tumulty had been executed for treason, the allegation being merely that he had been removed from Washington to Fort Leavenworth and shot against a stone wall the morning after his arrival.

It would seem that the Tumulty lie must have been started by some one possessing knowledge of his private affairs, for the slander first began to be whispered about last January, just after he had left Washington for a holiday far from traveled haunts, without having announced his departure, or his place of destination, to any but his most intimate friends. Yet, after a most rigid investigation, not the slightest suspicion of even an indiscretion attaches to any one of these friends. It is possible that the original liar hit upon the strategic moment by accident.

When the newspapers first heard the rumor that struck so foul a blow at the man closest to the President, they were informed in confidence of Mr. Tumulty's whereabouts. They were asked to keep the information secret, in order that he might be protected from place-hunters and politicians, and they respected the request. Mr. Tumulty was not told that he had been made a particular target by the enemy until his return to Washington, and in the mean time no one knows how many thousands of his fellow citizens had come to

believe that he had suffered a traitor's fate. The idea of the propagandists who started the story was, of course, to create unrest in the minds of the American people by leading them to believe that even their most trusted public servants were not above suspicion of disloyalty.

A MARVELOUSLY PICTURESQUE LIE

The Ruth Law lie, as put into circulation by German agents, covers a period of fifteen years. It is to the effect that last winter, while flying on the French frontier under the auspices of the American army she was discovered to be a German spy, a man disguised as a woman, and was immediately put to death. She had previously been carrying military information into the enemy lines, according to the propaganda narrative. An accident to her machine resulted in her being sent to a hospital, where her sex was revealed, together with the fact that she had plans of campaign of the Allies concealed in her clothing.

The enemy version of the antecedent career of Miss Law, who in private life is Mrs. Charles Oliver, is that she had been brought to the United States from Germany in 1903, at the age of ten, and instructed in aviation with a view to making her useful as a spy when the world war, for which Germany was then making elaborate preparations, should begin. During her fifteen years in America—still according to the propaganda—Miss Law was continually under German supervision and tutelage, and her going through the ceremony of marriage with Mr. Oliver was to emphasize her femininity in the public mind. Her so-called husband was shot at the same time as herself, as a partner in the traitorous plot—so the story ended.

As a matter of fact, Miss Law was giving aviation exhibitions throughout the South all last fall and winter, incidental to delivering patriotic addresses, selling Liberty bonds, and securing contributions to the Red Cross. During the spring and summer she was similarly employed in the Middle West. It was in New Orleans, about a year ago, that she first heard that she had been shot in France as a spy, and the story has been repeated everywhere that she has appeared since. She first thought it worth while to deny the manufactured falsehood last June, which she did, through the Associated Press, from Washington.

The government has publicly ignored the

Ruth Law lie, knowing her to come of English stock four generations in America, and to have been born in Lynn, Massachusetts. The value of the story to the German propaganda presumably lies in its disturbing influence among the American people during these distracting times. Perhaps the assertion that she was being prepared in the first years of the century—about the time when the Wright Brothers were making their earliest experiments in lifting a heavier-than-air machine from the ground—to become a flying spy during the present war, may be supposed to involve a tribute to German prescience.

ANOTHER ELABORATE FALSEHOOD

The story that Mme. Schumann-Heink, who is a naturalized citizen of the United States, and who has used her wonderful voice for the benefit of her adopted country during the great bond campaigns, had met the fate of a spy, did not reach the Committee on Public Safety until last July. It came in the form of a clipping from a newspaper published in an Illinois village, and how long it had been traveling by word of mouth before it got into print cannot be established. The newspaper story ran thus:

Mme. Schumann-Heink, the celebrated German singer, who was in this country a few months ago, has suddenly dropped out of sight, and her name never appears in any of the papers. She has, or had, two sons in the German army, and it has been stated that she also had sons in the United States Army. While here she professed to be neutral, and greatly deplored the fact that her sons were in opposing armies. However, she bought Liberty bonds, and in many ways expressed her sympathy for the United States.

Several weeks ago Mme. Schumann-Heink avowed her intention of returning to Europe, and expressed a desire to get back to Germany. She was under the suspicion of the United States secret-service men, and just before she was about to embark for Europe they searched her trunks and other belongings. To their surprise they found a number of maps, drawings, letters, and other documents which proved conclusively that while in this country she had been acting as a German spy.

The most sensational part of this story comes in the sequel. It is said that the United States officers confronted her with the proofs of her guilt, and told her that she was well aware of the fate that awaited her as a spy. They then presented her with a loaded revolver, and told her that she was at liberty to solve the delicate and unpleasant problem that confronted them. Mme. Schumann-Heink immediately shot herself through the heart.

Agents of the Department of Justice, to which Mr. O'Higgins referred this news-

paper extract, found the opera-singer passing the summer at her country home, as usual, no suspicion of disloyalty having ever attached to her. Two of her sons are in the United States Army; none among the German forces. That she was made a victim of enemy liars may have been partly to punish her, a German by birth, for having become so enthusiastic an American. The tale of her supposed fate was probably intended to strengthen the impression that Germany's control of her former subjects remains unshaken.

Incidentally, it may be observed that, according to motion-picture precedent, ladies found guilty of being spies are usually permitted their choice of poisons when the option of suicide is offered them. It is to men similarly circumstanced that a revolver is the conventional tool of self-destruction.

Mr. O'Higgins explains why it is almost impossible to prevent the operations of the German propaganda in the United States or to punish its agents.

"Many of them," he says, "are protected by their American citizenship and by the traditional freedom of speech which our laws permit. The government has no power to reach them. They are often the innocent victims of guiltier minds. It is only possible to warn the public of the infection which they spread, and to mark them as 'carriers' of that German bacillus which completely enervated the strength of Russia and so nearly broke down the Italian power of self-defense."

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST ENEMY LIES

In order that the United States may not suffer any disaster similar to those of Russia and Italy—which was by no means an impossibility, had not the danger been recognized in time—the government, through the Committee on Public Information, is endeavoring to nail the German lies as fast as they appear.

It is not by any means below-stairs and street gossip alone that carries these stories. They are also circulated, for the most part without mischievous intent, by men and women of standing. For instance, the present writer was told of the alleged execution of Mr. Tumulty, last winter, by the head of a department of one of America's great philanthropic foundations, who had received his information from a source he believed to be so reliable that he was ready to vouch for its accuracy. The Ruth Law

slander came to me only one remove from the lips of an officer of the United States army, who had then only just returned from France, and who gave it publicity last April at a dinner in New York, at which a score of others were present.

In neither of these instances did the man who repeated the story give me the name of his informant; and in each instance, while I was not bound to secrecy, I was told:

"If you mention this to any one else, don't say that it came from me."

That is the way in which these propaganda lies have had a great deal of their circulation—through people who do not care to have it known that they have assisted to give them currency. The titillation that comes of imparting sensational information is not confined to any one age or sex. What the patriot should consider in times like these is whether the vicarious pleasure derived from the agitation of another's emotional centers is worth the risk of helping to make the world unsafe for democracy.

"In the campaign against German rumors," says Mr. O'Higgins, "the government wishes to issue this general warning: 'Keep your ears open and your mouth closed. Believe anything you hear, if you want to, but do not give rumors your support by repeating them. Let the German agents who invent these lies be the only ones to pass them on.'"

Every floating rumor that smacks of enemy propaganda, when reported to the Committee on Public Information, is immediately referred to the department of the government best qualified to establish its authenticity or to refute it. For instance, the report that war bread was ruining the complexions of American girls was sent to, and refuted by, the Food Administration. The report that an army physician had inoculated a regiment of soldiers with pneumonia germs was sent to, and refuted by, the office of the surgeon-general. The report that American troops in France were becoming victims of intemperance was sent to, and refuted by, General Pershing. The report that German spies in the government printing-office have been treating Liberty bonds with a chemical that will, in time, cause them to crumble into valueless dust was sent to, and refuted by, the Treasury. Not an enemy rumor comes before the committee that is not dealt with

authoritatively. Such lies are not merely scotched; they are killed.

STORIES OF SUPPRESSED CASUALTIES

Illustrative of the committee's method is its response to a falsehood of a type that has already appeared frequently since the war began, and will doubtless continue to appear until its close—to the effect that the government is concealing the truth as to the casualties among the troops at the front. One day last May the committee received two letters on this subject, one from Charlotte, Michigan, and the other from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

The former stated that three weeks before, at a patriotic rally, a woman had said from the platform that seven thousand men in the Rainbow Division of the American forces had been killed. She asserted that she had the information from officials of the Red Cross, and could prove it. The letter from Pittsburgh ran thus:

Last Sunday, May 5, in the smoking-room of the Twentieth Century Limited, the remark was made that ten thousand of our wounded boys from the front in France were already back here in our hospitals in Connecticut and New York. The man who made the remark said that it was a positive fact. He said that he had his information from one of the doctors in a hospital in Connecticut. He refused to give the name of the doctor, and refused to give his own name, as he said he didn't want to get anybody into trouble; but he insisted that the government was keeping the real truth from the public.

In its reply the committee pointed out that, according to the figures of the War Department, up to the 1st of May, some weeks after the statement was made in Charlotte, and less than a week before the one made in the train smoking-room, there had been killed in all the divisions of the army only three hundred and forty-five men, and at the same time the total number of wounded was less than twenty-five hundred, these including submarine casualties. The committee's report continued:

A conspiracy to conceal any such disaster as the loss of seven thousand men in the Rainbow Division, or the presence of ten thousand wounded men in Connecticut and New York hospitals would involve so many government agents that secrecy would be impossible. The government is aware that only by frankness can it maintain public confidence. It gives out the news of every casualty as soon as it is received from France.

An investigation showed that the woman who spoke in Charlotte was of English

birth and a fervently loyal war worker. She had somewhere picked up a sensational propaganda falsehood and was unintentionally helping the German cause by circulating it. A native philosopher has noted the circumstance that hard times for a man begin when his friend and his enemy get together. The same result is likely to occur to one's country under similar conditions. The man on the Twentieth Century Limited may have been a German propagandist, or only the victim of one.

There will probably be less and less loose talk on war matters in public places as the conflict goes on. The man in the smoking-compartment of a train who made rash statements in safety last May would not have got off so easily even a month later. He would be compelled to prove his loyalty, as well as his good faith, should he to-day repeat alarmist rumors that he might have heard.

Enemy propaganda lies already investigated by the Committee on Public Information are mounting up in the hundreds. Their variety is almost unlimited. Any rumor even remotely tending to discourage enlistment, to arouse opposition to the draft, to increase the anxieties of soldiers' relatives, to destroy the faith of the American people in their government, to prejudice them against their Allies, to create social or religious dissension, to lead the farmer or the working man to believe that he is the dupe of the capitalist, to hamper the work of the Red Cross or the Young Men's Christian Association—any such rumor is grist for the pro-German mill.

SOME SPECIALLY VILE AND CRUEL LIES

One of the most effective of these, and one of the most contemptibly false and vile, was the rumor of immoral conditions in the hospitals in France, a detailed story having traversed the country to the effect that two hundred Red Cross nurses had been returned on a transport from abroad and secretly removed to maternity hospitals here as patients. Another that kept thousands of American fathers and mothers awake at night was the cruel and baseless rumor that our soldiers in France were succumbing indiscriminately to disease.

Loyal women, who have overworked themselves knitting sweaters and socks that have brought untold comfort to our men in the field, have been discouraged by the tale that these garments are unraveled to

give Frenchwomen yarn for other purposes. Housewives have spent unhappy hours because they believed the lie that the fruit and vegetables they had preserved on the advice of the Food Administration were to be commandeered by the government. Thousands of unsophisticated young women, particularly those in domestic service or without masculine protectors, have been terrorized by the story that the Federal census of women was for the purpose of listing names with a view to luring them into white slavery.

A rumor that has caused many ignorant foreigners to withdraw their money from savings-banks is that the government is about to confiscate their money for war purposes. Wives of colored soldiers at the front have suffered torments by reason of a falsehood circulated in the South to the effect that the Allies use negro regiments only as "shock troops." Every one of these mischievous tales, and hundreds like them, have been positively proved to be utter falsehoods.

It is said that German agents in Italy send anonymous letters to soldiers in the field, accusing their wives of infidelity. The military censorship prevents such tactics here, but similar impostures are being attempted. Forged letters pretending to be from soldiers in France have been found in the lobbies of theaters in our larger cities, as if accidentally dropped there by the recipients. So far they have contained little but alarming falsehoods about an imaginary slaughter of American soldiers in battle.

German propagandists are preaching violence among the I. W. W's., and urging mobs to attack honest working men whom they accuse of being I. W. W's. They play the same game in every quarrel in which they see a chance to stir up strife.

"Mr. Citizen, if one of these German whisperers starts buzzing in your ear," says Mr. O'Higgins, "send his name and address to the Department of Justice at Washington. If you do not know and cannot find out who he is, at least report his story to the Committee on Public Information, 8 Jackson Place, Washington, so that an official denial of his slander may be obtained and circulated as soon as possible. The committee is carrying on a nation-wide campaign against these poisonous rumors through its speakers, its pamphlets, and its news service. It needs your help. It needs the help of all loyal citizens."

Who Pays?*

BY MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

Author of "Children of Passion," "A Candle in the Wind," etc.

JUDGE SEDGWICK BLAIR has married again after divorcing his first wife, who deserted him, leaving her baby daughter behind her. Little Nancy has been lovingly brought up by the second Mrs. Blair, whom she has been taught to regard as her mother, the tragedy of her real mother's disgrace being buried and almost forgotten.

Nancy, when the story opens, has grown to womanhood, and she becomes engaged to Harold McVeagh, Mrs. Blair's nephew, who has got his commission in the army. She has another admirer in David Locke, who was a schoolfellow of Harold's, and who, having been left to make his own way in the world, is employed by "Pap" Chubb, the proprietor of a grocery-store in a suburban town. Nancy looks upon David as a slacker, because he has not enlisted. She does not know that he would have done so at the first call, had he not felt it his duty to try to pay off a lien on his family homestead, Judge Blair having loaned him money to clear off his dead father's debts. When Mr. Chubb relieves him of this responsibility by buying the house from him, he settles with the judge and goes into the army at once. Nancy, learning this from her father, regrets her injustice to the young man.

One day there comes before Judge Blair a woman charged with larceny. Her accuser is Franz Zedlitz, a well-to-do German, who claims to be loyal to the United States, and of whom the story will have more to tell. She has been a servant in Zedlitz's house, and the case against her is so clear that she is speedily convicted and sent to the workhouse; but after sentencing her the judge recognizes her as his first wife. He is greatly shocked, and is still more deeply disturbed when he receives a letter from her, threatening that she will claim her daughter. He sends his friend Grampian, a lawyer, to induce her to leave him unmolested, but Grampian fails to effect any settlement.

Zedlitz's residence and Chubb's store are in the same suburban town, on the shore of the Sound; and there, too, on a height known as Tower Hill, is the Blairs' summer home. One day, not long after the judge's family has moved out from the city, a strange woman comes to their door, where she encounters Nancy, and surprises the girl by asking her if she is happy. It is Roxanna Blair, the judge's first wife, who has been released from the workhouse. Judge Blair, coming in and finding her, takes her into his library, where he begs her not to bring scandal and sorrow into Nancy's life.

XIII

"I THINK I mean to be silent," Roxanna Blair replied in a low voice.

"I—how can I tell? I'm human—I love her!" She raised her eyes angrily to his haggard face. "If you hadn't let her call another woman mother, I—I could have stood it; but that! Don't let me see them together, don't let me hear that, and I may bear it, I may even do what you ask—for her sake."

He drew a deep breath of relief, believing that he had won the victory; but he saw her evident weakness.

"You're ill. Let me send you back in the motor," he said hastily. "You mustn't walk. I don't know where you came from. Not—not all the way from New York?"

She smiled bitterly.

"All the way? Why, I'd walk miles and

miles to see her face again, and you want to shut me out forever!"

"I only want to spare her."

She put up her hand with an imperative gesture.

"We needn't talk any more. I—I can't bear it!"

As she spoke she threw open the door and stood facing the hall. The judge, rooted to the spot, watched her, fascinated. He knew from her face what she saw there.

Mrs. Blair had almost forgotten her first misgivings. Nothing had happened, and she had put aside that one wild thought of Nancy's mother. She had returned from her trip up-stairs, without her hat, and ready for the luncheon that the judge's visitor was delaying. At the door she had found a messenger-boy with a package, and she had called Nancy.

As Roxanna opened the library door,

* Copyright, 1918, by Mary Imlay Taylor—This story began in the September number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

Nancy came running down-stairs, and saw Mrs. Blair undoing the little box she had just received. Open, she handed it across the table to the girl. It contained a thin gold chain and a lovely pendant pearl. Nancy gave a cry of delight.

"Oh, mama! How did you know just what I wanted?"

Mrs. Blair smiled placidly, not seeing the figure in the library door, the figure of tragedy.

"I meant it for your birthday, Nancy, but I had to order that setting for the pearl, to match your bracelet, and the stupid jeweler was so slow! I thought"—her smile deepened comfortably and showed amiable dimples—"you'd rather like it."

"Oh!" said Nancy. "You're a perfect duck of a mother!"

She flew around the table, clasped Mrs. Blair in her strong young arms, and kissed her.

Roxanna, watching them, put out a groping hand and held herself up against the door, her eyes haggard. Jealousy, deep and anguished, tore at her unsubdued heart. Her daughter, her own child, caressing another woman and treating her mother as a stranger, an outcast, almost!

The last impulse to resist temptation, to be unselfish, to shield the girl at the expense of her own happiness, went down before her mad hatred of the woman, the good, placid woman, who stood in her place, who took all this as her right. She took a sudden step forward.

"Nancy Blair," she cried passionately, "that is not your mother!"

The two women fell apart in consternation. Mrs. Blair turned pale, but Nancy flushed.

"I don't know what you mean," she replied evenly, her fresh young voice unstirred by fear; "but I think you're ill, and don't know what you're saying. Papa," she added indignantly, "I think this person should be sent away!"

But Roxanna only came nearer, her graceful, black-draped figure seeming slight and almost young in spite of her haggard, wasted face.

"Nancy, look at me!" She held out both hands with a touching, appealing gesture. "Look into my face—don't you know me? Can't you feel my blood stir in you? You're my child—my only child, Nancy!"

The girl had drawn away, the color running out of her face, and her eyes fixed on

the woman with a look of growing fear and reluctance.

"I am your mother. Ask her!" Roxanna pointed a shaking finger at Mrs. Blair. "She's deceived you. Ask your father—they've brought you up to believe a falsehood. I am your mother! I've done wrong, Nancy. I left you as a baby, but I've come back, and I love you—I can't give you up. Speak to me, Nancy! It's the truth; I vow it's the truth!"

"I'm sure you're mad, quite mad!" replied Nancy. "Mama, isn't she quite mad?"

Poor Mrs. Blair was completely unnerved; her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Nancy!" was all she could say.

Her face, the dismay and the confession in it, did more to convince Nancy than Roxanna's wild appeal. The girl's heart sank. Feeling as if her universe was crumbling about her ears, she turned wildly to her father.

"Papa, what does this mean? Why don't you tell her that she's mad?"

"He can't," Roxanna replied, steadying herself, forcing herself to speak more calmly. "I'm his first wife and your mother. He knows it. You've been brought up to believe in a falsehood. That woman is nothing to you—she's your father's second wife. I—" her voice softened and broke. "Nancy, I'm your own mother!"

The girl looked from one to the other, trembling. She was aware at last that no one contradicted the woman, that Mrs. Blair stood helplessly looking on, while her father—the father she had loved and trusted so long—was silent, his head bowed, apparently unable to stem the current of this wild woman's frenzied talk.

Nancy drew back, her very soul was shaken by a new and terrible misgiving. Suddenly she remembered her father on that day, weeks ago, when she had caught him unawares in such distress. She remembered, too, in a flash, his face at the dinner-table when Dr. Mardale talked. Her eyes wavered, and she began to shiver like one with an ague.

"Papa," she cried, "what does this mean? You know what it means—tell me! I must know who this woman is!"

The judge, who knew that the catastrophe could no longer be averted, straightened himself. He shot a look of rebuke, of deep anger, at the woman, but he answered his daughter.

"Her name is Roxanna North. She was my first wife. She ran away with another man and deserted her eight-months'-old baby. I got a divorce and married again. She speaks the truth, Nancy—you were that baby."

Roxanna, who had heard him in proud humiliation, returned his look with one of bitterness even deeper than his. Then she held out her hands again to Nancy.

"I'm your mother. Forgive me, dear, for I am your own mother—and I love you!"

Nancy made no reply. She was, indeed, incapable of speech. The shock seemed to strike at the very roots of her life, and she looked helplessly about her. Was she dreaming? Here was the old hall, the open door, the swinging trailers of the vines, the perfume of the honeysuckle, familiar and sweet. And her mother, her familiar, kind, affectionate mother, and her father—was the earth falling away?

Then her eyes turned slowly and reluctantly toward the strange woman—this woman whom she had never seen before, but whose tragic face had haunted her with its likeness to her own in the mirror—her mother! Nancy recoiled, shuddering, voiceless.

Roxanna, eagerly watching her daughter for a word, a sign, saw the shudder. She drew back with a cry of pain and dismay.

"Oh, for God's sake, don't look at me like that!" she sobbed, and sank into a chair, covering her face with her hands.

The cry reached the girl's heart. She shivered and took a step forward. Again, almost frantically, she appealed to her father.

"Is this true? Oh, papa, are you sure that this is true?"

Mrs. Blair was crying softly. The judge bent his head.

"It's true. But she deserted you, she has no just claim upon you, daughter."

Nancy scarcely seemed to hear this. She was deadly pale now, but she went slowly across the hall and knelt down beside Roxanna.

"I—I didn't know," she said in a low, shaking voice. "Forgive me—mother!"

At her touch Roxanna raised her head, and her hands sank down and rested on the girl's shoulders. She had been weeping terribly, and through her tears she looked into her daughter's quivering face. There was a moment of deep and rending

emotion, and then Nancy's head sank on her knee. The girl had fainted.

XIV

MR. CHUBB had been working hard in his vegetable-garden. It had been a quiet day in the shop, and Mrs. Chubb and young Sowers had kept it running. Pap Chubb, warm with patriotic fervor, was getting the muscles of his back limber and working his potatoes at the same time.

He came in about five o'clock, wiping his forehead.

"My gracious!" Mrs. Chubb regarded him apprehensively. "You look as if you were going to have apoplexy. You sit right down, Aloysius, and fan yourself, while I get you some root-beer."

"Don't want it," said Mr. Chubb, taking the chair. "I've signed off for the war. I'm a camel—nothing now but water and weak tea. I've been swattin' potato-bugs till I can't see straight. Won't be any potato famine next year, if I can help it!"

"Potatoes? Why, I'm ashamed to sell what you've got here," Mrs. Chubb declared severely. "I had to ask thirteen cents a pound for 'em, an' old Mrs. Levine nearly fainted."

Her husband grunted expressively.

"Shucks! She'd keel over any time at spendin' a nickel."

Mrs. Chubb, who had been filling a glass with iced water, handed it to him with a thoughtful expression on her face.

"Say, I nearly forgot to ask you," she said. "I saw Fisher driving down the road past the garden in his undertakin' wagon. It always gives me a turn to see that old black wagon stop. Who's dead, Aloysius?"

Pap Chubb shook with silent laughter.

"Don't you take on," he said soothingly. "There's no occasion for havin' chills about it this time. Fisher did come drivin' along while I was out there, horses goin' regular funeral pace. I stopped killin' potato-bugs and called out to him, an' he pulled up—solemn as a church. 'Jacob,' says I, 'got a body?' 'Body,' says he, 'nothing! I've got two barrels of seed potatoes—Early Rose—in here, an' I paid fifteen dollars a barrel for 'em! You bet I'm goin' to drive careful.'"

Mrs. Chubb was shocked.

"It's a scandal, the things he does take in that wagon! I've been feelin' real depressed—an' all along of his old potatoes!"

Mr. Chubb continued to laugh softly, rubbing his chin.

The big shop doors stood open, and across the wide road they could see some cows moving placidly in a meadow that was deeply green. Beyond it were those silver birches whose white stems had startled Lucile in the dark. It was that hour of the day when there are lovely shadows lying under the trees, and between them the sunlight seems to run in rivers. Above, some fleecy clouds lay in the blue sky, like sheep along the edge of a pasture. It was so peaceful that a scarlet tanager dared to alight on the low stone wall by the bridge.

"Darn it!" said Pap Chubb with apparent irrelevance. "I wish I could make the Kaiser swallow this old war!"

His wife made no immediate reply. She was moving the jars on the smooth, clean shelves and looking for the labels. She had a housewife's mania for order, and Mr. Chubb and his assistants were not always orderly.

"Aloysius," she said finally, "I let the upper floor to that Mrs. North. I don't know as I did right, but there's something about her that—well, that kind o' touches you. I don't know why, but I kept feelin' I'd seen her eyes before."

"We don't know a thing about her," Mr. Chubb objected, beginning to whittle a stick—man's refuge in delicate situations. "I'll admit that she's good-lookin'."

Mrs. Chubb bridled unconsciously.

"She's too pale an' peeked. She's got big rings around her eyes," she retorted sharply.

"What's the reason one lone woman wants that whole floor, anyway, ma?"

"She's goin' to have her daughter with her."

"Seen her daughter?"

"Why, no." Mrs. Chubb stopped work and leaned her elbows on the counter. "That's the queer thing. She never spoke of her daughter when she took the rooms. Now she says she's comin', an' there's nothing good enough for her."

"Humph! Where is she now—at school somewhere?"

Mrs. Chubb shook her head.

"I haven't any idea. I was—well, to tell you the truth, I was rather surprised when she told me. You know she first came here alone, an' wanted to know where Judge Blair lived. When she came again this mornin', she looked sick. I declare I

hesitated. 'If she's sick on your hands, Martha Chubb, what 'll you do?' I thought to myself; and then I felt downright mean. So the long an' the short of it is, I let her the rooms. Eighteen dollars a month. She paid me one month down, an' she wants the back room papered. Of course I'm willing to do that. She said her daughter would pick out the paper, you know."

Mr. Chubb whistled.

"Martha," said he at last, "d'you remember that Lucile Zedlitz came in here yesterday?"

His wife looked up, a little surprised at his irrelevance. "Why, yes, I remember you said so. I was up-stairs cleanin'."

Pap cast a look toward the bookkeeper's cage. Lem Sowers had just slipped out into the back yard, and the old man could see him standing there in melancholy thought. Lem expected to be drafted any day, and his soul was not warlike.

"Well, she did, an' it happened that your Mrs. North was goin' up the road—a tall, stylish kind of a black figure. I saw Lucile lookin' after her, an' I passed a remark. 'She's kind o' sad lookin', ain't she?' says I. Lucile smiled. You know the way she has—draws in that dimple in her left cheek? 'That's Roxanna Sinnott,' says she. 'Mr. Zedlitz sent her to the workhouse, but—she kind o' smiled at me again—I haven't anything against her,' says she. 'I guess you're mistaken,' says I. 'Her name's North.' But she only laughed again an' went on out to her tin Lizzie. Don't you remember there was a lot about it in the paper? Judge Blair sent her up. I seem to recall the whole thing, come to think of it."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Chubb in dismay. "Do you suppose it can be true?"

"Well, I s'pose it is true," rejoined Pap, cautiously. "I don't see any reason why Lucile should say so if it wasn't. Wouldn't do her any manner of good."

His wife gazed at him blankly.

"Aloysius, why didn't you tell me? Whatever shall I do? She's taken the rooms, an' I've got her money in my pocket this minute."

"To tell you the truth, I never thought about your doin' it so pesky quick," he replied thoughtfully, whittling harder than ever. "Besides, it kind o' slipped out of my head. I don't know. I suppose you could give her money back to her, ma."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Chubb suddenly. "Poor thing, that accounts for it!"

"You mean her looks?"

"Of course—an' everything! She's kind o' tragic."

"Most folks are—when they've been caught stealin'," said Pap dryly.

Mrs. Chubb was worried.

"I can't think what I ought to do. I just haven't got the heart to say things to her. She's—she's—why, Aloysius, she's real ladylike and refined and nice!"

Mr. Chubb, who had finished whittling, closed his knife and put it in his pocket.

"There comes old Mose Snyder, an' I see two more behind him. I guess I'll have to wait on Mose. You can settle it, ma, but I don't know as I'd have her. It won't do, even if you do feel sorry for her."

"Oh, I do! An' her daughter—to think of her havin' a daughter to suffer for it! I declare it's a shame! It makes me feel as if she ought to be the one to suffer. Of course"—she moved reluctantly toward the stairs—"of course I'll have to send her off, but I declare I do hate to do it!"

Pap Chubb nodded understandingly; then he rose and went behind the counter. Mr. Snyder would want some beans, a pint of molasses, and some chewing-tobacco. Pap began to look about for his measure, and whistled for young Sowers to come back from his melancholy contemplation of squash-vines.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Chubb went up-stairs.

After she had passed her own landing, another short flight took her to the third-story rooms. There were four of them—two bedrooms, a tiny kitchen, and a living-room, where she had placed a table at one end, with a small, light screen to shelter it, leaving the other end for an old-fashioned chints-covered sofa and a couple of basket rockers. She looked about her with a sigh. She had just added the finishing touches, and she had felt a kind of satisfaction in putting those flowers in the jar on the table. The poor thing needed cheering up, she had thought, and the daughter—Mrs. Chubb loved young girls—of course the daughter would like flowers. And now!

The good woman stood looking about her in dismay. She couldn't bear to say a harsh word to any one. What could she say to this poor, sad-eyed woman? This woman who had touched her heart even when she had felt vaguely uneasy about her. For there was in Roxanna's being an

element of uncertainty, a passionate undercurrent, and it had reached even Mrs. Chubb's placid consciousness. She had felt as if she had approached an electric dynamo. There was an atmosphere of danger, of tragedy. Yet there was something touching, as if a wild repentance had broken down the wayward spirit and it was stretching out pitiful hands, asking alms, the alms of love. Love, which is never given to the mendicant!

Martha Chubb moved slowly through the small, clean rooms. They were rather bare, and the furniture was cheap, but there was a cleanly odor of matting, and the wall-paper had an immaculate freshness that appealed without offending. She had even added a few personal touches. One of her own most treasured prints was hung in the largest bedroom, and that very morning she had put a white crocheted cover on the little table by the window.

The muslin curtains, with their thin white frills, fluttered in the open windows, and there was a new rug in the dining-room. Mrs. Chubb's heart had been touched, and her sympathy had taken visible shape in new saucepans and a new linoleum for the kitchen.

She viewed it all now with a sinking heart. She had rashly closed the bargain, she had a month's rent in her pocket, and here she was in the face of a dilemma. She had let her upper floor to a woman who was not only using an assumed name, apparently, but who had come out of the workhouse! Mrs. Chubb's conscience honestly revolted at the thought of such a person in her cherished top floor, yet—how she pitied her!

To tell her the truth was almost too much to expect of herself, for Martha Chubb felt that it was beyond her courage; yet not to tell the truth was against her moral convictions. If she could only make Aloysius do it! But he wouldn't, and no one knew that better than his wife. Pap Chubb would rather harbor a burglar than hurt a woman.

It was Mrs. Chubb's fault, of course, and she would have to face it. She would face it, she would just up and tell the stranger that she had changed her mind, and then—

Poor Mrs. Chubb gasped. She had scarcely achieved this resolution when she heard a step on the stairs and the light, soft sound of a woman's skirts against the banisters.

"Good gracious, Aloysius has gone an' sent her up here a purpose!" she cried to herself and fled.

She went through the two back rooms into the kitchen, opened the door of the gas-stove, and almost put her head in the oven. But even then she heard the light step—wavering and dragging a little—going from room to room and coming nearer and nearer. There was no possible escape. Mrs. Chubb got down on her knees and put her head entirely into the oven.

Roxanna, reaching the kitchen door at last, leaned weakly against it. She was aware of a somewhat confusing view of a neat gingham skirt, white apron-strings, and the soles of Mrs. Chubb's broad shoes. She supposed that her immaculate landlady was cleaning out the gas-stove.

"You're too good to me," she said in her rich, melancholy voice. "These little rooms are delightful. They seem—I can't tell you how restful they seem to me!"

Her landlady rose awkwardly, with a red face.

"I—I was looking into the oven," she said, panic-stricken. "I—yes, they are clean—the rooms, I mean."

Roxanna smiled, and her smile was sweet. She took a step forward, reeled, and almost fell.

"My gracious!" Mrs. Chubb caught her and drew her to a seat. "Why, you poor thing, you're faint! Let me get something—what 'll you have, my dear?"

In her pity Mrs. Chubb's motherly heart forgot Lucile's talk. Even if it did happen to be true, she thought, the poor thing was in trouble. She took off Roxanna's hat and laid it on the table; then she hurriedly pressed a glass of water to the stranger's pale lips.

Roxanna tasted it, but her head sank back against the high, wooden rocking-chair. Her soft hair, scarcely threaded with gray, rippled low on her forehead, and her eyes were closed. The lids were faintly blue, and the thick, straight lashes showed dark on the white cheeks. Mrs. Chubb, glass in hand, stood staring with a strange sensation. Where in the world had she seen that face and those eyelashes before?

Before she could make up her mind, Roxanna raised her eyes slowly to the older woman's face.

"I like you," she said simply. "You are good. There aren't many good people in this world. I was lucky to find you, and "

—she looked about her absently and sadly—"I like your rooms so much. But my daughter—"

She stopped, and a deep, painful blush rose slowly to her hair.

Mrs. Chubb set down the glass and moved some cups uneasily on the dresser. What in the world must she do? How could she turn this poor thing out? She stole another look at the profile. Roxanna looked ill and exhausted, she had an air of having been shipwrecked. It alarmed the good woman who watched her, yet it wrung her heart.

"She looks—well, I declare, she looks haunted," Mrs. Chubb thought.

Roxanna was, in fact, exhausted. She had spent all the passion of her nature in fighting for recognition from her own flesh and blood. Nancy had acceded, she had been conscientious and good and true, but she had not hidden her misery, her terrible mortification. The girl's distress was too keen to be hidden, and Roxanna had seen it. She had deliberately crucified herself by forcing her own child to be ashamed of her.

The whole painful revelation, her wild jealousy and anger at her former husband, had brought the inevitable climax. She had won, but her victory was barren. She knew, now, the cost of it, and the thought made her shudder.

"My dear, you're going to be very ill," said Mrs. Chubb anxiously. "Have you ever had anything catching? It looks strange to me—like chills and ague. I—" She hesitated, her heart quaking. "Do you think you'd be as well here—I mean if you were really ill? Now, in the hospital—"

"I'm not going to be as ill as that," said Roxanna with passion. "Never mention hospitals to me! I—why, I wouldn't give up these rooms for anything. I can see the sea from the windows."

Mrs. Chubb felt that something must be done. She could not keep the woman here, she had definitely made up her mind not to keep her, Aloysius would not let her. She was very fond of falling back on the matrimonial camouflage, and it was convenient to say that Mr. Chubb wouldn't let her do what she chose; Mr. Chubb, meanwhile, being unalterably neutral.

"I—I think I ought to tell you," she began in a flurried voice. "These rooms—you see, I thought I'd let 'em, and I fixed 'em up, but—"

A door shut at the foot of the stairs, and a step came up. Mrs. Chubb stopped to listen; so did her lodger.

"It's my daughter," said the latter quietly. "I—she's coming to stay with me until I feel stronger. I've been away, and I've been ill."

Mrs. Chubb, who knew that "being away" meant the workhouse, felt helpless. Plainly she would have to say something horrible and rude and to the point. Her knees felt wobbly and her hands trembled. What if this woman refused to go and claimed her lease?

The next moment a voice, young, tremulous, and evidently frightened, called from the staircase.

"I've come! Where are you—mother?"

"Here, my dear, in the kitchen," Roxanna answered faintly.

She seemed totally unable to rise. The girl came down the hall and stood in the door, looking at them.

Mrs. Chubb jumped up.

"Why, Miss Nancy!" she cried. "How ever did you think of coming up here?"

Nancy's cheeks went from white to red and from red to white. She clung weakly to the door, and raised shamed eyes to Mrs. Chubb's face.

"I came to take care of my mother," she said.

"Your mother?"

Poor Mrs. Chubb felt that the world was collapsing under her feet.

"This is my daughter, Mrs. Chubb," Roxanna explained, leaning back in her chair. "Judge Blair is married to a second wife. I am his first wife. We were divorced years ago. Nancy is my daughter. She has come to take care of me."

Mrs. Chubb got to the door. She was shaking all over.

"I'm going down to get you a glass of good, rich milk," she said faintly. "You need it!"

She was getting past Nancy, and almost to the stairs; but Nancy followed her, and Mrs. Chubb, at the head of the stairs, turned.

"Miss Nancy, if I can do anything—you—you just tell me!" she exclaimed.

Nancy put out her hand, and Mrs. Chubb took it. The girl's face was flushed, and tears stood in her eyes. Her lips moved, but no words came. Martha Chubb put a motherly hand on her shoulder and patted it.

"You brave child!" she murmured, tears running down her cheeks.

Nancy tried to answer and could not. She pressed Mrs. Chubb's hand, and then, dragging her own away, ran back into the room and shut the door.

XV

As Judge Blair walked the floor of his library, he was like a demon of unrest. His face was haggard and his gray hair disheveled. He had been walking there a long time. Through the open windows he could see the road to the village; it was shadowed by the twilight now, and the strip of river shining through the trees glimmered placidly, like the evening sky.

In one of the big leather armchairs sat his wife, her large, fair face no longer placid, but obstinately troubled. She had taken her position and was standing her ground.

"I always said that you ought to tell the child," she declared decidedly.

Her husband made no reply. He swung around and tramped back again, his form cutting off the light from the window as he crossed it.

"It's absolutely impossible to hide such things," Mrs. Blair went on. "You simply can't. If you had told her—"

"Well, I didn't!"

He threw the retort at her and went on pacing, his head down; but Susan Blair had a persistent, placid mind that was like a wide groove. Anything started in it always continued to go in the same direction.

"I said, years ago, that she ought to be told. If she had been, she would have made up her mind about it long ago, and this—this woman couldn't have shocked her into any such wild freak. It's perfectly natural that the girl, suddenly finding her mother alone and in trouble, should think she ought to go to her and take care of her. It's just a sense of duty—it wasn't treachery to you."

The judge shot an exasperated look at her.

"I suppose a sense of duty always leads, then, to making an incredible scandal in a small place?"

"That's not Nancy's fault." Mrs. Blair was quite unmoved; she only looked paler and more fagged. She thought the judge very unreasonable. "I should think you would see it was the fault of—of this person. I remember very well how you felt about her running away. This is all of a

piece. She's come back now to make a sensation by taking Nancy away."

"I suppose you forget all my daughter owes to me—and, for that matter, to you!" he exclaimed impatiently. "Yet, in the face of all my arguments, she goes to stay over Chubb's provision-store with—with the mother who deserted her as a baby. It's—it's intolerable!"

"If you had told her in the first place, as I say, it would never have happened," returned his wife obstinately. "When people are taken by surprise, things happen. It's just like being struck by lightning—you're unprepared and can't escape."

"I told her the truth hard enough yesterday," said the judge; "and what good did it do? She went in spite of me!"

Mrs. Blair, for the first time, showed signs of yielding a little leeway.

"You were very hard on the child, Sedgwick," she said sadly. "Nancy's a sweet girl—she didn't know what to do."

"I forbade her to leave me."

"Oh, good gracious, how can you forbid a girl from going to a sick mother?"

"Susan," said the judge, "what will Harold do? He's your nephew—maybe you can tell me that!"

Mrs. Blair, who for once had forgotten her army knitting, clasped her hands nervously in her lap.

"I'm sure I haven't the least idea," she admitted helplessly. "I've been trying to think, but—I just gave it up!"

The judge frowned.

"Now, I might say—with justice—that he ought to have been told the whole unvarnished truth."

"If you mean that Harold will want to break the engagement on account of this," said his wife slowly, "you needn't worry. Nancy told me, just before she went, that she was going to break it herself. She was very sweet about it. She looked so pale and lovely that I could have cried. 'Mama,' she said, 'I'll write to Harold and set him free. This might make a big difference to him.'"

"Mama!" the judge repeated. "That's it—see how she feels? You've been a mother to her. Roxy has no business to make the child unhappy. It's going to make Nancy wretched. She has told me time and again how fond of you she is."

Mrs. Blair's composure suddenly broke up. She covered her kindly face with her plump, wrinkled hands.

"I—I love her dearly!" she sobbed. "She's been just like my own child to me!"

The judge, who a moment before had been exasperated, relented. He went over and laid a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

"Susan, I'm going away. You can pack up and get ready. I sha'n't stay here this summer. It's a little too much for me!"

She dried her tears hastily. She was not usually an emotional woman.

"Oh, Sedgwick, the garden's planted!"

He threw up his hands.

"Susan, I can't endure this for fifty gardens. I leave here this week. We'll go up to Maine and then back to New York."

Mrs. Blair sank back in her chair, still dabbing away at her tears.

"I—well, I don't know but what you're right," she admitted. "I don't see how I could stand it myself, but—oh, Sedgwick, there's Nancy!"

He set his lips hard.

"She's made her bed," he retorted, "and she must lie on it!"

Susan Blair rose at that.

"Sedgwick," she said, "you mustn't feel that way. The child is trying to do right. You should have told her!"

The judge looked at her for a moment in silent wrath; then he gave up. He snatched his hat from the table, where he had laid it, set it squarely on his head, went out through the long window, and tramped down the lawn.

His wife watched him, unshaken in her own opinion, but stirred to such depths that her placidity was shattered. As his tall, thin figure disappeared into the twilight of the cedars, she sank into the nearest chair. She had, at last, what she herself would have called "a good cry."

She had married Judge Blair a year after his divorce from his first wife. She had known him for a long time, and had been very sorry for him; but the thing that had moved Susan McVeagh's heart most deeply had been the deserted baby. She had taken the judge's little daughter to her heart when Nancy was about two years old, and the child had immediately adopted her. Nancy had never known the difference, and the completeness of the adoption had influenced the judge. He had felt that it was almost providential. His little Nancy had found a mother, a kind, placid, reliable mother, and he had let Roxanna think that her own child was dead.

The deception had been such a thing of

accident. The death of his cousin's child—Roxanna's quick sending of her sorrow—the servant's unintentional later falsehood—a veritable house of cards; but it had served so long! The Blairs had moved away, and Roxanna had dropped out of their lives. Gradually all alarms ceased, and Susan had felt secure in the possession of her daughter. She had brought Nancy up and seen to her schooling.

As the girl developed, clever and sweet and unexpected, Mrs. Blair had been proud, without recognizing sharp temperamental differences. She was much in the situation of the reliable hen who hatches out a duckling, nevertheless she had rejoiced to see her fledgling take to the water so easily and so splendidly. Now she was overwhelmed, and the only straw at which she could snatch was the fact that Nancy should have been told the truth.

For the moment, at the time when it would have involved a question of interference from Roxanna, Susan Blair had been as eager as the judge to keep the child out of her way; but later, yes, she should have been told. This thought was obstinately rooted in her heart, and now it somewhat stayed the flood of her tears. She felt that she would have managed it differently and saved all the heartache.

Finally she raised her head from the arm of the old chair and wiped away her tears. It was while she was doing this that she heard a light step in the hall, and Nancy came into the room. It was growing very dim in the twilight, but the girl's quick eye caught the melancholy droop of the figure in the leather armchair. She ran to her.

"Oh, mama, you've been crying!" she exclaimed. Then, as Susan raised her kindly eyes, still winking back tears, Nancy flung herself into her arms. "I—oh, I can't get used to it, mama, I can't!" she sobbed.

Mrs. Blair held her close and patted her, her own chin too tremulous for speech. After a moment Nancy controlled herself.

"Mama, I've got to stay there," she said in a low, shaken voice. "She's really ill, and she has no one. I can't desert her!"

"She—she deserted you," Mrs. Blair blurted out tearfully.

Nancy drew a long breath.

"I know—I can't understand that, but, mama, don't you see? I oughtn't to judge her, I ought to forgive. Of course, I know how papa feels—and I feel for him, but

I've got to help her now. You won't let it make any difference, will you?"

"Nancy!"

"Oh, mama, to think that you're not my mother! You can't know quite how it feels. It's—it's terrible!"

"You should have been told, I've been telling your father so."

"Is he very angry?"

"He's going away—we're going away, dear."

"Oh!"

Nancy turned pale, clinging to Mrs. Blair. Her world had entirely dissolved. The whole secure, sweet edifice of her life had fallen like a pack of cards. She rose slowly and dried her tears.

"I see how it is," she said reluctantly. "He—papa thinks I'm making a scandal."

Mrs. Blair was speechless; she could only dry her own eyes surreptitiously. There was a little pause. The room was growing dark, and she could see only the outlines of Nancy's pale face; the eyes eluded her. They both heard the clock striking on the mantel.

"I'll have to stay there," the girl said at last, with an effort. "I'll have to move my things down there and stay with—my mother."

"I thought—I think your father thought—that you meant to do that," said her stepmother timidly; for she felt timid in the face of this tragedy.

"No, I—" Nancy hesitated, then she dropped upon a low divan opposite and leaned back, passing her hand over her eyes. "I was foolish, I dreamed of living with you and papa, but going there to take care of her. I see now that I couldn't. I've got to choose!"

"Oh, Nancy, I don't think he meant that! It's just nerves. Your father's been overworked, and this whole thing has been too much. He needs a little rest. I—oh, I wish you'd come with us," she ended lamely, but wistfully.

Nancy was silent, thinking. After a while it grew so dark that Mrs. Blair felt for a match with shaky fingers and lit the shaded lamp on the table. It made a fairy ring of light, showing all the dear, familiar details—the wide table with the judge's old inkstand and his pipe, the new magazines, and one or two books; the easy chairs, and the warm-hued rug. But it left the two women slightly in the shadow. Mrs. Blair could see the girl's bent head

and the droop of her figure, but she only half divined the expression of her face.

"Nancy," she said softly, "hadn't you better come with us?"

Nancy looked up then. Her eyes, dark and shadowed in the half light, rested gently on the troubled, kind face opposite.

"I can't. She's really ill, mama, and she's poor. I've found that out, and she has no one. You see, papa's going away settles it. For a while I must go and stay with her. It isn't for me to judge her, is it? She's pitifully weak and broken, and she's begged—oh, I can't tell you"—Nancy hid her face for a moment—"I mustn't tell you all she's said to me. I love my father, I resent all he's suffered, but I pity her. She's penitent and—it doesn't help! Isn't that fearful? She says she's paying for her sins."

Mrs. Blair shook her head indignantly.

"She's making you pay, Nancy!"

The girl did not reply, but sat with her hands clasped about her knees, looking away toward the window. It was quite dark outside, and she could see nothing. Mrs. Blair knew that she was crying.

"Nancy," she said in a shaky voice, "I know just how you feel; but—you won't leave us altogether?"

Nancy shook her head. She could not speak for a moment, and when she did it was of something else.

"I wrote to Harold," she said in a low voice. "If he talks to you, please tell him just how I feel, mama."

"But I don't know!" cried the older woman in a panic. "Oh, Nancy, don't break up everything!"

"I want him to understand that—that I'm ready to give him back his freedom. I'll break the engagement. It wouldn't be right not to—he didn't know this."

"He knew you were not my child," said Mrs. Blair. "Of course my family knew that. I told him, and asked him to say no more about it, because I loved you as if you were my own daughter."

Nancy sat very still, looking at her.

"I wish," she said, "you had told me!"

"I've just said that to your father. Oh, Nancy, it was hard! You took it all for granted—and I loved you, and your father didn't want her—your mother—mentioned. I—I didn't know what to do."

"But you told Harold!"

"He was to be your husband, and I—I thought I ought to."

This seemed to be harder than anything else to Nancy. She said nothing, however, but turned again and looked out of the window. After a long silence she rose slowly to her feet.

"I'll go up-stairs," she said weakly, "and get some of my things. I'll have to go there."

Mrs. Blair looked up helplessly.

"Nancy, you're not angry with me?"

The girl turned, went back to her, and patted her shoulder, with tears in her own eyes.

"No, I'm not," she whispered tenderly; "but—but nothing in the world will ever be the same again!"

Her stepmother sobbed; she was incapable of further argument, and Nancy pressed her shoulder gently.

"Mama, remember, you'll tell Harold before I see him. It will be so much easier for you to do it!"

But Mrs. Blair did not find it easy the next morning when Harold came. He had got twenty-four hours' leave, he said, on purpose, and had come straight to his aunt. Perhaps Nancy had sent him. Mrs. Blair was not sure, but she felt that she was in for it, and tried to do her best. She explained tearfully that Nancy had been home the night before, but had gone to her mother in the little rooms over Chubb's store.

"Oh, I say!" Harold exclaimed blankly.

"Isn't that making no end of talk?"

Mrs. Blair admitted that it might.

"But you see, Harold, the woman's ill—Nancy's real mother. I always feel as if I was that myself, but I'm not; and Nancy feels that she must take care of her, dear child!"

Harold, walking about the drawing-room—where Mrs. Blair had corralled him to avoid a clash with the judge—frowned heavily.

"What does her father say?" he asked.

"What can you expect? The poor judge!" His wife, remembering all she had been through, dabbed at a tear that trickled down her plump cheek. "He's angry and worried and—and all upset. We're going away for a while."

"Well, that's the best thing to do," said her nephew, with evident relief. "Take Nancy with you; maybe that will shut the thing up."

His aunt shook her head.

"She won't go. She thinks she must stay and help—her mother."

"Oh, hang it all!" said Harold warmly. "She's got to go! This is too hard a pill for any fellow to swallow easily. She's got to consider me, as long as I'm swallowing it, hasn't she?"

"For goodness' sake, don't say that to her! She's sensitive, and she'll be sure you don't want her because of—of her mother."

"I wish you'd told me all this long ago!"

"I thought I had. You know I told you that Nancy was Judge Blair's daughter by his first wife. I was perfectly plain about that."

"Yes, you did," Harold admitted doggedly, "and I was prepared to let it go at that; but—oh, hang it all! This workhouse business and all that—wasn't thrown in then!"

"Harold"—his aunt looked aghast—"you don't mean that you would hold that against a sweet, innocent girl like Nancy? You don't want to back out, do you?" she added, in a crescendo of horror.

He hesitated, standing in front of her, trim and tall in his new khaki.

"No, I don't," he said finally. "I'll stick—oh, of course, I'll stick! I'm fond of Nancy."

But, for all that, he reddened painfully under her startled eyes.

XVI

If Harold felt reluctance or doubt or mortification, he showed none of these things to Nancy. Indeed, there was a moment when he rose nobly to the occasion—the painful moment when Nancy told him, decidedly, that he must not think of marrying her now.

"It wasn't my fault," she said, giving him a direct, clear look from her beautiful eyes. "I wasn't told. I think I should have been told, but I wasn't, and it can't be my fault that—that I thought there was no scandal connected with me. Of course, all this, especially what happened in New York"—she winced, for she meant the workhouse sentence—"makes an immense difference. I—I simply can't think of letting you make anything like a sacrifice for me."

"Sacrifice? Nonsense!" said Harold. "Is it a sacrifice for a fellow to marry the girl he loves?"

"It might be," Nancy replied gently, "very much of a sacrifice—anyway, a sacrifice that the girl couldn't accept."

"So, I suppose your idea is to sacrifice

me against my will!" Harold retorted. "To throw me over, in fact, without any regard for my feelings! See here, Nancy, this won't do. I'm in love with you, I've asked you to marry me, and I stand by it. You haven't any right to throw me over unless I deserve it. What have I done, please, so far—to deserve it?"

She was silent, coloring a little. She was in fact, worn down with worry and trouble, and Harold's strong, breezy presence was a reassurance. She felt like throwing herself into his arms and begging him to carry her off, away from it all. She felt so strongly about it that it almost put her into a panic for fear he would see it. But he didn't see it; he saw only a charming profile and a drooping young figure.

"I know very well," she said softly and sadly, "that you didn't know about—about all these things. If I took you at your word, it would be like accepting a man's offer under false pretenses."

"I did know that you were not Aunt Susan's daughter," said he stubbornly. "I guess the whole family knew that."

Nancy looked up, a little proud and hurt.

"But they never told me!"

"It's a beastly shame—I'll admit that; but, if you take it so hard, perhaps they were right. Why should they make you suffer for your mother? I should call that pretty hard!"

"But I shall have to—that's the way always, Harold. And that's the reason why I don't want you to share any—any of the trouble with me."

"Awfully generous of you," said Harold; "but I'm going to stick, Nancy."

"Not if I won't let you!"

His eyes laughed.

"You can't help it! Nancy, let's forget it—we're engaged, that's all there is about it. I just told your—your mother so."

She looked at him with a softening face.

"Have you really talked of it to her, Harold?"

He nodded. He had a painful twinge about that interview, a feeling that Roxanna did not like him, but he had done his best. He felt that no one could ask more of him than that.

Nancy thought a moment; then she held out her hand to him, tears brimming in her eyes.

"It was good of you, Harold!"

He not only took her hand, but threw his arm around her, looking down into her

agitated face. They were alone in the long lane behind the birches, and only a squirrel ran along the stone wall beside them.

"Nancy," said he, "there's no use arguing with me. I may go off to France tomorrow; we don't know when our orders may come. Are you going to send me off in this way?"

Nancy's head sank lower.

"Oh, I wish I knew what to do!" she cried.

"I'll tell you," he retorted jauntily. "Marry me!"

They both laughed, not happily, but with a nervousness that suggested hysterical emotion. However, it broke down her power of resistance, and she suffered herself to be led along the dewy lane, her hand in his. It was sweet not to struggle any more. Would it do just to let things drift? She felt that breaking down of will that leads us to such vagaries. She could not battle now; she was silent, feeling his presence, his happiness, his reassuring common sense.

"I almost forgot a message for you, Nancy," he said after a moment. "My Aunt Diantha Morris wants you to come in some day to lunch with her. You know she's been years in Europe, and lately she's been doing war work in northern France. She got back to the Park Avenue house yesterday. I'll get leave some day soon again, I hope, and then she wants you to come up to luncheon at her house, and I'll be able to get there, too."

Nancy gave him a startled, almost timid look.

"Does she know?" she asked reluctantly.

"Of course she knows!" Harold fibbed beautifully this time. "She's a jolly good sort, Nancy, and you'll get on with her. She's a bit of a tartar sometimes—used to ordering, you know, but she's my mother's youngest sister."

"And mama was your father's youngest sister—isn't that odd?" Nancy began, and then she stopped, blushing crimson. "Oh, of course you know I mean my step-mother!"

"I say," said Harold, "it's a beastly shame for you to feel this way! They should have told you. But I'll wager something handsome that Aunt Susan is still more like your mother to you."

"She is—that's what makes me feel so mean!" Nancy blushed. "I'm terribly

afraid she knows it—I mean my own mother, Harold. What do you think of her?" she added reluctantly, with a curious, unusual timidity, as if his opinion would count tremendously in the readjustment of her life.

"Well," he answered bravely, "she's been a stunning beauty, like you—only different. There's a kind of flame away back in her eyes. I don't know what it is, but it's like fire, and it makes you feel afraid—not of her, but for her. And she takes things hard, too—any one can see that."

"It's natural, isn't it?" said Nancy quietly.

He reddened.

"Yes, it is. I think I'll like her when I get to know her, but—she doesn't like me at all."

"Oh, she does! You're mistaken there, Harold."

"She'll have to like me when we're married, eh?"

"I haven't said we were to be married, you know."

"You did once. Anyway, it's settled now. That's the way I look at it."

Nancy smiled.

"It takes two to settle it, doesn't it?" she asked softly.

They stopped beneath the birches, in the pleasant shade, and suddenly he kissed her.

"We'll see about that when I come home!" he said with an air of triumph.

And Nancy, carried away at the moment with the thought that he had stood the test nobly, that he loved her, and that she should be happy, did not notice that he never urged her to marry him at once, and so silence all doubts and all gossip about the engagement.

She did not think of it, but Roxanna did when they were talking of Harold later in the day.

"He says that he may go at any time," Nancy explained. "You see the orders come sometimes quite suddenly. No one knows how soon he may be sent to France."

Roxanna, who was feeling far more wretched than she cared to admit, was half reclining in one of Mrs. Chubb's wicker rockers. She turned her head weakly now and looked at her daughter.

Nancy, who had just come in and taken off her hat, was outlined against a bit of sky, her figure still a little drooping in its attitude, and her fair hair rumped and

curly above her white forehead, where her hat had pressed it down. She had a delicate nose, a little tilted at the end, and lovely lips. Her mother saw all this and watched her.

"Does he want you to marry him before he goes to France?" she asked with apparent listlessness.

She saw the slow color creep up from Nancy's throat to her hair; even her little ears were red.

"It's not really decided, mother," she replied with an effort. "I'm not quite sure that we shall be married at all."

"I thought you were engaged!"

"Yes—well, we were, but—"

Nancy stopped, suddenly aware of the shoals. Roxanna, no longer rocking, watched her narrowly now.

"Has there been a change then—recently?"

But Nancy was aware of the pitfall now. She temporized.

"I don't think I want to be married right away," she said in a low voice.

Her mother, however, was not to be put off.

"Did he ask you to marry him before he went?" she asked pointedly.

"No, he didn't."

Roxanna made no comment; she only turned her head wearily on the back of the chair and seemed to be thinking. Nancy began to move around the room, putting things in order. Roxanna was not tidy. She had a way of leaving books open, face downward, her letters lay around unanswered, and her hat and gloves appeared unexpectedly. Her daughter, brought up by Susan Blair, had a passion for order. The two jarred on each other in a hundred small ways. There was no compatibility of temperament and no common ground for a mutual understanding.

"She's like her father!" Roxanna thought a hundred times a day, with the passionate resentment that unloved and unloving women feel at the parentage of their own children.

"How she must have fretted papa!" was Nancy's answering thought, suppressed in sudden shame at her criticism of her own mother.

Homesick already, and aching with the thought of the judge and Susan Blair going off alone in deep depression, the girl found it hard to keep up appearances. She was aware that her mother's eyes followed her

constantly, jealously, reproachfully, and she almost started at the sound of Roxanna's rich, melancholy voice.

"Nancy, do you love him?"

Nancy stood still; she had a book in her hand, and she continued to look at it with unseeing eyes. Her mother's question—the searching tone of it—took her by surprise. Quite unaccountably, she thought, not of Harold as she had seen him last, but of David, tall and straight in his new uniform, with his blue eyes on her face. The vision made her indignant.

"Of course I love him, mother," she replied finally.

"Then you'd better be married before he goes away," said Roxanna steadily. "If anything happens—if he's wounded, I mean—it will be a comfort to you to be his wife. You mustn't think more of me than of your happiness, Nancy."

Nancy's blush was painful now. She could not meet the older woman's searching eyes. She looked out of the window.

"I'm trying to think that he won't be wounded," she said.

"Nancy," said her mother, "has this anything to do with me?"

Nancy, who had been taught to speak the truth and nothing but the truth, still could not meet Roxanna's eyes.

"Oh, mother, let's talk of something else! Do you like Harold? He doesn't think you do."

Roxanna straightened herself in her seat and smoothed back her hair with a nervous hand. She had keen intuitions, and she began to perceive the terrible difference she had made, and must continue to make, in her daughter's life. Like most unhappy people, she was given to self-torture.

"He's right in a way," she replied quietly. "I don't like him, Nancy. It may be because he's Mrs. Blair's nephew, but I think it's because I saw how he felt. He hates the raking up of an old scandal, and I'm—well, I'm a nuisance to him."

"Please don't think that," said Nancy hastily; "because, in that case, he must include me. I'm your daughter!"

Roxanna was keenly aware that the girl rarely called her "mother," and never "mama." She had seen Nancy with Susan Blair, and her sore heart rebelled passionately. She made no allowances, she did not even blame herself, she was furiously jealous.

"I think that's it," she said quietly.

"He does include you. That's the reason there's no talk now of marriage."

"It's not Harold's fault!" cried Nancy.

"I've offered him his freedom."

"Oh!" Roxanna smiled bitterly. "I was right, then—it has made a difference!"

Nancy drew back, blushing, but her eyes filled. She did not know what to say, so she said nothing.

"When a woman has been in the work-house she has no right to live," said Roxanna.

"Mother!"

Nancy went to her, stretching out her arms, her lips quivering; but Roxanna looked at her coldly and made no answering gesture.

"We won't talk about it any more now," she said harshly. "I—I have a headache. No, I don't want anything except"—she reached over and took a letter from the table—"will you please go to the post-office and get this stamped and sent?"

Nancy took it with shaking fingers.

"Why, it's for papa!"

"Yes." Roxanna reddened painfully. "Your father sent me a check. He said it was to pay for these rooms for you. I'm returning it; I will not let him do it. I don't want you to carry it to him, Nancy, only mail it. I—I don't feel able yet to walk to the post-office."

"I'm afraid you're really ill," her daughter exclaimed anxiously. "You mustn't wear yourself out. Of course I'll post it; but—you know papa meant it all right."

Roxanna made a gesture of despair.

"Oh, don't argue about that, please!"

Chilled and silenced, Nancy put on her hat again and took the letter. Half-way to the door she stopped and looked back. Roxanna was still sitting by the window, but she was not looking at her daughter; she was looking out, and Nancy caught the tragic, despairing outline of her whole figure, the fine head slightly bowed, the cheeks hollowed and pale, and the mouth tightened and thin-lipped in its compression. A rush of sympathy, of pity, carried the girl back across the room.

"Mother," she cried, "you're unhappy! Let me comfort you, let me love you!"

Roxanna turned slowly and looked at her. The young face—peculiarly fresh and sweet and pure in its aspect—the beautiful, shadowed eyes, and the soft lips were close to hers. She felt almost as if she were looking into a mirror and seeing her

own face in its first youth, refined and clarified by a stronger spiritual intelligence, a greater power of resistance. She gazed longingly at it, laying her hands gently on Nancy's shoulders, as the girl knelt beside her chair.

But, however sweet and pitying the glance, there was no love, no intimacy, in the look in Nancy's eyes. It had rather the detached compassion of one of Raphael's angels looking down from an altar-niche upon the sins of faltering humanity. The child that she had deserted in the madness, the sin, the folly of her youth, no longer had any part with her.

Roxanna had been carried away by a wild idea that she could reclaim the past, and, having repented, snatch still at happiness—that even a sinner had a right to the love of her own flesh and blood; but she was beginning to realize that even this was denied to her. She saw that she could only inflict misery when she wanted to pour out all the hidden love and repentance of her soul, that the very knowledge of her existence had already interfered with the girl's happiness. At last she was beginning to feel the workings of that inexorable law which metes out measure for measure for our sins; but her passionate jealousy still tore at her heart, still blinded her. She pushed the girl away.

"Love me?" she sobbed wildly. "Nancy, my love is a blight—I can do nothing for you but ruin you! I'm breaking up your happiness—I see it. You can't love me—you'll hate me!"

"Mother!" Nancy had recoiled at the other woman's gesture of repulsion, but now she put her arms around Roxanna. "You—you must help me," she said brokenly. "You see, we've never known each other. I'm strange, and we don't understand, but—we must love each other in the end, mother! We must, we can't help it!"

Roxanna, who had been weeping, raised her head and looked at Nancy through her tears. The tender distress in the girl's face touched her deeply. She tried to smile, and, putting out her hand almost tenderly, she stroked Nancy's hair.

"I can imagine what you think of me," she whispered hoarsely. "You must think me a sinner—that what I did was monstrous; but oh, my child, I repented in dust and ashes! Forgive me, Nancy!"

Her humiliation was more terrible to Nancy than her outbursts of passion. The

girl did not know how to answer it, but she lifted her face to Roxanna's and felt her mother clinging to her in utter weakness and submission. It was as if, in the shipwreck of her life, the only thing that survived was this wild hope of her daughter's love and forgiveness.

But Roxanna was not blinded, even by her grief. She was indeed, at the moment, endowed with terrible intuition. She saw keenly and nakedly the ugly fact that she herself was the cause of all the trouble that had already come into Nancy's life, and she felt the utter desolation of the outcast who must either cast a blight on her beloved ones or remain forever outside the pale of their lives. She could not do that, she told herself passionately, she would never do that!

She took the girl into her arms and held her close in a kind of agony of love and jealousy and despair.

XVII

LUCILE ZEDLITZ hung up the telephone-receiver and went to the window to look out. Between two tall and rather slender trees she glimpsed a lovely vista. The old house had a quaint flower-garden laid out amid a wilderness of roses. At the end a rustic gate was embowered in ramblers, pink and crimson. Below that the ground lay too low for her to see its slope to the water's edge, and her embowered rustic gateway seemed to open upon the sea. The water lay there to-day as pale and clear and delicate in its vanishing ripples as a floating veil of silver; while beyond it, against a sky as pale, she could discern the violet line of the opposite shore.

The thing that seemed to pervade it all, though, even more largely than the brilliance and the softness, and the pale, receding beauty of the sea—the thing that predominated it and embraced it all, and seemed inseparable from it, was peace. Peace was in the clear sky above and in the sea below, it lay on the gentle slopes of those far purple hills, it hung—like the yellow butterflies—above the roses. Yet there was no peace!

Lucile put her hand to her throat with a quick gesture of pain. For the first time she felt almost a wild regret. She knew only too well the sinister shadow that lurked behind a smiling exterior, she knew of plots and treason and evil deeds, and it shook her resolution for a moment.

She winked back hot tears and stood, dry-lipped, looking at the sea. She could vision horrors there, too—awful scenes of death and destruction. Then she bit her lip angrily. She hated sorrow; she could not endure the thought of it at all. She hurried across her room, unlocked the door, and went down-stairs.

The parlor-maid, a young German girl with a broad, dull face and red cheeks, was dusting the banisters.

"Bertha," said Lucile, "I want you to bring in the tea and some cakes presently. I'm expecting a visitor. Set the table in the east room by the window, and tell Heinz not to come in."

Heinz was a German reservist, who called himself a Swiss. Lucile did not always allow him to appear; he walked with too military a step, and he had a way of clicking his heels and saluting when he was not thinking of his new rôle. He had given Lucile a great deal of trouble.

"Be sure to have plenty of cakes," she added as she passed on.

"Yes, ma'am," the girl replied, leaving her dusting with evident trepidation.

She was, if the truth be told, terribly afraid of her mistress; but Lucile, at the moment, had no time for the parlor-maid. She went through the hall, opened a small door under the back stairs, and descended, feeling her way to the basement. At the foot of the stairs she switched on an electric light. It was not a brilliant one, and it only enabled her to grope her way to a low door at the end. Under that a broad crack of light shone. She knocked twice and Zedlitz opened the door, a frown on his face.

"We're very busy, Lucile," he said shortly.

But she came in and shut the door behind her. Leaning against it, she looked around the room. It was a long, wide place, almost half the cellar, and the windows were carefully screened from the light. A complete system of electric lamps had been installed, and there was an intense white light that compelled the two men working immediately under it to wear green shades over their eyes. One of the two was the fat man who had so much interested Pap Chubb, the other was thin and wore spectacles. They seemed to be engaged on some very important and minute kind of work, and they were undoubtedly skilled at their trade.

Zedlitz, who had been trained in the German army as an expert draftsman, had been working on some drawings at a desk in the corner. All three men looked keenly at Lucile as she leaned against the door. She was wearing a gown that had a suggestion of sea-foam in its color and in its haze of chiffon and lace. It revealed her delicate fairness of skin and hair and seemed to reflect its color in her eyes.

Zedlitz, seeing the men staring at her, moved impatiently.

"What do you want here?" he asked in a low, angry voice.

She gave him a malicious look from under her eyelashes.

"Oh, I'm just looking on!" she drawled.

He was angry, but the men were watching, and he controlled himself.

"Is that all you came for?" he demanded sharply.

She shook her head.

"I came to warn you about talking too loud down here. I'm going to have a visitor in the room overhead."

"It's not necessary!" he exclaimed quickly. "Why don't you use the drawing-room?"

"Because I don't want to!"

Her voice, its very delicious drawl, defied him.

"Who's your visitor?" he demanded sharply.

She laughed provokingly.

"A soldier—Harold McVeagh."

"You like to defy me, Lucile!"

"Oh, no! He's useful. He will be very useful later, Franz."

Her tone, as much as her words, mollified him a little, but he continued to scowl heavily.

"You'll have to prove that he's very useful to make me tolerate him much longer," he growled for her ear alone. "What business has he got here, anyway? I've heard of his engagement to Judge Blair's daughter. Can't that girl keep him away?"

Lucile lifted her chin.

"Not unless I choose."

"Upon my word, a nice boast to your husband!" he retorted grimly, and then, with a warning gesture: "It's not necessary to talk before these men. Besides, we're pressed for time. You'd better keep your visitor away. He might imagine things, just as that woman did."

"Roxanna?" Lucile smiled maliciously. "Do you know that she's Nancy Blair's

mother? The present Mrs. Blair is only a stepmother. There was a scandal, it seems, and now Nancy is down at Chubb's house—in those upper rooms—taking care of Roxy."

Zedlitz whistled softly.

"I thought we'd got rid of that woman!"

Lucile shook her head.

"Not quite yet, but I think we shall get rid of her presently. I told the Chubbs the whole story."

"Is that what brings McVeagh here?"

"Of course!" She looked across at the two men so busily engaged with their papers. Neither of them seemed aware of the low talk by the door. "You'd better warn them not to make a noise," she added, and opened the door behind her. It was a door that had a trick of silent closing with a patent lock, a lock that could be switched on by a lever in Zedlitz's library up-stairs.

"You'd better take him somewhere else," retorted Zedlitz. "We're busy."

She looked at him with her odd little mocking smile, a flush on her cheeks.

"Oh, I really can't!" she retorted lightly.

"I want that room."

"Then, if he hears voices down here, you'll make your own explanations," said her husband bluntly.

She smiled over her shoulder, malicious and tantalizing still.

"I'll tell him it's the butler talking to the cook."

In spite of himself, Zedlitz laughed. Then he closed and locked the door behind her and returned to his work, while Lucile went up-stairs.

The room she had chosen fronted east and commanded a view of the Sound. It was low-ceiled and finished in white wood, with a high colonial mantel. Beside the window her low tea-table was set out in white and gold to match the room. She hovered over it a minute, giving a deft touch here and there, and then she waited. Her view did not command the gates, but she heard a taxi come up the driveway and stop at the door; then Harold's voice, a quick step in the hall, and he entered.

She held out both hands with a charming smile.

"Naughty boy! You meant to go away without coming to see me!"

He flung his service-cap on the table and grasped her hands warmly in his.

"It's good to see you, Lucile!" he exclaimed, but his voice was fretted and un-

happy. "By Jove, it's like old times—it makes me forget!"

She released one hand to lay it softly on his shoulder, looking up at him with a sympathetic, caressing glance.

"You're in trouble, boy?"

He groaned.

"Oh, nothing—just the dickens of a mess! You've heard?"

She smiled faintly, moving away from him to her tea-table.

"Perhaps I have; but you'll tell me, won't you?"

"I suppose I might as well, it isn't a secret. No, no tea!" He flung himself down on a low seat beside her. "Do you mind awfully if I smoke instead?"

"Not a bit. I'll join you." She handed him her dainty cigarette-case. "I had tea because I thought you might be hungry, waiting for your train."

He lit his cigarette, frowning savagely at the flame of the match.

"I ought to be back in camp. Luckily, though, I have a bit of margin. It wouldn't do for me to be late now." He drew on his cigarette thoughtfully. "Lucile"—he turned on her sharply—"how much do you know?"

She folded her hands demurely in her lap and swept down her golden eyelashes over her beautiful eyes.

"You mean about the Blairs? Well, I think I know more than you do, Harold."

He drew a sigh, half of relief, half of vexation.

"Isn't it a beastly nuisance? We'd just announced our engagement, and the whole thing came tumbling about my ears!"

She was startled in her turn. "You mean the engagement?"

"Oh, no!" He hastened to reassure her. "I've hung on to that. I mean about—about this woman at Chubb's house."

He could not bear to name Roxanna. Lucile looked at him thoughtfully. He was very young and boyish, but she was young herself. She saw only the sulky expression of his face and the angry droop of his lips.

"I'm so sorry," she said softly. "Is it possible you didn't know?"

"What?" He looked up quickly; then, feeling the pity in her look, he turned his head angrily and stared out the window. "Aunt Susan told me that Nancy wasn't her daughter, of course; but somehow I got it into my head that the mother was dead. Nancy didn't know a thing herself. I call that rotten!"

Lucile laughed.

"You're eloquent, but not elegant!" she chided. "I suppose it was a pretty hard thing to tell a small child. I didn't know it, either, though I did know Roxanna very well."

He reddened painfully, flinging away his cigarette.

"I forgot! You were the one—in that case?"

"No, Zedlitz. He accused her of stealing some of his money, but that wasn't true. To tell you the truth, we found the missing money later; but she was really intoxicated, I suppose. Something was the matter with her, anyway. Oh, never mind!" She saw his wince of humiliation. "The woman has been through so much that one must pity her. It's—it's only the scandal, Harold; but if you love Nancy enough not to break the engagement, what does it matter?"

"It matters a lot to me," he growled. "I have some pride, Lucile, and I thought Nancy, as Judge Blair's daughter, was just about right. Now"—he looked around at her—"what do people say?"

"Oh, they take sides. Marion Grant is running around in her motor-car shouting for Nancy. A great many people are sorry for the judge and Mrs. Blair." She had been smoking, too, but now she dropped her cigarette into the brass bowl on the table. "Of course it means social ostracism if Nancy stays with Roxanna."

"Good Lord, Lucile!" groaned Harold. "What is she to do? The woman's her own mother!"

Lucile looked at him silently. The beauty of her face in the soft light justified her choice of that room. In it her hair was the only sunshine.

The young man moved unhappily in his chair. Then he thrust his hands into his pockets and stared hard at his army boots.

"I tried to make Nancy give her up," he said at last; "but Nancy isn't that kind. She thinks it's her duty, and she'd do her duty if something was eating her up! It's—well, it's deuced unpleasant, the whole of it. The worst of it is, some of the fellows at camp—my fellow officers, you know—have got wind of my engagement. They'll hear of this, and then—oh, I say!" He rose and began to walk about the room restlessly. "It's a nuisance! What shall I tell them?"

She smiled silently.

"I think they'll call you wonderful for—well, for not breaking it."

He continued to walk, moving a chair sometimes to clear his path.

"It's rotten!" he groaned. "I couldn't—don't you see I couldn't? Nancy gave me a right to go. She was awfully square, but that only made it worse. I can't!"

"Ah!" said Lucile softly, with tears in her voice. "How good you are—how unlike other men!"

Immensely flattered, he swung around and looked at her. She did not meet his eyes; she suddenly covered her face with her hands. He came over and stood gazing at her, flushed and moved.

"You're unhappy!" he exclaimed. "Lucile, you still care?"

She made no answer, but her fair head went lower down.

"Heaven help us!" said Harold hoarsely. "I've made a mess of things! But you see how it is, Lucile—I feel more bound than ever, and—and—"

He stopped and set his teeth hard. She dried her tears quietly.

"I see how it is. I think you're fine. Almost any man would break it."

He rebelled at that.

"Oh, no! Not when he saw a girl as nice as Nancy down and out with such a trouble. The fellow who backed then would be—well, I think he'd be a good deal of a cad, don't you?"

She shook her head sadly.

"I think you're just splendid!" was all that she would say.

Harold stood looking down at her, immensely touched by her feeling for him and her beauty. She looked so perfect in that setting of gold and white, and so young. He did not know what to say to her. There was so much that he longed to say, for he lost his head when he was with her; but he knew well enough that there were things he must not say to Zedlitz's wife. He had enough manhood in him, too, to remember Nancy at the last pinch.

He thrust his hands into his pockets and stared gloomily out of the window. Almost within range of his vision lay the little launch that Zedlitz used for fishing-trips, an uncommonly swift and jaunty little boat.

"Harold," said Lucile, "do you think you're going to be sent to France?"

He was startled by the abruptness of her question.

"Why, of course; but I don't know

when. They're using the ships for food now, you know."

"Yes, I know." She looked up at him dreamily. "I dream of you sometimes—over there! I try not to think of it when I'm awake. Promise me—don't go without telling me!"

He colored again.

"I—why, Lucile, we may not be allowed to tell. You know they're very strict about the transports."

"I know, but you can tell me." She was not smiling now; she was very serious, and her hands moved uneasily among the things on the tea-table. "Harold, for old-times' sake, I claim the right to say good-bye to you."

Again he was dangerously touched.

"I won't go without that—I promise you," he replied soberly.

She held her hand out with a sweet, frank gesture of friendship.

"It's a promise!"

He took her hand, and the soft touch of her fingers thrilled him. Forgetting his resolutions, he bent his head suddenly and kissed it. He had seen something in her eyes that he had never seen there before—something like fear. He believed it was fear for him on the battle-front that she had imagined, and it touched him to the quick.

But she drew her hand away, turning a little pale and regarding him steadily. She was aware of strange noises under her feet, and she wondered if he had heard them too; but he seemed to be conscious only of her, of her beauty, and of the feeling that she was betraying. He was intent on her, boyishly flattered, and moved and ready for any headlong folly. But for the shred of manhood that still held him back, he might even have told her what was in his own heart, that he loved her and not Nancy now, that he regretted his engagement from the bottom of his soul, and that her marriage, her hateful marriage, had wrecked their chance of happiness.

Fortunately for him, he had no further opportunity, for they both heard a heavy step in the hall, and Zedlitz appeared at the door.

"Hello, McVeagh, you here?" he said in his hearty voice. "Come into the dining-room and have a glass of wine with me. Lucile's tea isn't interesting!"

Harold suddenly remembered the time; he looked at his watch.

"By Jove, it's train-time! I'd like to come," he said to Zedlitz, shaking hands, "but I ought to be at the station. I must make it in eight minutes."

Zedlitz laughed.

"This looks bad!" he remarked dryly.

"The handsome young stranger flies at the arrival of the husband! Never mind, I have no malice, Harold. My car's at the door, and I'll run you over in five minutes."

Harold, aware that another delay past train-time would overlap his leave, snatched up his service-cap.

"You're awfully good to take me!" he exclaimed, red and unhappy under the other man's cool, amused eyes.

"What train—the five thirty-three? Good, we'll do it!"

Zedlitz swung around and gave an order to his man in the hall. Harold turned to Lucile. Their eyes met, and hers besought him.

"Don't forget," she warned him in a low voice, "when you sail."

He wrung her hand, turned, and followed Zedlitz, who talked and jested easily as they crossed the hall and went to the car at the door. Harold climbed to a seat beside the big German, thinking of Lucile, and yet swept by a hot wave of shame at the mean rôle in which he must appear if Zedlitz even half divined all that the young man felt toward his wife.

VIII

MRS. CHUBB, descending the stairs after breakfast the next morning, opened the door into the shop. The rush of early trade was over, and Pap had just dismissed the last customers with their bundles. He was alone, in his shirt-sleeves, his hands thrust deeply into his pockets and his eyes fixed on the sunshiny road before his open door. The dust was dry and white, and a few flies buzzed in the air above the threshold.

"Aloysius, you ought to have new screen doors," said his wife, examining a crate of lettuce. "Those old ones are a disgrace. Any one can see the flies comin' through the holes."

"Ma," said Pap soberly, "Lem's drafted."

Mrs. Chubb put down a head of lettuce and looked at him, but he did not meet her eyes.

"I declare," she said after a moment, "it makes me feel as if I had three sons! I'm

just spoilin' to mother every boy that's goin'. But Lem seems—well, it seems to me, Aloysius, that he hasn't got the spunk!" she added dubiously.

Pap shook his head.

"There ain't no tellin', Martha. You get a tame cat in a corner an' she'll spit to beat the band. Lem perked up soon as he knew he wasn't goin' to get off. 'Mr. Chubb,' says he to me, 'I'm goin' to fight—s'long as I've got to!'"

"What did you say, Aloysius?" Mrs. Chubb looked at him curiously.

"Me? I didn't say nothing. What you goin' to say? Ain't it the boy's duty to fight? By—by—"

"Parsnips," suggested his wife.

"Well, by parsnips, if I was young I'd be goin' myself, an' so would you, ma! Lem's had cold feet, but I guess he'll fight all right; only he's kind o' worked up and swallowin' as if he had a brick in his throat. He's goin' right off. He'll be 'round to bid you good-by. Got anything for him?"

"Dear me, yes! I've got two sweaters and three pairs of socks done, an' a comfort kit, too. To think of Lem goin'!" Mrs. Chubb stood with her hands on her hips, looking out at the road, too, but with absent eyes. "Seems as if I couldn't figure it out. It's all sweet an' quiet out there in the sun. See that robin, Aloysius? He's gettin' a worm out of the grass, an' there are the children goin' to swim; an' Lem's goin' to fight! I lie awake nights thinkin', an' it seems as if that man—that Kaiser—must be just stark, starin' mad!"

"Humph!" Pap grunted. "Ain't so mad that he don't know enough to rob his neighbor's hen-roost. That's what he's doin'—robbin' his neighbors an' killing 'em. Nothin' mad about that critter! If I got him, I reckon he'd know it! I'd stuff him in a molasses-barrel an' roll him in feathers! There's one thing certain, though—I've got to get a new bookkeeper."

"All our boys are goin'." Mrs. Chubb surreptitiously dried a tear. "Well," she sighed, "I'm not sayin' a word. I'm for my country, but it does make a body's heart ache, Pap!"

"I 'lowed we might fix up some way to give Lem a wrist-watch," said Pap thoughtfully. "He's been a good boy. It don't matter if he is kinder weak-kneed, he'll get over it. Like as not they'll blow his head off because he hasn't got the sense to hit out first. He's been tryin' to save some,

but he's near, an' I don't believe he'd get a watch. You know how set up Peter was with his. How about it, ma?"

Mrs. Chubb thought, winking back the tears that would come at the thought of poor Lem's sudden end.

"Times are hard," she said finally, "an' we were calculatin' on that new awnin', Pap; but, yes, I'd give up anything for the boys! I've got somethin' saved up, an' I guess I'll give him a new suit-case. His is all gone to pieces. He told me so, an' I saw it myself."

"All right, you give him the suit-case an' I'll go the wrist-watch," said Mr. Chubb. He blew his nose. "I feel kind o' lonesome, but it's up to us, ma, to keep smilin'. We musn't let 'em think it's sad. It isn't—it's just fine, you know, to keep 'em goin'!"

Mrs. Chubb found some dust in the corner of her eye and extracted it carefully. Then she sighed.

"I'll go and pack up the sweaters for him. I'll have to do a scarf and a helmet straight off. I wonder"—she stopped and looked upward—"if Nancy Blair would like to give the one she was makin'! I s'pose, though, that's intended for Harold McVeagh."

Mr. Chubb grunted, then he moved a pickle-barrel.

"Say, that ain't goin' to work right well up-stairs! Nancy's all broke up, an' the woman sees it."

"Sh! You call her Mrs. North, Pap. 'Woman' sounds—sounds kind o' disrespectful, an' I wouldn't have Nancy hear it. Did you know the judge an' Mrs. Blair are goin' away? They are—this mornin'. I think Nancy's goin' to the station in about a minute now to bid 'em good-by."

Pap ruminated, screwing up one eye and looking off into the distance.

"I wonder what ails the critter?" he remarked at last. "Can't she see that she's makin' her own child suffer for her sins?"

"The poor soul's real sick, no mistake," Mrs. Chubb replied in a lowered tone. "I went up-stairs last night, an' I told Nancy I thought her mother ought to stay in bed till she was stronger. She's been a wicked, foolish woman, I know, Aloysius; but she's sorry an' she's sufferin'."

"Humph! So's Nancy, an' it ain't her fault. I can tell you—I hear folks talk."

"Pap," said his wife severely, "folks always talk, an' they're the ones that make

the children suffer. It's the sins of the fathers—"

"An' the mothers," said Pap dryly.

"Sh!"

Mrs. Chubb raised a warning finger. They both heard a light step, and the hall door opened. Nancy, in a plain cotton frock and a wide straw hat, stood there. She was very pale, but Mrs. Chubb thought suddenly that she was beautiful. The two old people stood looking at her like children, trying to appear unconcerned, but full of pity. Nancy saw it, and a quick flush went up to her hair.

"Mrs. Chubb," she said quietly, "I'm really worried about mother. Will you please go up and see her while I'm out?"

Mrs. Chubb pulled down her sleeves.

"Of course I will, dear. Don't you worry—she's just worn out. Maybe she'd like to help me knit. You see, Lem—Mr. Chubb's bookkeeper—has been drafted, an' I want to fit him out. Seems as if we couldn't do enough, doesn't it?"

"I wish you would get mother to help!" Nancy's face was eager. "I think it would distract her mind. She sits for hours just looking out of the window, and she's too weak to do the active things she wants to do."

"I'll ask her." Mrs. Chubb looked a little doubtful, but she smoothed her apron. "I've got the yarn—I wonder if she'd do a scarf for Lem!"

"I'm sure she would," said Nancy. She was going out, but she stopped and came back. "Was Lem the young man who kept your books, Mr. Chubb?" she asked in a new, hesitating way.

Mr. Chubb nodded. He had been chewing a straw, but he stopped hastily.

"I'm all upset, Miss Nancy. Got to get a new bookkeeper, an' all the boys are goin'. I'll have to get a girl, I guess."

Nancy stood still, looking about the shop. The sunlight coming across the floor crept up on her blue-cotton skirt, but her face was in the shadow of her big hat. She looked earnestly at Pap Chubb.

"Would—would I do?" she asked.

The two old people tried hard to look unconcerned. Mrs. Chubb moved hastily toward the door, and Pap rubbed the back of his head.

"Do you mean that, Miss Nancy?" he asked.

He thought it was a rich girl's new vagary. Nancy saw this as she looked

from one kind face to the other, and she felt a rush of sympathy and trust. They would understand; she would be honest.

"Mr. Chubb," she said simply, "of course I do not need to work for myself. Papa takes care of me; but mother—you all know—I needn't try to make a mystery of it. She has very little, and she's not strong. I must take care of her. If—if you'll let me try, I'll do my best—my very best."

Pap Chubb returned her look soberly.

"Of course you can try, Miss Nancy." He hesitated. "Why, I guess I'm lucky—I was wonderin' where I'd go to get one. Ever done any bookkeeping?"

"Never," said Nancy, coloring again; "but I—I'm not stupid, Mr. Chubb. I'll take a course at night."

"Goodness, it's just as easy!" Mrs. Chubb broke in hurriedly. "I believe I could do it myself; only I'll tell you, Miss Nancy, Pap gets it mixed up. He can't tell a three from an eight without his specs. Don't you let him interfere."

Nancy, turning to look at her, saw tears in the good woman's eyes.

"I mean it, Mrs. Chubb. I should really like to do it," she said bravely, "if—if I may."

"I guess you won't want to wait in the store," said Pap, "nor drive the car, so I can't pay you as much as I paid Lem, but—"

"I'll do all I can," interrupted Nancy. "I've got to begin, that's all, and I don't ask much at first—if only I can learn."

"Thirty dollars a month," said Mr. Chubb.

"Oh, Pap, you ought to give more!" Mrs. Chubb was shocked at the idea of cutting Nancy down.

"All right," said Nancy, "that's enough. I'll start to-morrow morning, Mr. Chubb. Maybe I'll earn as—as much as Lem before the war is over."

Pap chuckled.

"We'll see! Anyway, I feel proud to have you, Miss Nancy."

She thanked him; then, because she felt very close to tears, she hurried out and left the two old people looking at each other.

"My sakes, Pap, what 'll the judge say?" gasped Mrs. Chubb weakly.

Mr. Chubb shook his head.

"The Lord knows! She ain't goin' to be a speck of use to me, but I'll keep her as long as I can."

"Why, Aloysius, you couldn't send her off!" his wife cried, shocked.

Pap looked at her over his spectacles; then he laughed silently.

"I was just wonderin' what Harold was goin' to say," he remarked dryly.

Mrs. Chubb, who had not thought of this, gasped.

Meanwhile, Nancy made her way along the white road toward the silver birches. Above the bend she would take the turn to the station. She was in the strangest tumult of emotion. She had struggled hard to realize that Roxanna was her mother—to feel that it was a duty to go to her and help her. It was wrong, Nancy thought, to hold her mother's desertion against her now; she must forgive. If she did nothing for her now she would blame herself forever; yet she had only made her father bitter against them both, and the scandal was driving him from his summer home—a home which she knew he loved.

It hurt Nancy bitterly to think of this. If she had stayed at home—and her heart clamored for the security, the peace, of that home—he would have paid less heed to Roxanna. Indeed, she might have gone away and left them unmolested. The judge had said as much; evidently he blamed his daughter.

Nor did the remembrance of Harold comfort the girl. He had refused to break their engagement, yet she felt sure that he, too, hated the scandal. Nancy felt desperately lonely and almost afraid. She seemed to stand at the foot of a stern, dark mountain, which was too steep for her to climb, yet she had set her face to climb it—and to climb it all alone, for Roxanna's hand in hers did not comfort her.

As she hurried along she noticed all the familiar things with a strange feeling of wonder that they did not change, as her life had changed. Here were the same trees, the clump of alder-bushes, the spring where she had once watched a red squirrel drink, and the little stream with stepping-stones across it. She could not bear the sweet familiarity of the spot; it made her long to wake up from this nightmare and find herself in her own bed, in the room where she had slept so long.

She hurried past the crossroads and almost ran that last bit to the station. A few people were already on the platform, and she saw her stepmother just getting out of the judge's motor-car.

Mrs. Blair came to meet Nancy with a little flush on her broad, kind face and a watery look about the eyes. She was perfectly and expensively dressed for traveling, and she wore a hat that would have been becoming if it had not closed down too much like a cover on a cheese.

"Dear Nancy," she said tremulously, "we're both late—somebody just said the train was inside the block. I've got something for you. Oh, it's nothing, dear—just a darling little apron with a pocket for your knitting."

Nancy took the package hurriedly and kissed her.

"You're always doing things for me," she whispered, for she saw the bystanders staring at them. "Mama, where's papa?"

"Oh, Nancy!" Susan's eyes filled again. "He went to New York last night. He saw something in the local paper here about—about her, you know, and he just started off alone. I'm going to join him."

Nancy straightened herself; she felt her heart sinking horribly.

"He—he didn't want to see me, then?"

"It wasn't that. He loves you. Oh, Nancy, it will come right! I—I sha'n't leave off working for you a single minute." The good woman looked tremulously over her shoulder. The train was slowing beside the platform. "Write to me, Nancy—write to me every day, won't you, dear?"

"He didn't want to see me!" Nancy repeated with white lips. She was stunned. "My father didn't want to see me!"

"Oh, he did!" Susan kissed her again.

"Nancy, you—you won't forget me?" Nancy looked up into the kind, tear-drowned eyes.

"Oh, mama," she almost sobbed, "you're so real I can't believe the rest! You understand that I've got to do what I think is right?"

Unable to speak, her stepmother nodded tearfully.

It was Nancy, indeed, who so far regained her self-control that she could hurry Mrs. Blair and her bags and shawl-straps into the car just as it started. Then, as she stood back, she saw Susan's hand waving until the train increased its speed and swept out of sight with a thunder and a rush that shook the platform and threw up sparks of light into the air.

It left a vacancy behind it, an awful space, into which Nancy felt as if she had been dropped. Never before in all her

sheltered life had she felt so wretched, so small, so utterly forsaken. She wanted to run after the train, crying like a little spaniel after the carriage of its mistress, helpless to follow and too small to stay behind.

She felt like crying, but she could not cry in public. She suddenly remembered the article in the local paper, which had jarred upon the judge, and she felt that it might as well have been printed all over her back. The baggage-master, the clerks, and even the ticket-agent, were looking interestedly in her direction. She turned and started across the platform, only to encounter a tall figure in khaki.

"Why, Miss Nancy!"

It was David Locke, and his voice thrilled. There was joy in it—joy that the mere sight of her meant to him.

Nancy looked at David with a sudden feeling of relief. He stood there like a rock, and his blue eyes were kind. A moment before she had felt herself an outcast; now she knew that he was delighted to see her. The joy of it rose in his face like the sun.

"Oh, David!" she cried unconsciously, and held out her hand.

He grasped it firmly, but his smile faded. He saw that her eyes were full of tears, and he felt the trembling of her hand in his.

"You're tired," he said quickly. "Shall I call a taxi for you?"

She shook her head.

"I'm going to walk." She hesitated and then walked on. "I'm going your way, David—I'm living with the Chubbs, too."

He turned and walked beside her, deftly shielding her from the curious eyes at the station window. David was not given to words, and he was tongue-tied now. He did not know what to say, so he said nothing. They walked past the sandy barren of the railroad clearing and began to follow the road. It was shady and pleasant under the trees.

There was no sound for a while but the crunch of their feet on the gravel.

"You—do you know?" Nancy asked at last, sure now that she would not cry.

David did not look at her.

"Yes, Mrs. Chubb wrote me. Miss Nancy, is there anything I can do?"

There was a little pause, and then she answered:

"Yes, there is. We've known each other a long time—ever since we were children.

I know I haven't been nice to you, David; I think I've been a snob, but please forget it. I'm eating humble-pie now. I'm in trouble, and I want an answer. Do you think I've done right?"

"Yes," he replied soberly, "I do." He turned a flushed face toward her. "I think you've done nobly."

Nancy drew a long breath.

"Oh!" she cried. "No one else thinks so! My father has just gone away without even bidding me good-by."

David, who remembered Pap Chubb's opinion of the judge, frowned.

"He's angry, but he'll get over it. Miss Nancy"—he was very earnest—"I know how you feel. I loved my mother, and I did all I could for her. It wasn't much. I had to work hard, and I got too small pay to be a real help; but it's been a comfort that I did what I could. You'll feel so—in the end."

Nancy blushed. She knew that his mother had been a far different woman, and the comparison made her wince, yet she felt a new interest in the big fellow at her side. She stole a cautious glance at him. He looked tall and straight in his uniform, and his shoulders had lost their stoop. He seemed more boyish, too, and yet so much of a man. His eyes were so blue and so direct in their gaze. David could never be afraid and tired and sick at heart, she thought. They were passing the little stream now, and she saw the stepping-stones.

"Do you remember that time when I couldn't get across?" she asked thoughtfully. "You carried me over dry-shod. You must have been a very strong boy, David!"

"I—I wish I could pick you up now, Nancy, and carry you straight past all this trouble!" he broke out with unconscious passion.

She raised startled eyes to his face, and what she saw there made her turn away. He loved her! Nancy had never quite believed it, but she saw it now, suddenly, unexpectedly.

It was not an affront, even if David had descended to driving an express van and selling potatoes. He was so vitally human that it was balm to her sore heart and her wounded pride. She was engaged to marry Harold McVeagh. Harold was holding her to her promise, and she loved him, she was

sure that she loved him, yet she was not angry with David. She even gave him time to grip himself together again before she answered.

"You've helped me—yes, really! I haven't had any one to agree with me, and I"—she faltered a little now—"I'm trying to do my duty."

As she spoke a big motor-car bore down on them and went slowly past. There were three women in it, and David recognized them. They belonged to the most exclusive of the summer residents, they were friends of the Blairs, but they had not spoken to Nancy.

The girl watched them go past, and then gave a quick little tremulous laugh.

"I've known them all my life," she said quietly, "but they no longer see me when they pass!"

David could not understand it.

"You don't mean to say that they dare to be rude to you?"

She nodded.

"The brutes!" he raged, clenching his hands and scowling after the cloud of dust.

"They're not the only ones, David. It's strange, isn't it? I have done nothing wrong, but my old friends are forgetting me. In a week I shall scarcely know any one. Perhaps"—she smiled bravely—"perhaps you'll forget me then, too."

An instant later she would have given the world not to have said it, for she saw his face again.

"For Heaven's sake," he groaned, "don't say that to me! It's—it's cruel! I always felt as if you were away above me, and I know you're to marry McVeagh. I can't tell you how I feel, how I'd do anything, give anything, to serve you. Don't speak like that—I can't bear it!"

Nancy, with a quaking heart, looked up at him again. It seemed to her that she had never seen such power in David's face before. She felt suddenly safe and sheltered beside him, and yet afraid and ashamed, too, because of what she had said. She forced a smile, with tears in her eyes.

"You don't need to tell me, David," she said softly. "I know, and I—I thank you, my friend."

He did not answer her. He walked beside her with his hands clenched at his sides. He was vowing in his heart that if he caught Harold McVeagh with Lucile again he would thrash him.

(To be continued in the December number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)